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# HISTORY OF ENGLISH POETRY

## FROM THE TWELFTH TO THE CLOSE OF THE SIXTEENTH CENTURY.

BY THOMAS WARTON, B.D.

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WITH A PREFACE BY RICHARD PRICE, AND NOTES VARIORUM.

EDITED BY W. CAREW HAZLITT.

WITH NEW NOTES AND OTHER ADDITIONS BY SIR FREDERIC MADDEN, K.H., F.R.S.; THOMAS WRIGHT, M.A., F.S.A.; W. ALDIS WRIGHT, M.A.; REV. WALTER W. SKEAT, M.A.; RICHARD MORRIS, LL.D.; F. J. FURNIVALL, M.A.; AND THE EDITOR.

WITH INDEXES OF NAMES AND SUBJECTS.

IN FOUR VOLUMES.

VOL. IV.

UNIVERSITY Library. OF California.

LONDON:

REEVES AND TURNER, 196, STRAND.

1871.

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CHISWICK PRESS:—PRINTED BY WHITTINGHAM AND WILKINS,
TOOKS COURT, CHANCERY LANE.

# THE HISTORY OF ENGLISH POETRY.

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# Hiſtory of Engliſh Poetry.

## SECTION XXXVI.

SOON after the year 1500, Lilly, the famous grammarian, who had learned Greek at Rhodes, and had afterwards acquired a poliſhed Latinity at Rome under Johannes Sulpicius and Pomponius Sabinus, became the firſt teacher of Greek at any public ſchool in England. This was at Saint Paul's ſchool in London, then newly eſtabliſhed by Dean Colet, and celebrated by Eraſmus; and of which Lilly, as one of the moſt exact and accompliſhed ſcholars of his age, was appointed the firſt maſter.[1] And that ancient prejudices were now gradually wearing off, and a national taſte for critical ſtudies and the graces of compoſition began to be diffuſed, appears from this circumſtance alone: that from the year 1503 to the Reformation, there were more grammar ſchools, moſt of which at preſent are perhaps of little uſe and importance, founded and endowed in England, than had been for three hundred years before. The practice of educating our youth in the monaſteries growing into diſuſe, near twenty new grammar ſchools were eſtabliſhed within this period: and among theſe, Wolſey's ſchool at Ipſwich, which ſoon fell a ſacrifice to the reſentment or the avarice of Henry the Eighth, deſerves particular notice, as it rivalled thoſe of Wincheſter and Eton. To give ſplendour to the inſtitution, beſide the ſcholars, it conſiſted of a dean, twelve canons, and a numerous

[1] Knight, *Life of Colet*, p. 19. Pace, above mentioned, in the Epiſtle Dedicatory to Colet, before his Treatiſe *De fructu qui ex Doctrina percipitur*, thus compliments Lilly, edit. Baſil. *ut ſupr.* 1517, p. 13. "Ut politiorem Latinitatem, et ipſam Romanam linguam, in Britanniam noſtram introduxiſſe videatur.—Tanta [ei] eruditio, ut extruſa barbarie, in qua noſtri adoleſcentes ſolebant fere ætatem conſumere," &c. Eraſmus ſays, in 1514, that he had taught a youth, in three years, more Latin than he could have acquired in any ſchool in England, *ne Liliana quidem excepta*, not even Lilly's excepted. *Epiſtol.* 165, p. 140, tom. iii.

chor.[1] So attached was Wolſey to the new modes of inſtruction, that he did not think it inconſiſtent with his high office and rank to publiſh a general addreſs to the ſchoolmaſters of England, in which he orders them to inſtitute their youth in the moſt elegant literature.[2] It is to be wiſhed that all his edicts had been employed to ſo liberal and uſeful a purpoſe. There is an anecdote on record, which ſtrongly marks Wolſey's character in this point of view. Notwithſtanding his habits of pomp, he once condeſcended to be a ſpectator of a Latin tragedy of *Dido*, from Virgil, acted by the ſcholars of Saint Paul's ſchool, and written by John Rightwiſe, the maſter, an eminent grammarian.[3] But Wolſey might have pleaded the authority of Pope Leo the Tenth, who more than once had been preſent at one of theſe claſſical ſpectacles.

It does not however appear that the cardinal's liberal ſentiments were in general adopted by his brother prelates. At the foundation of Saint Paul's ſchool above mentioned, one of the biſhops, eminent for his wiſdom and gravity, at a public aſſembly, ſeverely cenſured Colet the founder for ſuffering the Latin poets to be taught in the new ſtructure, which he therefore ſtyled a houſe of pagan idolatry.[4]

In the year 1517, Fox, Biſhop of Wincheſter, founded a college at Oxford, in which he conſtituted, with competent ſtipends, two profeſſors for the Greek and Latin languages.[5] Although ſome ſlight idea of a claſſical lecture had already appeared at Cambridge in the ſyſtem of collegiate diſcipline,[6] this philological eſtabliſhment may juſtly be looked upon as the firſt conſpicuous inſtance of an attempt to depart from the narrow plan of education which had hitherto been held ſacred in the univerſities of England. The courſe of the Latin profeſſor, who is expreſſly directed to extirpate barbariſm from the new ſociety,[7] is not confined to the private limits of the college, but open to the ſtudents of Oxford in general. The Greek lecturer is ordered to explain the beſt Greek claſſics; and the poets, hiſtorians, and orators, in that language, which the judicious founder, who ſeems to have conſulted the moſt intelligent ſcholars of the times,

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[1] Tanner, *Notit. Mon.* p. 520.

[2] "Elegantiſſima literatura." Fiddes' *Wolſey*, p. 105.

[3] Wood, *Ath. Oxon.* i. 15. See what is ſaid of this practice, *ſupra*.

[4] "Epiſcopum quendam, et eum qui habetur a Sapientioribus, in magno hominum Conventu, noſtram ſcholam blaſphemaſſe, dixiſſeque, me erexiſſe rem inutilem, imo malam, imo etiam, ut illius verbis utar, *Domum Idololatriæ*," &c. [*Coletus Eraſmo*, Lond. 1517.]—Knight's *Life of Colet*, p. 319.

[5] *Statut. C.C.C. Oxon.* dat. Jun. 20, 1517, cap. xx. fol. 51. Bibl. Bodl. MSS. *Laud.* I. 56.

[6] At Chriſt's College in Cambridge, where, in the ſtatutes given in 1506, a lecturer is eſtabliſhed who, together with logic and philoſophy, is ordered to read, "vel ex poetarum, vel ex oratorum operibus." Cap. xxxvii. In the ſtatutes of King's at Cambridge, and New College at Oxford, both much more ancient, an inſtructor is appointed with the general name of Informator only, who taught all the learning then in vogue. *Rotul. Comput. vet. Coll. Nov. Oxon.* "Solut. Informatoribus ſociorum et ſcolarium, iv *l.* xii *s.* ii *d.*"

[7] "Lector ſeu profeſſor artium humaniorum . . . *Barbariem* a noſtro alveario extirpet."—*Statut.* ut ſupr.

recommends by name on this occaſion, are the pureſt, and ſuch as are moſt eſteemed. even in the preſent improved ſtate of ancient learning. And it is at the ſame time worthy of remark, that this liberal prelate, in forming his plan of ſtudy, does not appoint a philoſophy-lecturer in his college, as had been the conſtant practice in moſt of the previous foundations: perhaps ſuſpecting that ſuch an endowment would not have coincided with his new courſe of erudition, and would have only ſerved to encourage that ſpecies of doctrine, which had ſo long choked the paths of ſcience, and obſtructed the progreſs of uſeful knowledge.

Theſe happy beginnings in favour of a new and rational ſyſtem of academical education, were ſeconded by the auſpicious munificence of Cardinal Wolſey. About the year 1519, he founded a public chair at Oxford for rhetoric and humanity, and ſoon afterwards another for teaching the Greek language; endowing both with ample ſalaries.[1] About the year 1524, King Henry the Eighth, who deſtroyed or advanced literary inſtitutions from caprice, called Robert Wakefield, originally a ſtudent of Cambridge, but now a profeſſor of humanity at Tubingen in Germany, into England, that one of his own ſubjects, a linguiſt of ſo much celebrity, might no longer teach the Greek and oriental languages abroad: and when Wakefield appeared before the king, his majeſty lamented, in the ſtrongeſt expreſſions of concern, the total ignorance of his clergy and the univerſities in the learned tongues; and immediately aſſigned him a competent ſtipend for opening a lecture at Cambridge in this neceſſary and neglected department of letters.[2] Wakefield was afterwards a preſerver of many copies of the Greek claſſics, in the havock of the religious houſes. It is recorded by Fox, the martyrologiſt, as a memorable occurrence,[3] and very deſervedly, that about the ſame time, Robert Barnes, prior of the Auguſtines at Cambridge and educated at Louvain, with the aſſiſtance of his ſcholar Thomas Parnell, explained within the walls of his own monaſtery, Plautus, Terence, and Cicero, to thoſe academics who ſaw the utility of philology, and were deſirous of deſerting the Gothic philoſophy. It may ſeem at firſt ſurpriſing that Fox, a weak and prejudiced writer, ſhould allow any merit to a catholic: but Barnes afterwards appears to have been one of Fox's martyrs, and was executed at the ſtake in Smithfield for a defence of Lutheraniſm.

But theſe innovations in the ſyſtem of ſtudy were greatly diſcouraged and oppoſed by the friends of the old ſcholaſtic circle of ſciences, and the bigoted partiſans of the Catholic communion, who ſtigmatiſed the Greek language by the name of hereſy. Even Biſhop Fox, when he founded the Greek lecture above mentioned, that he might not appear to countenance a dangerous novelty, was obliged to cover

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[1] Wood, *Hiſt. Univ. Oxon* i. 245, 246. But ſee Fiddes' *Wolſey*, p. 197.

[2] Wakefield's *Oratio de Laudibus trium Linguarum*, &c. Dated at Cambridge, 1524. Printed [by] W. de Worde, 4to. Signat. C ii. See alſo *Faſt. Acad. Lovan.* by Val. Andreas, p. 284, edit. 1650.

[3] *Act. Mon.* fol. 1192, edit. 1583.

his excellent inſtitution under the venerable mantle of the authority of the church. For as a ſeeming apology for what he had done, he refers to a canonical decree of Pope Clement the Fifth, promulged in the year 1311, at Vienne in Dauphiné, which enjoined that profeſſors of Greek, Hebrew, and Arabic ſhould be inſtituted in the univerſities of Oxford, Paris, [Bologna,] Salamanca, and in the court of Rome.[1] It was under the force of this eccleſiaſtical conſtitution, that Gregory Typhernas, one of the learned Greek exiles, had the addreſs to claim a ſtipend for teaching Greek in the univerſity of Paris.[2] We cannot but wonder at the ſtrange diſagreement in human affairs between cauſe and effect, when we conſider, that this edict of Pope Clement, which originated from a ſuperſtitious reverence annexed to two of theſe languages, becauſe they compoſed part of the ſuperſcription on the croſs of Chriſt, ſhould have ſo ſtrongly counteracted its own principles, and proved an inſtrument in the reformation of religion.

The univerſity of Oxford was rent into factions on account of theſe bold attempts; and the advocates of the recent improvements, when the gentler weapons of perſuaſion could not prevail, often proceeded to blows with the rigid champions of the ſchools. But the facetious diſpoſition of Sir Thomas More had no ſmall ſhare in deciding this ſingular controverſy, which he treated with much ingenious ridicule.[3] Eraſmus, about the ſame time, was engaged in attempting theſe reformations at Cambridge; in which, notwithſtanding the mildneſs of his temper and conduct, and the general luſtre of his literary character, he met with the moſt obſtinate oppoſition. He expounded the Greek grammar of Chryſoloras in the public ſchools without an audience:[4] and having, with a view to preſent the Grecian literature in the moſt ſpecious and agreeable form by a piece of pleaſantry, tranſlated Lucian's lively dialogue called *Icaromenippus*, he could find no ſtudent in the univerſity capable of tranſcribing the Greek with the Latin.[5] His edition of the Greek Teſtament, the moſt commo-

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[1] "Quem præterea in noſtro Alveario collocavimus, quod ſacroſanĉti Canones commodiſſime pro bonis literis, et imprimis chriſtianis, inſtituerunt ac juſſerunt, eum in hac univerſitate Oxonienſi, perinde ac paucis aliis celeberrimis gymnaſiis, nunquam deſiderari."—*Statut. C.C.C. Oxon.* ut ſupr. The words of this ſtatute which immediately follow, deſerve notice here, and require explanation. "Nec tamen Eos hac ratione excuſatos volumus, qui Græcam lectionem in eo ſuis impenſis ſuſtentare debent." By Eos, he means the biſhops and abbots of England, who are the perſons particularly ordered in Pope Clement's injunction to ſuſtain theſe lectures in the univerſity of Oxford. Biſhop Fox, therefore, in founding a Greek lecture, would be underſtood, that he does not mean to abſolve or excuſe the other prelates of England from doing their proper duty in this neceſſary buſineſs. At the ſame time a charge on their negligence ſeems to be implied.

[2] *Naud.* i. 3, p. 234. This was in 1472.

[3] See, among other proofs, his *Epiſtola Scholaſticis quibuſdam Trojanos ſe appellantibus*, publiſhed by Hearne, 1716, 8vo.

[4] *Eraſmi Epiſt. Ammonio*, dat. 1512. Ep. 123, Op. tom. iii. p. 110.

[5] Ibid. 139, dat. 1512, p. 120. Henry Bullock, called Bovillus, one of Eraſmus's friends, and much patroniſed by Wolſey, printed a Latin tranſlation of Lucian, περὶ Διψάδων, at Cambridge, 1521, quarto. [The ſame perſon publiſhed in

dious that had yet appeared, was abſolutely proſcribed at Cambridge: and a programma was iſſued in one of the moſt ample colleges, threatening a ſevere fine to any member of the ſociety who ſhould be detected in having ſo fantaſtic and impious a book in his poſſeſſion.[1] One Henry Standiſh, a doctor in divinity and a mendicant friar, afterwards biſhop of St. Aſaph, was a vehement adverſary of Eraſmus in the promotion of this heretical literature; whom he called in a declamation, by way of reproach, *Græculus iſte*, which ſoon became a ſynonymous appellation for an heretic.[2] Yet it ſhould be remembered that many Engliſh prelates patroniſed Eraſmus; and that one of our archbiſhops was at this time ambitious of learning Greek.[3]

Even the public diverſions of the court took a tincture from this growing attention to the languages, and aſſumed a claſſical air. We have before ſeen, that a comedy of Plautus [in the original Latin, probably,] was acted at the royal palace of Greenwich in the year 1520. And when the French ambaſſadors with a moſt ſplendid ſuite of the French nobility were in England, for the ratification of peace in the year 1514, amid the moſt magnificent banquets, tournaments and maſques exhibited at the ſame palace, they were entertained with a Latin interlude; or, to uſe the words of a contemporary writer, with ſuch an "excellent Interlude made in Latin, that I never heard the like; the actors apparel being ſo gorgious and of ſuch ſtrange devices, that it paſſes my capacitie to relate them."[4]

Nor was the protection of King Henry the Eighth who, notwithſtanding he had attacked the opinions of Luther, yet from his natural livelineſs of temper and a love of novelty thought favourably of the new improvements, of inconſiderable influence in ſupporting the reſtoration of the Greek language. In 1519, a preacher at the public church of the Univerſity of Oxford harangued with much violence, and in the true ſpirit of the ancient orthodoxy, againſt the doctrines inculcated by the new profeſſors: and his arguments were canvaſſed among the ſtudents with the greateſt animoſity. But Henry, being reſident at the neighbouring royal manor of Woodſtock, and having received a juſt detail of the merits of this diſpute from Pace and More, interpoſed his uncontrovertible authority; and tranſmitting a royal mandate to the univerſity, commanded that the ſtudy of the Scriptures in their original languages ſhould not only be permitted for the future, but received as a branch of the academical inſtitution.[5] Soon afterwards, one of the king's chaplains preaching at court took an opportunity to cenſure the genuine interpretations

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the ſame year, at Cambridge, a quarto tract of eight leaves, dedicated to Wolſey, being a copy of his oration delivered there in public ſeſſion.]

[1] *Eraſmi Epiſt.* 148, dat. 1513, p. 126.

[2] See *Eraſmi Opera*, tom. ix. p. 1440. Even the prieſts, in their confeſſions of young ſcholars, cautioned againſt this growing evil. "Cave a *Græcis* ne fias *hæreticus*."—*Eraſmi. Adag.* Op. ii. 993.

[3] *Eraſmi Epiſt.* 301.

[4] Cavendiſh, *Mem. Card. Wolſey*, p. 94, edit. 1708, 8vo.

[5] *Eraſmi Epiſt.* 380, tom. iii.

of the Scriptures, which the Grecian learning had introduced. The king, when the ſermon was ended, to which he had liſtened with a ſmile of contempt, ordered a ſolemn diſputation to be held in his own preſence: at which the unfortunate preacher oppoſed, and Sir Thomas More with his uſual dexterity defended, the utility and excellence of the Greek language. The divine, who at leaſt was a good courtier, inſtead of vindicating his opinion, inſtantly fell on his knees, and begged pardon for having given any offence in the pulpit before his majeſty. However, after ſome ſlight altercation, the preacher, by way of making ſome ſort of conceſſion in form, ingeniouſly declared, that he was now better reconciled to the Greek tongue, becauſe it was derived from the Hebrew. The king, aſtoniſhed at his ridiculous ignorance, diſmiſſed the chaplain with a charge that he ſhould never again preſume to preach at court.[1] In the grammatical ſchools eſtabliſhed in all the new cathedral foundations of this king, a maſter is appointed with the uncommon qualification of a competent ſkill in both the learned languages.[2] In the year 1523, Ludovicus Vives, having dedicated his commentary on Auſtin's *De Civitate Dei* to Henry the Eighth, was invited into England, and read lectures at Oxford in juriſprudence and humanity; which were countenanced by the preſence, not only of Henry, but of Queen Catharine and ſome of the principal nobility.[3] At length ancient abſurdities univerſally gave way to theſe encouragements. Even the vernacular language began to be cultivated by the more ingenious clergy. Colet, dean of Saint Paul's, a divine of profound learning, with a view to adorn and improve the ſtyle of his diſcourſes, and to acquire the graces of an elegant preacher, employed much time in reading Gower, Chaucer, Lydgate, and other Engliſh poets, whoſe compoſitions had embelliſhed the popular diction.[4] The practice of frequenting Italy, for the purpoſe of acquiring the laſt poliſh to a Latin ſtyle both in eloquence and poetry, ſtill continued in vogue, and was greatly promoted by the connections, authority, and good taſte of Cardinal Pole, who conſtantly reſided at the court of Rome in a high character. At Oxford, in particular, theſe united endeavours for eſtabliſhing a new courſe of liberal and manly ſcience were finally conſummated in the magnificent foundation of Wolſey's college, to which all the accompliſhed ſcholars of every country in Europe were invited; and for whoſe library tranſcripts of all the valuable manuſcripts, which now fill the Vatican, were deſigned.[5]

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[1] *Eraſmi Epiſt.* p. 408.

[2] Statuimus præterea, ut per Decanum, etc. unus [Archididaſcalus] "eligatur, Latine et *Græce* doctus, bonæ famæ," &c.—*Statut. Eccles. Roffens.* cap. xxv. They were given Jun. 30, 1545. In the ſame ſtatute the ſecond maſter is required to be only *Latine doctus*. All the ſtatutes of the new cathedrals are alike. It is remarkable that Wolſey does not order Greek to be taught in his ſchool at Ipſwich, founded 1528. See Strype, *Eccl. Mem.* i. Append. xxxv. p. 94, ſeq.

[3] Twyne, *Apol.* lib. ii. § 210, ſeq. Probably he was patroniſed by Catharine as a Spaniard.

[4] *Eraſmi Epiſtol.* Jodoco Jonæ. Ibid. Jun. 1521.

[5] Wood, *Hiſt. Univ. Oxon.* i. 249.

But the progreſs of theſe proſperous beginnings was ſoon obſtructed. The firſt obſtacle I ſhall mention was, indeed, but of ſhort duration. It was however an unfavourable circumſtance, that in the midſt of this career of ſcience, Henry, who had ever been accuſtomed to gratify his paſſions at any rate, ſued for a divorce againſt his queen Catharine. The legality of this violent meaſure, being agitated with much deliberation and ſolemnity, wholly engroſſed the attention of many able philologiſts, whoſe genius and acquiſitions were deſtined to a much nobler employment, and tended to revive for a time the frivolous ſubtleties of caſuiſtry and theology.

But another cauſe which ſuſpended the progreſſion of theſe letters, of much more importance and extent, ultimately moſt happy in its conſequences, remains to be mentioned. The enlarged conceptions acquired by the ſtudy of the Greek and Roman writers ſeem to have reſtored to the human mind a free exertion of its native operations, and to have communicated a certain ſpirit of enterpriſe in examining every ſubject; and at length to have releaſed the intellectual capacity of mankind from that habitual ſubjection and that ſervility to ſyſtem, which had hitherto prevented it from advancing any new principle, or adopting any new opinion. Hence, under the concurrent aſſiſtance of a preparation of circumſtances, all centring in the ſame period, aroſe the reformation of religion. But this defection from the catholic communion alienated the thoughts of the learned from thoſe purſuits by which it was produced, and diverted the ſtudies of the moſt accompliſhed ſcholars to inquiries into the practices and maxims of the primitive ages, the nature of civil and eccleſiaſtical juriſdiction, the authority of Scripture and tradition, of popes, councils and ſchoolmen: topics, which men were not yet qualified to treat with any degree of penetration, and on which the ideas of the times unenlightened by philoſophy, or warped by prejudice and paſſion, were not calculated to throw juſt and rational illuſtrations. When the bonds of ſpiritual unity were once broken, this ſeparation from an eſtabliſhed faith ended in a variety of ſubordinate ſects, each of which called forth its reſpective champions into the field of religious contention. The ſeveral princes of chriſtendom were politically concerned in theſe diſputes; and the courts in which poets and orators had been recently careſſed and rewarded, were now filled with that moſt deplorable ſpecies of philoſophers, polemical metaphyſicians. The public entry of Luther into Worms, when he had been ſummoned before the diet of that city, was equally ſplendid with that of the Emperor Charles the Fifth.[1] Rome in return, rouſed from her deep repoſe of ten centuries, was compelled to vindicate her inſulted doctrines with reaſoning and argument. The profound inveſtigations of Aquinas once more triumphed over the graces of the Ciceronian urbanity; and endleſs volumes were written on the expediency of auricular confeſſion and the exiſtence of purgatory. Thus the

[1] Luther, Op. ii. 412, 414.

cauſe of polite literature was for a while abandoned; while the nobleſt abilities of Europe were waſted in theological ſpeculation, and abſorbed in the abyſs of controverſy. Yet it muſt not be forgotten that wit and raillery, drawn from the ſources of elegant erudition, were ſometimes applied, and with the greateſt ſucceſs, in this important diſpute. The lively colloquies of Eraſmus, which expoſed the ſuperſtitious practices of the papiſts with much humour and in pure Latinity, made more proteſtants than the ten tomes of John Calvin. A work of ridicule was now a new attempt: and it ſhould be here obſerved to the honour of Eraſmus, that he was the firſt of the literary reformers who tried that ſpecies of compoſition, at leaſt with any degree of popularity. The polite ſcholars of Italy had no notion that the German theologiſts were capable of making their readers laugh: they were now convinced of their miſtake, and ſoon found that the German pleaſantry prepared the way for a revolution, which proved of the moſt ſerious conſequence to Italy.

Another great temporary check given to the general ſtate of letters in England at this period, was the diſſolution of the monaſteries. Many of the abuſes in civil ſociety are attended with ſome advantages. In the beginnings of reformation, the loſs of theſe advantages is always felt very ſenſibly: while the benefit ariſing from the change is the ſlow effect of time, and not immediately perceived or enjoyed. Scarcely any inſtitution can be imagined leſs favourable to the intereſts of mankind than the monaſtic. Yet theſe ſeminaries, although they were in a general view the nurſeries of illiterate indolence, and undoubtedly deſerved to be ſuppreſſed under proper reſtrictions, contained invitations and opportunities to ſtudious leiſure and literary purſuits. On this event, therefore, a viſible revolution and decline in the national ſtate of learning ſucceeded. Moſt of the youth of the kingdom betook themſelves to mechanical or other illiberal employments, the profeſſion of letters being now ſuppoſed to be without ſupport and reward. By the abolition of the religious houſes, many towns and their adjacent villages were utterly deprived of their only means of inſtruction. At the beginning of the reign of Queen Elizabeth, Williams, ſpeaker of the Houſe of Commons, complained to her majeſty, that more than a hundred flouriſhing ſchools were deſtroyed in the demolition of the monaſteries, and that ignorance had prevailed ever ſince.[1] Provincial ignorance, at leaſt, became univerſal, in conſequence of this haſty

[1] Strype, *Ann. Ref.* p. 212, ſub ann. 1562. The greater abbeys appear to have had the direction of other ſchools in their neighbourhood. In an abbatial Regiſter of Bury Abbey there is this entry: "Memorand. quod A.D. 1418, 28 Jul. Guliel-mus abbas contulit regimen et magiſterium ſcholarum grammaticalium in villa de Bury S. Edmundi magiſtro Johanni Somerſet, artium et grammaticæ profeſſori, et baccalaureo in medicina, cum annua penſione xl. ſolidorum." MS. Cotton. *Tiber.* B. ix. 2. This John Somerſet was tutor and phyſician to king Henry the Sixth, and a man of eminent learning. He was inſtrumental in procuring duke Humphrey's books to be conveyed to Oxford. *Regiſtr. Acad. Oxon. Epiſt.* F. 179, 202, 218, 220. And in the foundation of King's College at Cambridge. MSS. Cott. *Julius*, F. vii. 43.

meaſure of a rapacious and arbitrary prince. What was taught in the monaſteries was not always perhaps of the greateſt importance, but ſtill it ſerved to keep up a certain degree of neceſſary knowledge.[1] Nor ſhould it be forgotten, that many of the abbots were learned, and patrons of literature; men of public ſpirit and liberal views. By their connections with parliament and the frequent embaſſies to foreign courts in which they were employed, they became acquainted with the world and the improvements of life, and knowing where to chooſe proper objects, and having no other uſe for the ſuperfluities of their vaſt revenues, encouraged in their reſpective circles many learned young men. It appears to have been cuſtomary for the governors of the moſt conſiderable convents, eſpecially thoſe that were honoured with the mitre, to receive into their own private lodgings the ſons of the principal families of the neighbourhood for education. About the year 1450, Thomas Bromele, abbot of the mitred monaſtery of Hyde near Wincheſter, entertained in his own abbatial houſe within that monaſtery eight young gentlemen, or *gentiles pueri*, who were placed there for the purpoſe of literary inſtruction, and conſtantly dined at the abbot's table. I will not ſcruple to give the original words, which are more particular and expreſſive, of the obſcure record which preſerves this curious anecdote of monaſtic life. "Pro octo gentilibus pueris apud dominum abbatem ſtudii cauſa perhendinantibus, et ad menſam domini victitantibus, cum garcionibus ſuis ipſos comitantibus, hoc anno, xvii *l.* ix *s.* Capiendo pro . . . .[2]" This, by the way, was more extraordinary, as William of Wykeham's celebrated ſeminary was ſo near. And this ſeems to have been an eſtabliſhed practice of the abbot of Glaſtonbury: "whoſe apartment in the abbey was a kind of well diſciplined court, where the ſons of noblemen and young gentlemen were wont to be ſent for virtuous education, who returned thence home excellently accompliſhed."[3] Richard Whiting, the laſt abbot of Glaſtonbury, who was cruelly executed by the king during the courſe of his government, educated near three hundred ingenuous youths, who conſtituted a part of his family: beſide many others whom he liberally ſupported at the univerſities.[4] Whitgift, the moſt excellent and learned archbiſhop of Canterbury in the reign

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[1] I do not, however, lay great ſtreſs on the following paſſage, which yet deſerves attention, in Rous of Warwickſhire, who wrote about the year 1480: "To this day, in the cathedrals and ſome of the greater collegiate churches, or monaſteries, [quibuſdam nobilibus collegiis,] and in the houſes of the four mendicant orders, uſeful lectures and diſputations are kept up; and ſuch of their members as are thought capable of degrees, are ſent to the univerſities. And in towns where there are two or more fraternities of mendicants, in each of theſe are held, every week by turns, proper exerciſes of ſcholars in diſputation."—*Hiſt. Reg. Angl.* edit. Hearne, p. 74.

[2] From a fragment of the *Computus Camerarii* Abbat. Hidens. in Archiv. Wulves. apud Winton, *ut ſupr.*

[3] *Hiſt. and Antiq. of Glaſtonbury*, Oxon. 1722, 8vo. p. 98.

[4] Reyner, *Apoſtolat. Benedict.* Tract. i. ſect. ii. p. 224. Sanders *De Schiſm.* pag. 176.

of queen Elizabeth, was educated under Robert Whitgift his uncle, abbot of the Auguſtine monaſtery of black canons at Wellhow in Lincolnſhire: "who," ſays Strype, "had ſeveral other young gentlemen under his care for education."[1] That, at the reſtoration of literature, many of theſe dignitaries were eminently learned and even zealous promoters of the new improvements, I could bring various inſtances. Hugh Farringdon, the laſt abbot of Reading, was a polite ſcholar, as his Latin epiſtles, addreſſed to the univerſity of Oxford, abundantly teſtify.[2] Nor was he leſs a patron of critical ſtudies. Leonard Cox, a popular philological writer in the reign of Henry the Eighth both in Latin and Engliſh, and a great traveller, highly celebrated by the judicious Leland for his elegant accompliſhments in letters, and honoured with the affectionate correſpondence of Eraſmus, dedicates to this abbot his *Arte or Crafte of Rhetoricke*, printed in the year 1524 [1532], at that time a work of an unuſual nature.[3] Wakefield above mentioned, a very capital Greek and oriental ſcholar, in his *Diſcourſe on the Excellency and Utility of the three Languages*, written in the year 1524, celebrates William Fryſſell, prior of the cathedral Benedictine convent at Rocheſter, as a diſtinguiſhed judge and encourager of critical literature. Robert Shirwoode, an Engliſhman, but a profeſſor of Greek and Hebrew at Louvaine, publiſhed a new Latin tranſlation of *Eccleſiaſtes*, with critical annotations on the Hebrew text, printed at Antwerp in 1523.[4] This, in an elegant Latin epiſtle, he dedicates to John Webbe, prior of the Benedictine cathedral convent at Coventry, whom he ſtyles, for his ſingular learning and attention to the general cauſe of letters, *Monachorum Decus*. John Batmanſon, prior of the Carthuſians in London, controverted Eraſmus's commentary on the New Teſtament with a degree of ſpirit and erudition, which was unhappily miſapplied, and would have done honour to the cauſe of his antagoniſt.[5] He wrote many other pieces, and was patroniſed by Lee, a learned archbiſhop of York who oppoſed Eraſmus, but allowed Aſcham a penſion.[6] Kederminſter, abbot of Winchcombe in Glouceſterſhire, a traveller to Rome, and a celebrated preacher before King Henry the Eighth, eſtabliſhed regular lectures in his monaſtery for explaining both ſcriptures in their original languages; which were ſo generally frequented that his little cloiſter acquired the name and reputation of

[1] Strype's *Whitgift*, b. i. ch. i. p. 3.

[2] *Regiſtr. Univ. Oxon.* F. F. fol. 101—125.

[3] See Leland, *Collectan.* vol. v. p. 118; vol. vi. p. 187; and *Encom.* p. 50, edit. 1589; *Eraſmi Epiſtol.* p. 886.

[4] [He was perhaps related to Johannes de Shirwoode, Biſhop of Durham, the author of a treatiſe *De Ludo Arithmomachiâ* (1482), 4to.]

[5] Theodor. Petreus, *Bibl. Carthus.* edit. Col. 1609, p. 157.

[6] Aſcham, *Epiſtol.* lib. ii. p. 77, a, edit. 1581. On the death of the archbiſhop, in 1544, Aſcham deſires that a part of his penſion then due might be paid out of ſome of the archbiſhop's Greek books: one of theſe he wiſhes may be Aldus's *Decem Rhetores Græci*, a book which he could not purchaſe or procure at Cambridge.

a new univerſity.[1] He was maſter of a terſe and perſpicuous Latin ſtyle, as appears from a fragment of the *Hiſtory of Wynchcomb Abbey*, written by himſelf.[2] His erudition is atteſted in an epiſtle from the univerſity to King Henry the Eighth.[3] Longland, Biſhop of Lincoln, the moſt eloquent preacher of his time, in the dedication to Kederminſter, of five quadrageſimal ſermons, delivered at court and printed in 1517,[4] inſiſts largely on his *ſingularis eruditio* and other ſhining qualifications.

Before we quit the reign of Henry the Eighth, in this review of the riſe of modern letters, let us turn our eyes once more on the univerſities, which yet do not always give the tone to the learning of a nation.[5] In the year 1531, the learned Simon Grynaeus viſited

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[1] "Non aliter quam ſi fuiſſet altera nova univerſitas, tametſi exigua, clauſtrum Wynchelcombenſe tunc temporis ſe haberet." From his own *Hiſtoria*, as below. Wood, *Hiſt. Univ. Oxon.* i. p. 248. There is an Epiſtle from Colet, the learned dean of St. Paul's, to this abbot, concerning a paſſage in Saint Paul's Epiſtles, firſt printed by Knight from the original manuſcript at Cambridge. Knight's *Life*, p. 311.

[2] Printed by Dugdale, before the whole of the original was deſtroyed in the fire of London. *Monaſt.* i. p. 188. But a tranſcript of a part remains in Dodſworth, MSS. Bibl. Bodl. lxv. 1. Compare A. Wood, ut ſupr. and *Athen. Oxon.* i. 28.

[3] *Regiſtr. Univ. Oxon.* F. F. fol. 46.

[4] [But ſee Herbert's *Ames*, pp. 294-5.]

[5] It ought not here to be unnoticed, that the royal library of the kings of England, originally ſubſiſting in the old palace at Weſtminſter, and [eventually, with a few reſervations,] transferred to the Britiſh Muſeum, received great improvements under the reign of Henry the Eighth, who conſtituted that elegant and judicious ſcholar, John Leland, his librarian, about the year 1530. Tanner, *Bibl.* pag. 475. Leland, at the diſſolution of the monaſteries, removed to this royal repoſitory a great number of valuable manuſcripts, particularly from Saint Auſtin's abbey at Canterbury. *Script. Brit.* p. 299. One of theſe was a manuſcript given by Athelſtan to that convent, a *Harmony of the Four Goſpels*. Bibl. Reg. MSS. i. A. xviii. See the hexaſthic of Leland prefixed. See alſo *Script. Brit.* ut ſupra, V. Athelſtanus. Leland ſays, that he placed in the Palatine Library of Henry the Eighth the *Commentarii in Matthæum* of Claudius, Bede's diſciple. Ibid. V. Claudius. Many of the manuſcripts of this library appear to have belonged to Henry's predeceſſors; and, if we may judge from the ſplendour of the decorations, were preſents. Some of them bear the name of Humphrey, Duke of Glouceſter; others were written at the command of Edward the Fourth. I have already mentioned the librarian of Henry the Seventh. Bartholomew Traheron, a learned divine, was appointed the keeper of this library by Edward the Sixth, with a ſalary of twenty marcs, in the year 1549. See Rymer's *Fœd.* xv. p. 351. Under the reign of Elizabeth, Hentzner, a German traveller, who ſaw this library at Whitehall in 1598, ſays that it was well furniſhed with Greek, Latin, Italian, and French books, all bound in velvet of different colours, yet chiefly red, with claſps of gold and ſilver; and that the covers of ſome were adorned with pearls and precious ſtones. *Itinerar. Germaniæ, Angliæ*, &c. Noringb. 1629, 8vo. p. 188. It is a great miſtake, that James the Firſt was the firſt of our kings who founded a library in any of the royal palaces, and that this eſtabliſhment commenced at St. James's Palace under the patronage of that monarch. This notion was firſt propagated by Smith in his life of *Patrick Junius*: Vit. Quorund. &c. Lond. 1707, 4to. pp. 12, 13, 34, 35. Great part of the royal library, which indeed migrated to St. James's under James the Firſt, was partly ſold and diſperſed at Cromwell's acceſſion, together with another ineſtimable part of its furniture, 12,000 medals, rings, and gems, the entire collection of Gorlaeus's Dactyliotheca, purchaſed by Prince Henry and Charles the Firſt. It muſt

Oxford. By the intereſt of Claymund, preſident of Corpus Chriſti College, an admirable ſcholar, a critical writer, and the general friend and correſpondent of the literary reformers, he was admitted to all the libraries of the univerſity which, he ſays, were about twenty in number, and amply furniſhed with the books of antiquity. Among theſe he found numerous manuſcripts of Proclus on Plato, many of which he was eaſily permitted to carry abroad by the governors of the colleges, who did not know the value of theſe treaſures.[1] In the year 1535, the king ordered lectures in humanity, inſtitutions which have their uſe for a time and while the novelty laſts, to be founded in thoſe colleges of the univerſity where they were yet wanting: and theſe injunctions were ſo warmly approved by the ſcholars in the largeſt ſocieties, that they ſeized on the venerable volumes of Duns Scotus and other irrefragable logicians, in which they had ſo long toiled without the attainment of knowledge, and, tearing them in pieces, diſperſed them in great triumph about their quadrangles, or gave them away as uſeleſs lumber.[2] The king himſelf alſo eſtabliſhed ſome public lectures with large endowments.[3] Notwithſtanding, the number of ſtudents at Oxford daily decreaſed: inſomuch that in 1546, not becauſe a general cultivation of the new ſpecies of literature was increaſed, there were only ten inceptors in arts, and three in theology and juriſprudence.[4]

As all novelties are purſued to exceſs, and the moſt beneficial improvements often introduce new inconveniencies, ſo this univerſal attention to polite literature deſtroyed philoſophy. The old philoſophy was aboliſhed, but a new one was not adopted in its ſtead. At Cambridge we now however find the ancient ſcientific learning in ſome degree reformed by the admiſſion of better ſyſtems.

In the injunctions given by Henry to that univerſity in the year 1535 for the reformation of ſtudy, the dialectics of Rodolphus Agricola, the great favourite of Eraſmus, and the genuine logic of Ariſtotle are preſcribed to be taught, inſtead of the barren problems of Scotus and Burlaeus.[5] By the ſame edict, theology and caſuiſtry were freed from many of their old incumbrances and perplexities;

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be allowed that James the Firſt greatly enriched this library with the books of Lord Lumley and Caſaubon, and Sir Thomas Roe's manuſcripts brought from Conſtantinople. Lord Lumley's chiefly conſiſted of Lord Arundel's, his father-in-law, a great collector at the diſſolution of monaſteries. James had previouſly granted a warrant to Sir Thomas Bodley, in 1613, to chooſe any books from the royal library at Whitehall, over the *Queen's Chamber*. *Reliq. Bodl.* ed. Hearne, pp. 205, 286, 320.

[1] During his abode in England, having largely experienced the bounty and advice of Sir Thomas More, he returned home, fraught with materials which he had long ſought in vain, and publiſhed his Plato, viz. *Platonis Opera, cum commentariis Procli in Timæum et Politica*, Baſil. 1534, fol. See the Epiſtle Dedicatory to Sir Thomas More. He there mentions other pieces of Proclus, which he ſaw at Oxford.

[2] See Dr. Layton's letter to Cromwell. Strype's *Eccl. Mem.* i. p. 210.

[3] Wood, *Hiſt. Univ. Oxon.* i. p. 26; ii. p. 36.

[4] Wood, ibid. *ſub anno.*

[5] [Duns Scotus and Walter Burley.] Collier, *Eccles. Hiſt.* vol. ii. p. 110.

degrees in the canon law were forbidden; and heavy penalties were impoſed on thoſe academics who relinquiſhed the ſacred text to explain the tedious and unedifying commentaries on Peter Lombard's ſcholaſtic cyclopede of divinity, called the *Sentences*, which alone were ſufficient to conſtitute a moderate library [and of which the MSS. copies are ſtill very abundant]. Claſſical lectures were alſo directed, the ſtudy of words was enforced, and the books of Melanchthon and other ſolid and elegant writers of the reformed party recommended. The politer ſtudies, ſoon afterwards, ſeem to have riſen into a flouriſhing ſtate at Cambridge. Biſhop Latimer complains, that there were now but few who ſtudied divinity in that univerſity.[1] But this is no proof of a decline of learning in that ſeminary. Other purſuits were now gaining ground there; and ſuch as in fact were ſubſervient to theological truth and to the propagation of the reformed religion. Latimer himſelf, whoſe diſcourſes from the royal pulpit appear to be barbarous beyond their age in ſtyle, manner and argument, is an example of the neceſſity of the ornamental ſtudies to a writer in divinity. The Greek language was now making conſiderable advances at Cambridge, under the inſtruction of Cheke and Smith, notwithſtanding the interruptions and oppoſitions of Biſhop Gardiner, chancellor of the univerſity, who loved learning but hated novelties, about the proprieties of pronunciation. But the controverſy which was agitated on both ſides with much erudition, and produced letters between Cheke and Gardiner equal to large treatiſes, had the good effect of more fully illuſtrating the point in debate, and of drawing the general attention to the ſubject of the Greek literature.[2] Perhaps biſhop Gardiner's intolerance in this reſpect was like his perſecuting ſpirit in religion, which only made more heretics. Aſcham obſerves with no ſmall degree of triumph, that inſtead of Plautus, Cicero, Terence and Livy, almoſt the only claſſics hitherto known at Cambridge, a more extenſive field was opened; and that Homer, Sophocles, Euripides, Herodotus, Thucydides, Demoſthenes, Xenophon, and Iſocrates, were univerſally and critically ſtudied.[3] But Cheke being ſoon called away to the court, his auditors relapſed into diſſertations on the doctrines of original ſin and predeſtination; and it was debated with great obſtinacy and acrimony, whether thoſe topics had been moſt ſucceſsfully handled by ſome modern German divines or Saint Auſtin.[4] Aſcham

[1] His words are, "It woulde pytye a mans hert to heare that I heare of the ſtate of Cambrige: what it is in Oxforde I can not tell. Ther be few do ſtudy diuinitie but ſo many as of neceſſitie muſt furnyſh y^e^ colledges." [*The fyfte ſermon before the Kynges Maieſtye*, 5 Apr. 1549. Lond. 1549, 8vo.]

[2] Aſcham. *Epiſtol.* ut modo infr. p. 65, a. Aſcham calls Gardiner, "omnibus literarum, prudentiæ, conſilii, authoritatis, præſidiis ornatiſſimus, *abſque hac una re eſſet*, literarum et academiæ noſtræ patronus ampliſſimus." But he ſays that Gardiner took this meaſure, "quorundam *invidorum hominum* precibus victus."—Ibid. p. 64, b.

[3] Strype's *Cranmer*, p. 170. Aſcham. *Epiſtol.* l. ii. p. 64, b, 1581.

[4] Aſcham. *Epiſt.* lib. ii.

obſerves, that at Oxford a decline of taſte in both languages was indicated by a preference of Lucian, Plutarch and Herodian, in Greek, and of Seneca, Gellius and Apuleius, in Latin, to the more pure, ancient, and original writers of Greece and Rome.[1] At length, both univerſities ſeem to have been reduced to the ſame deplorable condition of indigence and illiteracy.

It is generally believed, that the reformation of religion in England, the moſt happy and important event of our annals, was immediately ſucceeded by a flouriſhing ſtate of letters. But this was by no means the caſe. For a long time afterwards an effect quite contrary was produced. The reformation in England was completed under the reign of Edward the Sixth. The rapacious courtiers of this young prince were perpetually graſping at the rewards of literature which, being diſcouraged or deſpiſed by the rich, was neglected by thoſe of moderate fortunes. Avarice and zeal were at once gratified in robbing the clergy of their revenues, and in reducing the church to its primitive apoſtolical ſtate of purity and poverty.[2] The opulent ſee of Wincheſter was lowered to a bare title: its ampleſt eſtates were portioned out to the laity; and the biſhop, a creature of the Protector Somerſet, was contented to receive an inconſiderable annual ſtipend from the exchequer. The biſhopric of Durham, almoſt equally rich, was entirely diſſolved. A favourite nobleman of the court occupied the deanery and treaſurerſhip of a cathedral with ſome of its beſt canonries.[3] The miniſters of this abuſed monarch, by theſe arbitrary, diſhoneſt and imprudent meaſures, only provided inſtruments and furniſhed arguments for reſtoring, in the ſucceeding reign, that ſuperſtitious religion which they profeſſed to deſtroy. By thus impoveriſhing the eccleſiaſtical dignities, they countenanced the clamours of the Catholics, who declared, that the reformation was apparently founded on temporal views, and that the Proteſtants pretended to oppoſe the doctrines of the church, ſolely with a view that they might ſhare in the plunder of its revenues. In every one of theſe ſacrilegious robberies the intereſt of learning alſo ſuffered. Exhibitions and penſions were, in the mean time, ſubtracted from the ſtudents in the univerſities.[4] Aſcham, in a letter to the Marquis of Northampton, dated 1550, laments the ruin of grammar ſchools throughout England, and predicts the ſpeedy extinction of the univerſities from this growing calamity.[5] At Oxford the public ſchools were neglected by the profeſſors and pupils, and allotted to the loweſt purpoſes.[6] Academical

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[1] *Epiſtol.* lib. i. p. 18, b. Dat. 1550, ed. 1581.

[2] See Collier's *Eccl. Hiſt.* Records, lxvii. p. 80.

[3] Burnet, *Ref.* P. ii. p. 8.

[4] Wood, *ſub ann.* 1550. See alſo Strype's *Cranmer*, Append. N. xciii. p. 220, viz. A letter to ſecretary Cecil, dat. 1552.

[5] *Epiſtol.* lib. un. *Commendat.* p. 194, a, Lond. 1581, "Ruinam et interitum publicarum ſcholarum," &c.—"Quam gravis hæc univerſa ſcholarum calamitas," &c. See p. 62, b, p. 210, a.

[6] Wood, *ut ſupr.* p. 273.

degrees were abrogated as anti-Chriſtian.[1] Reformation was ſoon turned into fanaticiſm. Abſurd refinements concerning the inutility of human learning were ſuperadded to the juſt and rational purgation of Chriſtianity from the papal corruptions. The ſpiritual reformers of theſe enlightened days, at a viſitation of the laſt-mentioned univerſity, proceeded ſo far in their ideas of a ſuperior rectitude as totally to ſtrip the public library, eſtabliſhed by that munificent patron Humphrey Duke of Glouceſter, of all its books and manuſcripts.

I muſt not, however, forget, as a remarkable ſymptom of an attempt now circulating to give a more general and unreſerved diffuſion of ſcience, that in this reign, Thomas Wilſon, originally a fellow of King's College in Cambridge, preceptor to Charles and Henry Brandon Dukes of Suffolk, Dean of Durham, and chief ſecretary to the king, publiſhed a ſyſtem of logic and of rhetoric in Engliſh[2] [in 1551 and 1553]. This diſplay of the venerable myſteries of the former of theſe arts in a vernacular language, which had hitherto been confined within the ſacred pale of the learned tongues, was eſteemed an innovation almoſt equally daring with that of permitting the ſervice of the church to be celebrated in Engliſh; and accordingly the author, ſoon afterwards happening to viſit Rome, was incarcerated by the inquiſitors of the holy ſee as a preſumptuous and dangerous heretic.

It is with reluctance I enter on the bloody reign of the relentleſs and unamiable Mary, whoſe many dreadful martyrdoms of men eminent for learning and piety ſhock our ſenſibility with a double degree of horror in the preſent ſoftened ſtate of manners, at a period of ſociety when no potentate would inflict executions of ſo ſevere a nature, and when it would be difficult to find devotees hardy enough to die for difference of opinion. We muſt, however, acknowledge that ſhe enriched both univerſities with ſome conſiderable benefactions; yet theſe donations ſeem to have been made, not from any general or liberal principle of advancing knowledge, but to repair the breaches of reformation, and to ſtrengthen the return of ſuperſtition. It is certain that her reſtoration of popery, together with the monaſtic inſtitution, its proper appendage, muſt have been highly pernicious to the growth of polite erudition. Yet although the elegant ſtudies were now beginning to ſuffer a new relapſe, in the midſt of this reign, under the diſcouragement of all theſe inauſpicious and unfriendly circumſtances, a college was eſtabliſhed at Oxford, in the conſtitution of which the founder principally inculcates the uſe and neceſſity of claſſical literature, and recommends it as the moſt important and leading object in that ſyſtem of academical ſtudy, which he preſcribes to the youth of the new ſociety.[3]

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[1] *Catal. MSS. Angl.* fol. edit. 1697, in Hiſt. Bibl. Bodl. *Præfat.*

[2] [Firſt printed in January, 1553-4, during the reign of Mary, who ſucceeded on the 6th July, 1553.] See Preface to the ſecond edition of the *Rhetoric*, in 1560. He tranſlated the three Olynthiacs and the four Philippics of Demoſthenes from the Greek into Engliſh. Lond. 1570. 4to.

[3] In the year 1554 [by Sir Thomas Pope.]

For, beſide a lecturer in philoſophy appointed for the ordinary purpoſe of teaching the ſcholaſtic ſciences, he eſtabliſhes in this ſeminary a teacher of humanity. The buſineſs of this preceptor is deſcribed with a particularity not uſual in the conſtitutions given to collegiate bodies of this kind, and he is directed to exert his utmoſt diligence in tincturing his auditors with a juſt reliſh for the graces and purity of the Latin language:[1] and to explain critically, in the public hall, for the ſpace of two hours every day, the Offices, De Oratore, and rhetorical treatiſes, of Cicero, the inſtitutes of Quintilian, Aulus Gellius, Plautus, Terence, Virgil, Horace, Livy, and Lucan; together with the moſt excellent modern philological treatiſes then in vogue, ſuch as the *Elegancies* of Laurentius Valla, and the *Miſcellanies* of Politian, or any other approved critical tract on oratory or verſification.[2] In the meantime, the founder permits it to the diſcretion of the lecturer occaſionally to ſubſtitute Greek authors in the place of theſe.[3] He moreover requires, that the candidates for admiſſion into the college be completely ſkilled in Latin poetry and in writing epiſtles, then a favourite mode of compoſition,[4] and on which Eraſmus[5] and Conradus Celtes the reſtorer of letters in Germany had each recently publiſhed a diſtinct ſyſtematical work. He enjoins that the ſtudents ſhall be exerciſed every day, in the intervals of vacation, in compoſing declamations, and Latin verſes both lyric and heroic:[6] and in his prefatory ſtatute, where he deſcribes the nature and deſign of his foundation, he declares that he deſtines the younger part of his eſtabliſhment, not only to dialectics and philoſophy, but to the more polite literature.[7] The ſtatutes of this college were ſubmitted to the inſpection of Cardinal Pole, one of the chief protectors of the revival of polite letters in England, as appears from a curious paſſage in a letter written by the founder, now remaining;

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[1] "Latini ſermonis ornatu et elegantia imbuendos diligenter curabit," &c.—*Statut. Coll. Trin. Oxon.* cap. iv. Again, "Cupiens et ego Collegii mei juventutem *in primis* Latini ſermonis *Puritate* ac *ingenuarum* artium rudimentis, convenienter erudiri," &c.—*Ibid.* cap. xv.

[2] Ibid. cap. xv. A modern writer in dialectics, Rodolphus Agricola, is alſo recommended to be explained by the reader in philoſophy, together with Ariſtotle.

[3] Ibid. cap. xv. It may be alſo obſerved here, that the philoſophy reader is not only ordered to explain Ariſtotle, but Plato. Ibid. cap. xv. It appears by implication in the cloſe of this ſtatute, that the public lectures of the univerſity were now growing uſeleſs, and dwindling into mere matters of form, viz.: "Ad hunc modum Domi meos Lectionibus erudiri cupiens, eos a publicis in Academia lectionibus avocare nolui.—Verum, ſi temporis tractu, et magiſtratuum incuria, adeo a primario inſtituto degenerent Magiſtrorum regentium Lectiones ordinariæ, ut inde nulla, aut admodum exigua, auditoribus accedat utilitas," &c.—Ibid. cap. xv.

[4] Ibid. cap. vii.

[5] [*Libellus de conſcribendis Epiſtolis*, firſt printed] about the year 1500. At Baſil, 1522. It was reprinted at Cambridge by Siberch, and dedicated to Fiſher, [Biſhop of Rocheſter,] 1521. 4to.

[6] Ibid. cap. xv. Every day after dinner "Aliquis ſcholarium, a Præſidente aut Lectore Rhetorico juſſus, de themate quodam propoſito, ad edendum *ingenii* ac profectus ſui ſpecimen, diligenter, *ornate*, ac breviter, dicat," &c. Ibid. cap. x.

[7] "Cæteri autem, *ſcholares* nuncupati, politioribus Literis," &c. Ibid. cap. i.

which not only diſplays the cardinal's ideas of the new erudition, but ſhews the ſtate of the Greek language at this period. "My lord Cardinalls grace has had the overſeeinge of my ſtatutes. He muche lykes well, that I have therein ordered the Latin tonge [Latin claſſics] to be redde to my ſchollers. But he advyſes me to order the Greeke to be more taught there than I have provyded. This purpoſe I well lyke: but I fear *the tymes will not bear it now.* I remember when I was a young ſcholler at Eton,[1] the Greeke tonge was growing apace; the ſtudie of which is now alate much decaid."[2] Queen Mary was herſelf eminently learned. But her accompliſhments in letters were darkened or impeded by religious prejudices. At the deſire of Queen Catharine Parr, ſhe tranſlated in her youth Eraſmus's paraphraſe on Saint John. The preface is written by Udall, maſter of Eton ſchool: in which he much extols her diſtinguiſhed proficience in literature.[3] It would have been fortunate, if Mary's attention to this work had ſoftened her temper, and enlightened her underſtanding. She frequently ſpoke in public with propriety, and always with prudence and dignity.

In the beginning of the reign of queen Elizabeth, which ſoon followed, when the return of Proteſtantiſm might have been expected to produce a ſpeedy change for the better, Puritaniſm began to prevail, and, as the firſt fervours of a new ſect are always violent, retarded for ſome time the progreſs of ingenuous and uſeful knowledge. The Scriptures being tranſlated into Engliſh, and every man aſſuming a right to dictate in matters of faith, and to chooſe his own principles, weak heads drew falſe concluſions, and erected an infinite variety of petty religions. Such is the abuſe which attends the beſt deſigns, that the meaneſt reader of the New Teſtament thought he had a full comprehenſion of the moſt myſterious metaphyſical doctrines in the Chriſtian faith; and ſcorned to acquieſce in the ſober and rational expoſitions of ſuch difficult ſubjects, which he might have received from a competent and intelligent teacher, whom it was his duty to follow. The bulk of the people, who now poſſeſſed the means of diſcuſſing all theological topics, from their ſituation and circumſtances in life, were naturally averſe to the ſplendour, the dominion, and the opulence of an hierarchy, and diſclaimed the yoke of epiſcopal juriſdiction. The new deliverance from the numerous and burthenſome ſuperſtitions of the papal communion drove many pious reformers into the contrary extreme, and the rage of oppoſition ended in a devotion entirely ſpiritual and abſtracted. External forms were aboliſhed, as impediments to the viſionary reveries of a mental intercourſe with heaven; and becauſe the Church of Rome had carried ceremonies to an abſurd exceſs, the uſe of any ceremonies was deemed unlawful. The love of

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[1] About the year 1520.

[2] Dated 1556. See *Life of Sir Thomas Pope*, p. 226.

[3] Lond. 1548, fol. [See a Latin epiſtle from Mary, when princeſs, to Cardinal Pole, dated from Hartlebury, and ſubſcribed "Tua ſpiritualis filia, Maria princeps," in *Reliquiæ Hearnianæ*, 103-4.]

new doctrines and a new worſhip, the triumph of gaining proſelytes, and the perſecutions which accompanied theſe licentious zealots, all contributed to fan the flame of enthuſiaſm. The genius of this refined and falſe ſpecies of religion, which defied the ſalutary checks of all human authority, when operating in its full force, was attended with conſequences not leſs pernicious to ſociety, although leſs likely to laſt, than thoſe which flowed from the eſtabliſhment of the ancient ſuperſtitions. During this unſettled ſtate of things, the Engliſh reformed clergy, who had fled into Germany from the menaces of Queen Mary, returned home in great numbers; and in conſideration of their ſufferings and learning, and their abilities to vindicate the principles of a national church erected in oppoſition to that of Rome, many of them were preferred to biſhoprics and other eminent eccleſiaſtical ſtations. Theſe divines brought back with them into England thoſe narrow principles concerning church-government and ceremonies, which they had imbibed in the petty ſtates and republics abroad, where the Calviniſtic diſcipline was adopted, and where they had lived like a ſociety of philoſophers; but which were totally inconſiſtent with the nature of a more extended church, eſtabliſhed in a great and magnificent nation, and requiring an uniform ſyſtem of policy, a regular ſubordination of officers, a ſolemnity of public worſhip, and an obſervance of exterior inſtitutions. They were, however, in the preſent circumſtances thought to be the moſt proper inſtruments to be employed at the head of eccleſiaſtical affairs, not only for the purpoſe of vindicating the new eſtabliſhment by argument and authority, but of eradicating every trace of the papal corruptions by their practice and example, and of effectually fixing the reformation embraced by the Church of England on a durable baſis. But unfortunately this meaſure, ſpecious and expedient as it appeared at firſt, tended to deſtroy that conſtitution which it was deſigned to ſupport, and to counteract thoſe principles which had been implanted by Cranmer in the reformed ſyſtem of our religion. Their reluctance or refuſal to conform, in a variety of inſtances, to the eſtabliſhed ceremonies, and their refinements in theological diſcipline filled the church with the moſt violent diviſions, and introduced endleſs intricate diſputations, not on fundamental doctrines of ſolid importance to the real intereſts of Chriſtianity, but on poſitive points of idle and empty ſpeculation which, admitting no elegance of compoſition and calling forth no vigour of abilities, exerciſed the learning of the clergy in the moſt barbarous and barren field of controverſial divinity, and obſtructed every purſuit of polite or manly erudition. Even the conforming clergy, from their want of penetration and from their attachment to authorities, contributed to protract theſe frivolous and unbecoming controverſies: for if, in their vindication of the ſacerdotal veſtments and of the croſs of baptiſm, inſtead of arguing from the Jews, the primitive Chriſtians, the fathers, councils, and cuſtoms, they had only appealed to common ſenſe and the nature of things, the propriety and expediency of thoſe formalities would have been much more eaſily and more clearly demonſtrated. To theſe incon-

veniencies we muſt add, that the common eccleſiaſtical preferments were ſo much diminiſhed by the ſeizure and alienation of impropriations in the late depredations of the church, and which continued to be carried on with the ſame ſpirit of rapacity in the reign of Elizabeth, that few perſons were regularly bred to the church, or, in other words, received a learned education. Hence, almoſt any that offered themſelves were, without diſtinction or examination, admitted to the ſacred function. Inſomuch that, in the year 1560, an injunction was directed to the Biſhop of London from his metropolitan, requiring him to forbear ordaining any more artificers and other illiterate perſons who exerciſed ſecular occupations.[1] But as the evil was unavoidable, this caution took but little effect.[2] About the year 1563, there were only two divines, and thoſe of higher rank, the Preſident of Magdalen college[3] and the Dean of Chriſt Church, who were capable of preaching the public ſermons before the Univerſity of Oxford.[4] I will mention one inſtance of the extreme ignorance of our inferior clergy about the middle of the ſixteenth century. In the year 1570, Horne, biſhop of Wincheſter, enjoined the minor canons of his cathedral to get by memory, every week, one chapter of Saint Paul's epiſtles in Latin: and this formidable taſk, almoſt beneath the abilities of an ordinary ſchool-boy, was actually repeated by ſome of them before the biſhop, dean, and prebendaries at a public epiſcopal viſitation of that church.[5] It is well known that a ſet of homilies was publiſhed to ſupply their incapacity in compoſing ſermons: but it ſhould be remembered, that one reaſon for preſcribing this authorized ſyſtem of doctrine was to prevent preachers from diſturbing the peace of the church by diſſeminating their own novel and indigeſted opinions.

[Hearne, in his Diary, under Sept. 19, 1708, notices "Some manuſcripts I ſaw in Mr. Cherry's hands." No. 2 is "a quarto book, written neatly in vellum by Queen Elizabeth's own hand, being a tranſlation out of French verſe into Engliſh proſe of a book called *The Glaſſe of the Sinfull Soul.* The author of this tranſlation was Queen

[1] Strype's *Grindal*, B. i. ch. iv. b. 40.

[2] Numerous illuminated artificers began early to preach and write in defence of the reformed religion. The firſt mechanic who left his lawful calling to vindicate the cauſe of the Catholics was one Miles Hoggard, a ſhoe-maker or hoſier, of London who, in the reign of queen Mary, wrote a pamphlet entitled, *The Diſplaying of the Proteſtantes, and ſundry their practiſes*, &c. Lond. 1556. 12mo. This piece ſoon acquired importance by being anſwered by Lawrence Humphrey and other eminent reformers. He printed other pieces of the ſame tendency. He was likewiſe an Engliſh poet; and I am glad of this opportunity of mentioning him in that character, as I could not have ventured to give him a place in the ſeries of our poetry. [As complete a liſt of his works as could be found is given in *Handb. of E. E. Lit.* art. HUGGARD.]

[3] Doctor Lawrence Humphrey, mentioned in the laſt note. Of whom it will not be improper to obſerve further in this place, that about the year 1553, he wrote an *Epiſtola de Græcis literis et Homeri lectione et imitatione ad præſidem et ſocios collegii Magdalenæ, Oxon.* In the *Cornucopia* of Hadrian Junius, Baſil. 1558. fol.

[4] Wood, *ut ſupr.* i. 285.

[5] *Regiſtr. Horne Epiſc. Winton.* fol. 80, b.

Elizabeth herſelf, as ſhe has dedicated it to her mother Queen Catharine, which epiſtle ded. is dated in 1544." "At the end," adds he, "is a prayer, written in another hand, but the author of it was queen Elizabeth. The cover is neatly wrought with a needle by the queen herſelf; in the middle of either ſide K. P." The MS. is now in the Bodleian Library, to which it was given, the late Dr. Bliſs ſeems to have thought, by Mr. Cherry's widow.][1]

The taſte for Latin compoſition in the reign of Elizabeth, notwithſtanding it was faſhionable both to write and ſpeak in that language, was much worſe than in the reign of Henry the Eighth, when juſter models were ſtudied, and when the novelty of claſſical literature excited a general emulation to imitate the Roman authors. The Latinity of Aſcham's proſe has little elegance. The verſification and phraſeology of Buchanan's Latin poetry are ſplendid and ſonorous, but not marked with the chaſte graces and ſimple ornaments of the Auguſtan age. One is ſurpriſed to find the learned Archbiſhop Grindal, in the ſtatutes of a ſchool which he founded and amply endowed, recommending ſuch barbarous and degenerate claſſics as Sedulius and Prudentius to be taught in his new foundation.[2] Theſe, indeed, were the claſſics of a reforming biſhop: but the well-meaning prelate would have contributed much more to the ſucceſs of his intended reformation by directing books of better taſte and leſs piety. That claſſical literature and the public inſtruction of youth were now in the loweſt ſtate, we may collect from a proviſion in Archbiſhop Parker's foundation of three ſcholarſhips at Cambridge, in the year 1567. He orders that the ſcholars, who are appointed to be elected from three the moſt conſiderable ſchools in Kent and Norfolk, ſhall be "the *beſt* and *apteſt* ſcholars, well inſtructed in the grammar, and, *if it may be*, ſuch as *can make a verſe*."[3] It became faſhionable in this reign to ſtudy Greek at court. The maids of honour indulged their ideas of ſentimental affection in the ſublime contemplation of Plato's Phaedo: and the queen, who underſtood Greek better than the canons of Windſor, and was certainly a much greater pedant than her ſucceſſor James the Firſt, tranſlated Iſocrates.[4] But this paſſion for the Greek language ſoon ended where it began: nor do we find that it improved the national taſte, or influenced the writings of the age of Elizabeth.

All changes of rooted eſtabliſhments, eſpecially of a national reli-

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[1 The letter from Elizabeth to her mother, ſending her the book, is printed in *Letters of Royal and Illuſt. Ladies*, iii. 177-9. It is dated from Aſhridge, March 24, 1544-5.]

[2] Strype's *Grindal*, b. ii. ch. xvii. p. 312. This was in 1583. [Mr. Dyce, in his edition of *Marlowe*, 1850, I. xlvii., very properly points out that Warton has committed a curious overſight in ſpeaking of *Palingenius* (which he did in all the former eds.) as a "claſſic."]

[3] Blomefield's *Norfolk*, ii. 224.

[4] Aſcham's *Scholemaſter*, p. 19, b. Edit. 1589. And *Epiſtol.* lib. i. p. 19, *et ſupr.* [In one of her letters to her brother Edward VI. when princeſs, Elizabeth quotes Pindar and Homer. *Letters of Royal and Illuſtr. Ladies*, iii. 231.]

gion, are attended with ſhocks and convulſions, unpropitious to the repoſe of ſcience and ſtudy. But theſe unavoidable inconveniencies laſt not long. When the liberal genius of Proteſtantiſm had perfected its work, and the firſt fanaticiſms of well-meaning but miſguided zealots had ſubſided, every ſpecies of uſeful and elegant knowledge recovered its ſtrength, and aroſe with new vigour. Acquiſitions, whether in theology or humanity, were no longer excluſively confined to the clergy: the laity eagerly embraced thoſe purſuits from which they had long been unjuſtly reſtrained: and, ſoon after the reign of Elizabeth, men attained that ſtate of general improvement, and thoſe ſituations with reſpect to literature and life, in which they have ever ſince perſevered.

But it remains to bring home, and to apply, this change in the ſentiments of mankind to our main ſubject. The cuſtoms, inſtitutions, traditions, and religion of the middle ages were favourable to poetry. Their pageants, proceſſions, ſpectacles and ceremonies were friendly to imagery, to perſonification and allegory. Ignorance and ſuperſtition, ſo oppoſite to the real intereſts of human ſociety, are the parents of imagination. The very devotion of the Gothic times was romantic. The Catholic worſhip, beſides that its numerous exterior appendages were of a pictureſque and even of a poetical nature, diſpoſed the mind to a ſtate of deception and encouraged, or rather authoriſed, every ſpecies of credulity: its viſions, miracles and legends propagated a general propenſity to the marvellous, and ſtrengthened the belief of ſpectres, demons, witches and incantations. Theſe illuſions were heightened by churches of a wonderful mechaniſm, and conſtructed on ſuch principles of inexplicable architecture as had a tendency to impreſs the ſoul with every falſe ſenſation of religious fear. The ſavage pomp and the capricious heroiſm of the baronial manners were replete with incident, adventure, and enterpriſe; and the intractable genius of the feudal policy held forth thoſe irregularities of conduct, diſcordancies of intereſt, and diſſimilarities of ſituation, that framed rich materials for the minſtrel-muſe. The tacit compact of faſhion, which promotes civility by diffuſing habits of uniformity, and therefore deſtroys peculiarities of character and ſituation, had not yet operated upon life; nor had domeſtic convenience aboliſhed unwieldy magnificence. Literature, and a better ſenſe of things, not only baniſhed theſe barbarities, but ſuperſeded the mode of compoſition which was formed upon them. Romantic poetry gave way to the force of reaſon and inquiry; as its own inchanted palaces and gardens inſtantaneouſly vaniſhed, when the Chriſtian champion diſplayed the ſhield of truth, and baffled the charm of the necromancer. The ſtudy of the claſſics, together with a colder magic and a tamer mythology, introduced method into compoſition: and the univerſal ambition of rivalling thoſe new patterns of excellence, the faultleſs models of Greece and Rome, produced that bane of invention, Imitation. Erudition was made to act upon genius. Fancy was weakened by reflection and philoſophy. The faſhion of treating every thing ſcientifically applied ſpeculation and theory to the arts of

writing. Judgment was advanced above imagination, and rules of criticiſm were eſtabliſhed. The brave eccentricities of original genius, and the daring hardineſs of native thought, were intimidated by metaphyſical ſentiments of perfection and refinement. Setting aſide the conſideration of the more ſolid advantages, which are obvious, and are not the diſtinct object of our contemplation at preſent, the lover of true poetry will aſk, what have we gained by this revolution? It may be anſwered, much good ſenſe, good taſte, and good criticiſm. But, in the mean time, we have loſt a ſet of manners and a ſyſtem of machinery more ſuitable to the purpoſes of poetry than thoſe which have been adopted in their place. We have parted with extravagancies that are above propriety, with incredibilities that are more acceptable than truth, and with fictions that are more valuable than reality.

## SECTION XXXVII.

UR communications and intercourſe with Italy, which began to prevail about the beginning of the [fifteenth] century, not only introduced the ſtudies of claſſical literature into England, but gave a new turn to our vernacular poetry. At this period, Petrarch ſtill continued the moſt favourite poet of the Italians, and had eſtabliſhed a manner, which was univerſally adopted and imitated by his ingenious countrymen. In the meantime, the courts both of France and England were diſtinguiſhed for their elegance. Francis the Firſt had changed the ſtate of letters in France by mixing gallantry with learning, and by admitting the ladies to his court in company with the eccleſiaſtics. His carouſals were celebrated with a brilliancy and a feſtivity unknown to the ceremonious ſhows of former princes. Henry the Eighth vied with Francis in theſe gaieties. His ambition, which could not bear a rival even in diverſions, was ſeconded by liberality of diſpoſition and a love of oſtentation. For Henry, with many boiſterous qualities, was magnificent and affable. Had he never murdered his wives, his politeneſs to the fair ſex would have remained unimpeached. His martial ſports were unincumbered by the barbaric pomp of the ancient chivalry, and ſoftened by the growing habits of more rational manners. He was attached to thoſe ſpectacles and public amuſements in which beauty aſſumed a principal ſhare; and his frequent maſques and tournaments encouraged a high ſpirit of romantic courteſy. Poetry was the natural accompaniment of theſe refinements. Henry himſelf was a leader and a chief character in theſe pageantries, and at the ſame time a reader and a writer of verſes. The language and the manners of Italy were eſteemed and ſtudied. The ſonnets of Petrarch were the great models of compoſition. They entered into the genius of the faſhionable

manners: and in a court of ſuch a complexion, Petrarch of courſe became the popular poet. Henry Howard, earl [of] Surrey, with a miſtreſs perhaps as beautiful as Laura, and at leaſt with Petrarch's paſſion, if not his taſte, led the way to great improvements in Engliſh poetry by a happy imitation of Petrarch and other Italian poets, who had been moſt ſucceſsful in painting the anxieties of love with pathos and propriety.

Lord Surrey's life throws ſo much light on the character and ſubjects of his poetry, that it is almoſt impoſſible to conſider the one, without exhibiting a few anecdotes of the other. He was the ſon and grandſon of two lords treaſurers, Dukes of Norfolk, and in his early childhood diſcovered the moſt promiſing marks of lively parts and an active mind.

While a boy, he was habituated to the modes of a court at Windſor-caſtle, where he reſided, yet under the care of proper inſtructors, in the quality of a companion to Henry Fitzroy, Duke of Richmond, a natural ſon of King Henry the Eighth, and [a youth] of the higheſt expectations.

This young nobleman, who alſo bore other titles and honours, was the child of Henry's affection; not ſo much on account of his hopeful abilities, as for a reaſon inſinuated by Lord Herbert, and at which thoſe who know Henry's hiſtory and character will not be ſurpriſed, becauſe he equally and ſtrongly reſembled both his father and mother.

A friendſhip of the cloſeſt kind commencing between theſe two illuſtrious youths, about the year 1530 they were both removed to Cardinal Wolſey's college at Oxford, then univerſally frequented as well for the excellence as the novelty of its inſtitution; for it was one of the firſt ſeminaries of an Engliſh univerſity, that profeſſed to explode the pedantries of the old barbarous philoſophy, and to cultivate the graces of polite literature. Two years afterwards, for the purpoſe of acquiring every accompliſhment of an elegant education, the earl accompanied his noble friend and fellow-pupil into France, where they received King Henry on his arrival at Calais to viſit Francis the Firſt with a moſt magnificent retinue. The friendſhip of theſe two young noblemen was ſoon ſtrengthened by a new tie; for Richmond married the lady Mary Howard, Surrey's ſiſter. Richmond, however, appears to have died in the year 1536, about the age of ſeventeen, having never cohabited with his wife.[1] It was long before Surrey forgot the untimely loſs of this amiable youth, the friend and aſſociate of his childhood, and who nearly reſembled himſelf in genius, refinement of manners, and liberal acquiſitions.

The fair Geraldine, the general object of Lord Surrey's paſſionate ſonnets, was undoubtedly one of the daughters of Gerald Fitzgerald, Earl of Kildare.[2] But it will be neceſſary to tranſcribe what

[1] Wood, *Ath. Oxon.* i. p. 68.

[2] ["Even before the cloſe of the eleventh century, Otto degli Gherardini, a Florentine, ſettled in England, and became the proprietor of lands in no fewer than

our author himſelf has ſaid of this celebrated lady. The hiſtory of one who cauſed ſo memorable and ſo poetical a paſſion naturally excites curioſity, and will juſtify an inveſtigation which, on many a ſimilar occaſion, would properly be cenſured as frivolous and impertinent.[1]

From Tuſkane came my Ladies worthy race;
Faire Florence was ſometyme her auncient ſeate:
The Weſtern yle, whoſe pleaſaunt ſhore dothe face
Wilde Cambers clifs, did geve her liuely heate:
Foſtered ſhe was with milke of Iriſhe breſt:
Her ſire an Erle: her dame of princes blood.
From tender yeres in Britain ſhe doth reſt
With kinges child, where ſhe taſteth ghoſtly food.
Honſdon did firſt preſent her to mine yien:
Bright is her hewe, and Geraldine ſhe hight.
Hampton me taught to wiſhe her firſt for mine:
And Windſor, alas, doth chaſe me from her ſight.

Her poetical appellation is almoſt her real name. Gerald Fitzgerald, above mentioned, Earl of Kildare in the reign of Henry the Eighth, married a ſecond wife, Margaret, daughter of Thomas Gray, Marquis of Dorſet, by whom he had three daughters, Margaret, Elizabeth, and Cicely. Margaret was born deaf and dumb; and a lady who could neither hear nor anſwer her lover, and who wanted the means of contributing to the moſt endearing reciprocations, can hardly be ſuppoſed to have been the cauſe of any vehement effuſions of amorous panegyric. We may therefore ſafely pronounce Elizabeth or Cicely to have been Surrey's favourite. It was probably Elizabeth, as ſhe ſeems always to have lived in England.

Every circumſtance of the ſonnet evidently coincides with this ſtate of the caſe. But to begin with the firſt line, it will naturally be aſked, what was Lady Elizabeth Gerald's connection with Tuſcany? The beginnings of noble families, like thoſe of nations, often owe ſomewhat to fictitious embelliſhment: and our genealogiſts uniformly aſſert that the family of Fitzgerald derives its origin from Otho, a deſcendant of the Dukes of Tuſcany, [and] that they migrated into England [before the eleventh century]. Her father was an Iriſh earl, reſident at his earldom of Kildare; and ſhe was conſequently born and nurſed in Ireland. Her mother, adds the ſonnet, was of princely parentage. Here is a no leſs exact correſpondence with the line of the lady's pedigree: for Thomas, Marquis of Dorſet, was ſon of Queen Elizabeth Gray, daughter of the Ducheſs of Bedford, deſcended from the royal houſe of Luxemburgh. The poet acquaints us that he firſt ſaw her at Hunſdon. This notice, which ſeems of an indifferent nature and quite extraneous to the queſtion, abundantly corroborates our conjecture. Hunſdon-

eight counties; and it was from this gentleman that ſprang the anceſtors of the noble houſe of Fitzgerald."—*Hiſt. of the Venet. Rep.* iv. p. 239, where "The Earls of Kildare and their anceſtors, by the Marquis of Kildare, 1858," is quoted.]

[1] [All the extracts of Warton from *Tottels Miſcellany* have been collated with the firſt edition of June 5, 1557.]

houſe in Hertfordſhire was a new palace built by Henry the Eighth, and chiefly for the purpoſe of educating his children. The lady Elizabeth Fitzgerald was ſecond couſin to Henry's daughters the princeſſes Mary and Elizabeth, who were both educated at Hunſdon.[1] At this royal nurſery ſhe therefore *taſted of ghoſtly foode with kinges childe*, that is, lived while a girl with the young princeſſes her relations, as a companion in their education. At the ſame time, and on the ſame plan, our Earl of Surrey reſided at Windſor Caſtle, as I have already remarked, with the young Duke of Richmond. It is natural to ſuppoſe, that he ſometimes viſited the princeſſes at Hunſdon, in company with the young duke their brother, where he muſt have alſo ſeen the fair Geraldine: yet by the nature of his ſituation at Windſor, which implied a degree of confinement, he was hindered from viſiting her at Hunſdon ſo often as he wiſhed. He therefore pathetically laments,

Windſor, alas, doth chaſe me from her ſight!

But although the earl firſt beheld this lady at the palace of Hunſdon, yet, as we further learn from the ſonnet, he was firſt ſtruck with her incomparable beauty, and his paſſion commenced, at Hampton-court.

Hampton me taught to wiſh her firſt for mine!

That is, perhaps, on occaſion of ſome ſplendid maſque or carouſal, when the lady Elizabeth Fitzgerald, with the princeſſes Mary and Elizabeth and their brother Richmond, with the young Lord Surrey, were invited by the king to Hampton-court.

In the meantime we muſt remember, that the Lord Leonard Gray, uncle to Lord Gerald Fitzgerald, was deputy of Ireland for the young Duke of Richmond: a connection, excluſive of all that has been ſaid, which would alone account for Surrey's acquaintance at leaſt with this lady. It is alſo a reaſon, to ſay no more, why the earl ſhould have regarded her from the firſt with a particular attention, which afterwards grew into the moſt paſſionate attachment. She is ſuppoſed to have been maid of honour to Queen Catharine. But there are three of Henry's queens of that name. For obvious reaſons, however, we may venture to ſay, that Queen Catherine Howard was Geraldine's queen.

It is not preciſely known at what period the Earl of Surrey began his travels. They have the air of a romance. He made the tour of Europe in the true ſpirit of chivalry, and with the ideas of an Amadis; proclaiming the unparalleled charms of his miſtreſs, and prepared to defend the cauſe of her beauty with the weapons of knight-errantry. Nor was this adventurous journey performed without the intervention of an enchanter. The firſt city in Italy which he propoſed to viſit was Florence, the capital of Tuſcany and the original ſeat of the anceſtors of his Geraldine. In his way thither, he paſſed a few days at the emperor's court, where he became

[1] Strype, *Eccl. Mem.* vol. i. Append. Numb. 71.

acquainted with Cornelius Agrippa, a celebrated adept in natural magic. This viſionary philoſopher ſhewed our hero, in a mirror of glaſs, a living image of Geraldine reclining on a couch, ſick, and reading one of his moſt tender ſonnets by a waxen taper.[1] His imagination, which wanted not the flattering repreſentations and artificial incentives of illuſion, was heated anew by this intereſting and affecting ſpectacle. Inflamed with every enthuſiaſm of the moſt romantic paſſion, he haſtened to Florence: and, on his arrival, immediately publiſhed a defiance againſt any perſon who could handle a lance and was in love, whether Chriſtian, Jew, Turk, Saracen, or Cannibal, who ſhould preſume to diſpute the ſuperiority of Geraldine's beauty.[2] As the lady was pretended to be of Tuſcan extraction, the pride of the Florentines was flattered on this occaſion: and the grand duke of Tuſcany permitted a general and unmoleſted ingreſs into his dominions of the combatants of all countries, till this important trial ſhould be decided. The challenge was accepted and the earl victorious.[3] The ſhield which he preſented to the duke before the tournament began, is exhibited in Vertue's valuable plate of the Arundel family, and was actually in the poſſeſſion of the late Duke of Norfolk.[4]

Theſe heroic vanities did not, however, ſo totally engroſs the time

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[1] Drayton, *Her. Epiſt.*—Howard to Geraldine, v. 57. [Mr. Warton certainly ſeems to ſpeak as though this viſionary diſplay of the fair Geraldine had been an actual exhibition; whereas it was the romantic invention of Tom Naſh in his fanciful *Life of Jacke Wilton*, printed in 1594. Naſh, under the character of his hero, profeſſes to have travelled in company with Lord Henry Howard, earl of Surrey, as his page. On proceeding to the emperor's court it was agreed between them to change names and characters, that the earl might take more liberty of behaviour; and becoming familiarly acquainted with Cornelius Agrippa, "I, (ſays Naſh,) becauſe I was his ſuborned Lorde and Maſter, deſired him to ſee the lively image of Geraldine, his love, in the glaſſe, and what at that inſtant ſhe did and with whom ſhe was talking. He ſhowed her us without more ado, ſicke, weeping on her bedde, and reſolved all into devoute religion for the abſence of her lorde. At the ſight thereof he could in no wiſe refrayne, though he had tooke upon him the condition of a ſervant, but he muſt forthwith frame an extemporal dittee." This ditty Naſh provided. It begins:

All ſoule, no earthly fleſh, why doſt thou fade?—*Park.*]

[2] [Hookes thus alludes to this challenge in his *Amanda*, &c. 1653:

"Were *Surrey* travel'd now to Tuſkanie
Off'ring to reach his gauntlet out for thee;
If on the guilt tree in the liſt he ſet
Thy pretty, lovely, pretty counterfeit;*
All planet-ſtruck with thoſe two ſtars, thy eyne,
(Outſhining farre his heav'nly *Geraldine*)
There w^d^ no ſtaffe be ſhiver'd—none w^d^ dare
A beautie with Amanda's to compare."

p. 73. *Park.*]

[3] Wood, *ubi ſupr.*

[4] Walpole, *Anec. Paint.* i. p. 76. [The ſhield is ſtill preſerved at Norfolk Houſe. Dr. Nott, who rejects the ſtory of the tournament as an idle fable, conceives the ſhield to have been a later acquiſition of the Norfolk family.—*Price.*]

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* *i. e.* picture.

which Surrey ſpent in Italy, as to alienate his mind from letters: he ſtudied with the greateſt ſucceſs a critical knowledge of the Italian tongue, and, that he might give new luſtre to the name of Geraldine, attained a juſt taſte for the peculiar graces of the Italian poetry.

He was recalled to England for ſome idle reaſon by the king, much ſooner than he expected: and he returned home, the moſt elegant traveller, the moſt polite lover, the moſt learned nobleman, and the moſt accompliſhed gentleman, of his age. Dexterity in tilting, and gracefulneſs in managing a horſe under arms, were excellencies now viewed with a critical eye, and practiſed with a high degree of emulation. In 1540, at a tournament held in the preſence of the court of Weſtminſter, and in which the principal of the nobility were engaged, Surrey was diſtinguiſhed above the reſt for his addreſs in the uſe and exerciſe of arms. But his martial ſkill was not ſolely diſplayed in the parade and oſtentation of theſe domeſtic combats. In 1542, he marched into Scotland as a chief commander in his father's army: [as he had been formerly] conſpicuous for his conduct and bravery at the battle of Flodden-field, where James the Fourth of Scotland was killed.[1] The next year, we find the career of his victories impeded by an obſtacle which no valour could reſiſt. The cenſures of the church have humiliated the greateſt heroes: and he was impriſoned in Windſor Caſtle for eating fleſh in Lent. The prohibition had been renewed or ſtrengthened by a recent proclamation of the king. I mention this circumſtance, not only as it marks his character, impatient of any control, and careleſs of the very ſerious conſequences which often ariſe from a contempt of petty formalities, but as it gave occaſion to one of his moſt ſentimental and pathetic ſonnets. In 1544 he was field-marſhal of the Engliſh army in the expedition to Bologne, which he took. In that age, love and arms conſtantly went together: and it was amid the fatigues of this protracted campaign, that he compoſed his laſt ſonnet called the *Fanſie of a wearied Lover*.[2]

But as Surrey's popularity increaſed, his intereſt declined with the king, whoſe caprices and jealouſies grew more violent with his years and infirmities. The brilliancy of Surrey's character, his celebrity in the military ſcience, his general abilities, his wit, learning and affability were viewed by Henry with diſguſt and ſuſpicion. It was in vain that he poſſeſſed every advantageous qualification which could adorn the ſcholar, the courtier, and the ſoldier. In proportion as he was amiable in the eyes of the people, he became formidable to the king. His riſing reputation was miſconſtrued into a dangerous ambition, and gave birth to accuſations equally groundleſs and frivolous. He was ſuſpected of a deſign to marry the princeſs Mary, and by that alliance of approaching to a poſſibility of wearing the crown. It was inſinuated that he converſed with foreigners, and held a correſpondence with Cardinal Pole.

[1] [The battle of Flodden Field was fought in 1513.—*Price.*]
[2] See Dugd. *Baronage* vol. ii. p. 275.

The addition of the eſcutcheon of Edward the Confeſſor to his own, although uſed by the family of Norfolk for many years, and juſtified by the authority of the heralds, was a ſufficient foundation for an impeachment of high treaſon. Theſe motives were privately aggravated by thoſe prejudices with which Henry remembered the miſbehaviour of Catharine Howard, and which were extended to all that lady's relations. At length, the Earl of Surrey fell a ſacrifice to the peeviſh injuſtice of a mercileſs and ungrateful maſter. Notwithſtanding his eloquent and maſculine defence, which even in the cauſe of guilt itſelf would have proved a powerful perſuaſive, he was condemned by the prepared ſuffrage of a ſervile and obſequious jury, and beheaded on Tower-hill in the year 1547.[1] In the mean time we ſhould remember, that Surrey's public conduct was not on all occaſions quite unexceptionable. In the affair of Bologne he had made a falſe ſtep. This had offended the king. But Henry, when once offended, could never forgive. And when Hertford was ſent into France to take the command, he could not refrain from dropping ſome reproachful expreſſions againſt a meaſure which ſeemed to impeach his perſonal courage. Conſcious of his high birth and capacity, he was above the little attentions of caution and reſerve; and he too frequently neglected to conſult his own ſituation, and the king's temper. It was his misfortune to ſerve a monarch, whoſe reſentments, which were eaſily provoked, could only be ſatisfied by the moſt ſevere revenge. Henry brought thoſe men to the block, whom other monarchs would have only diſgraced.

Among theſe anecdotes of Surrey's life, I had almoſt forgot to mention what became of his amour with the fair Geraldine. We lament to find, that Surrey's devotion to this lady did not end in a wedding, and that all his gallantries and verſes availed ſo little! No memoirs of that incurious age have informed us, whether her beauty was equalled by her cruelty; or whether her ambition prevailed ſo far over her gratitude, as to tempt her to prefer the ſolid glories of a more ſplendid title and ample fortune to the challenges and compliments of ſo magnanimous, ſo faithful, and ſo eloquent a lover. She appears, however, to have been afterwards the third wife of Edward Clinton, Earl of Lincoln. Such alſo is the power of time and accident over amorous vows, that even Surrey himſelf outlived the violence of his paſſion. He married Frances, daughter of John, Earl of Oxford, by whom he left ſeveral children. One of his daughters, Jane, Counteſs of Weſtmoreland, was among the learned ladies of that age, and became famous for her knowledge of the Greek and Latin languages.[2]

Surrey's poems were in high reputation with his contemporaries, and for many years afterwards. He is thus characterized by the

[1] See Stowe, *Chron.* p. 592. Chaloner, de *Republ. Angl. Inſtaurand.* lib. ii. p. 45. [The earl's body was conveyed to Framlingham, in Suffolk, and a Latin epitaph placed on his tomb, which dates his immature deceaſe in 1546. See *Hiſt. Anec. of the Howards*, p. 28.—*Park.*]

[2] Dugd. *Baron.* i. 533; ii. 275.

author of the *Arte of Engliſh Poeſie* [who wrote not many years after the earl's time, and] whoſe opinion remained long as a rule of criticiſm. "In the latter end of the ſame kings raigne, ſprong vp a new company of courtly makers, of whom *Sir Thomas Wyat* th' elder and *Henry* Earle of Surrey were the two chieftaines, who hauing trauailed into Italie, and there taſted the ſweete and ſtately meaſures and ſtile of the Italian Poeſie, as nouices newly crept out of the ſchooles of *Dante*, *Arioſto*, and *Petrarch*, they greatly poliſhed our rude and homely maner of vulgar Poeſie from that it had bene before, and for that cauſe may iuſtly be ſayd the firſt reformers of our Engliſh meetre and ſtile."[1] And again, towards the cloſe of the ſame chapter—"*Henry* Earle of Surrey, and ſir *Thomas Wyat*, betweene whom I finde very litle difference, I repute them (as before) for the two chief lanternes of light to all others that haue ſince employed their pennes vpon Engliſh Poeſie: their conceits were loftie, their ſtiles ſtately, their conueyance cleanely, their termes proper, their meetre ſweete and well proportioned, in all imitating very naturally and ſtudiouſly their Maiſter *Francis Petrarcha*."[2] I forbear to recite the teſtimonies of Leland, Sydney, Turbervile, Churchyard, and Drayton.[3] Nor have theſe pieces, although ſcarcely known at preſent, been without the panegyric of more recent times. Surrey is praiſed by Waller and Fenton; and he ſeems to have been a favourite with Pope. Pope, in *Windſor Foreſt*, having compared his patron Lord Granville with Surrey, he was immediately reprinted, but without attracting many readers. It was vainly imagined that all the world would eagerly wiſh to purchaſe the works of a neglected ancient Engliſh poet, whom Pope had called *the* GRANVILLE *of a former age.* So rapid are the revolutions of our language, and ſuch the uncertainty of literary fame, that Philips, Milton's nephew, who wrote about the year 1674, has remarked that in his time Surrey's poetry was antiquated and totally forgotten.[4]

Our author's *Songes and Sonnettes*, as they have been ſtyled, were firſt collected and printed in 1557.[5] As it happens in collections of

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[1] Lib. i. ch. xxxi. p. 48, edit. 1589. [2] Ibid. p. 50.

[3] [Other early teſtimonials were offered by Tuſſer, Harvey, Whitney, Googe, Peacham, and R. Fletcher. I cite the firſt and laſt of theſe on account of the rarity of the books in which they occur:

"What lookeſt thou here for to have?
Trim verſes, thy fanſie to pleaſe?
Of Surry, ſo famous, that crave;
Looke nothing but rudeneſs in theſe."
Preface to *A Hundreth Good Pointes of Huſbandry*, edit. 1570.

"Had your (P. Henry's) praiſe been limn'd with learned pen
Of princely Surrey, once a poet ſweet,
Sir *Thomas Wyat*, or like gentlemen,
They on this theame diſcourſers had beene meet."
R. Fletcher's *Nine Engliſh Worthies*, 1606, 4to. p. 51.—*Park.*]

[4] *Theatr. Poetar.* p. 67, edit. 167[5,] 12mo.

[5] [There were three editions in 1557, that of June 5 being the firſt. See, for a full account of all the editions known, *Handb. of E. E. Lit.*, 1867, art. SURREY.]

this kind, they are of various merit. Surrey is ſaid by the ingenious [editor] of the *Muſes Library* to have been the firſt who broke through the faſhion of ſtanzas, and wrote in the heroic couplet. But all Surrey's poems are in the alternate rhyme; nor, had this been true, is the other poſition to be granted. Chaucer's Prologues and moſt of the Canterbury Tales are written in long verſe; nor was the uſe of the couplet reſumed till late in the reign of Elizabeth.[1]

In the ſonnets of Surrey we are ſurpriſed to find nothing of that metaphyſical caſt which marks the Italian poets, his ſuppoſed maſters, eſpecially Petrarch. Surrey's ſentiments are for the moſt part natural and unaffected: ariſing from his own feelings, and dictated by the preſent circumſtances.[2] His poetry is alike unembarraſſed by learned alluſions or elaborate conceits. If our author copies Petrarch, it is Petrarch's better manner: when he deſcends from his Platonic abſtractions, his refinements of paſſion, his exaggerated compliments, and his play upon oppoſite ſentiments, into a track of tenderneſs, ſimplicity, and nature. Petrarch would have been a better poet had he been a worſe ſcholar. Our author's mind was not too much overlaid by learning.

The following is the poem above mentioned, in which he laments his impriſonment in Windſor Caſtle. But it is rather an elegy than a ſonnet:

So cruell priſon how coulde betide, alas,
As proude Windſor! where I, in luſt and ioye,[3]
With a kinges ſonne[4] my childiſhe yeres did paſſe
In greater feaſt than Priams ſonnes of Troy;
Where eche ſwete place returns a taſte full ſower:
The large grene courtes where we were wont to houe,[5]

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[1] [A paſſing tribute both to Chaucer and Surrey may here be noticed from *The Gorgeous Gallery of Gallant Inventions*, 1578:

"If Chawcer yet did liue,
Whoſe Engliſh tongue did paſſe,
Who ſucked dry Pernaſſus ſpring
And rafte the Juice there was:
If Surrey had not ſcalde
The height of Ioue his Throne
Vnto whoſe head a pillow ſofte
Became Mount Helycon:
They with their Muſes could
Not haue pronounſt the fame
Of D. faire dame," &c.—*Park.*

But Mr. P. quotes the paſſage very inexactly. In the original, the lines are long, and have been here divided into three.]

[2] [Dr. Henry obſerves that Engliſh poetry, till refined by Surrey, degenerated into metrical chronicles or taſteleſs allegories. *Hiſt. of Eng.* xii. p. 292. Dr. Anderſon deems his love verſes equal to the beſt in our language; while in harmony of numbers, perſpicuity of expreſſion, and facility of phraſeology, they approach ſo near the productions of the preſent age, as hardly to be believed they could have been produced in the reign of Henry VIII. *Brit. Poets*, i. p. 593.—*Park.*]

[3] In unreſtrained gaiety and pleaſure.

[4] With the young duke of Richmond.

[5] To hover, to loiter in expectation. See Chaucer, *Troil. and Creſs.* b. v. ver. 33.

"But at the yate ther ſhe ſholde out ryde
With certeyn folk he *hoved* hire t' abide."

With eyes caſt vp into the maydens tower,[1]
And eaſie ſighes, ſuche as folke drawe in loue:
The ſtately ſeates, the ladies bright of hewe:
The daunces ſhorte, longe tales of great delight,
With wordes and lokes that tygers coulde but rewe;[2]
Where eche of vs did pleade the others right:
The palme play[3] where, diſpoyled for the game,[4]
With dazed eyes[5] oft we by gleames of loue,
Haue miſt the ball, and got ſight of our dame,
To baite[6] her eyes whiche kept the leads aboue,[7]
The grauell grounde,[8] with ſleues tyed on the helme:[9]
On fomynge horſe, with ſwordes and frendlye hartes:
With cheare[10] as though one ſhould another whelme:[11]
Where we haue fought and chaſed oft with dartes—
The ſecrete groues, which oft we made reſounde
Of pleaſaunt playnt, and of our ladies prayſe,
Recordyng ofte what grace[12] eche one had found,
What hope of ſpede,[13] what dreade of long delayes:
The wilde foreſt, the clothed holtes with grene:[14]
With rayns auailed,[15] and ſwift ybreathed horſe,

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[1] Surrey ſpeaks looſely and poetically in making the Maiden-tower, the true reading, the reſidence of the women. The maiden-tower was common in other caſtles, and means the principal tower, of the greateſt ſtrength and defence. Maiden is a corruption of the old French *magne* or *mayne*, great. Thus Maidenhead (properly Maydenhithe) in Berkſhire, ſignifies the *great* port or wharf of the river Thames. So alſo, *Mayden-Bradley* in Wiltſhire is the *great Bradley*. The old Roman camp near Dorcheſter in Dorſetſhire, a noble work, is called *Maiden caſtle*, the capital fortreſs in thoſe parts. We have Maidendown in Somerſetſhire with the ſame ſignification. A thouſand other inſtances might be given. Hearne, not attending to this etymology, abſurdly ſuppoſes, in one of his Prefaces, that a ſtrong baſtion in the old walls of the city of Oxford, called the Maiden-tower, was a priſon for confining the proſtitutes of the town. [*Mai Dun* are two ancient Britiſh words ſignifying a *great hill*. Thus the Maiden Caſtle (Edinburgh) is not Caſtrum Puellarum, but a caſtle upon a high hill. Bradley (though Saxon) is comparatively a modern adjunct. See Baxter's *Gloſſary*, 109-163.—*Ritſon*.]

[2] Pity. [3] At ball.

[4] [Deſpoiled, is the *ſpogliato* of the Italian: ſtripped for the game.—*Nott*.]

[5] Dazzled eyes. [6] To tempt, to catch.

[7] The ladies were ranged on the leads, or battlements, of the caſtle to ſee the play.

[8] The ground, or area, was ſtrown with gravel, where they were trained in chivalry.

[9] At tournaments they fixed the ſleeves of their miſtreſſes on ſome part of their armour.

[10] Looks. [11] Deſtroy.

[12] Favour with his miſtreſs. [13] Or, ſucceſs.

[14] The holtes, or thick woods, clothed in green. So in another place he ſays, fol. 3—

"My ſpecled cheeks with Cupid's hue."

That is, "Cheeks ſpeckled with," &c.

[15] With looſened reins. So, in his fourth Aeneid, the fleet is "ready to *avale*." That is, to *looſen* from ſhore. So again, in Spenſer's *Februarie*:

"They wont in the wind wagge their wriggle tayles
Pearke as a peacocke, but now it *avayles*."

"*Avayle* their tayles," to drop or lower. See alſo in his *December*:

"By that the welked Phebus gan *avayle*
His wearie waine."——

With crye of houndes and mery blaſtes betwene,
Where we did chaſe the fearfull harte of force.
The wide walles[1] eke, that harborde vs ech nyght,
Wherwith (alas,) reuiueth in my breſt
The ſwete accorde: ſuch ſlepes as yet delyght,
The pleaſant dreames, the quiet bed of reſt:
The ſecrete thoughtes imparted with ſuch truſt:
The wanton talke, the diuers change of play:
The frendſhip ſworne, eche promiſe kept ſo iuſt,
Wherwith we paſt the winter night away.
And with this thought the bloud forſakes the face,
The teares berayne my chekes of deadly hewe,
The whiche as ſone as ſobbyng ſighes (alas)
Vp ſvpped haue,[2] thus I my plaint renewe:
"O place of bliſſe, reneuer of my woes,
Geue me accompt, where is my noble fere:[3]
Whom in thy walles thou doeſt[4] eche night encloſe,
To other leefe,[5] but vnto me moſt dere."
Eccho (alas) that dothe my ſorow rewe,
Returns therto a hollow ſounde of playnte.
Thus I alone, where all my freedome grewe,
In priſon pine with bondage and reſtrainte,
And with remembrance of the greater greefe
To baniſhe the leſſe I finde my chief releefe.

In the poet's ſituation, nothing can be more natural and ſtriking than the reflection with which he opens his complaint. There is alſo much beauty in the abruptneſs of his exordial exclamation. The ſuperb palace, where he had paſſed the moſt pleaſing days of his youth with the ſon of a king, was now converted into a tedious and ſolitary priſon! This unexpected viciſſitude of fortune awakens a new and intereſting train of thought. The compariſon of his paſt

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And in the *Faerie Queene*, with the true ſpelling, i. l. 21. Of Nilus,

"But when his latter ebbe gins to *avale*."

To *vale*, or *avale the bonnet*, was a phraſe for lowering the bonnet, or pulling off the hat. The word occurs in Chaucer, *Tr. and Creſſ.* iii. 627:

"That ſuch a raine from heaven gan *availe*."

And in the fourth book of his *Boethius*, "the lyȝt[e] fyre ariſt in to heyȝte, and the heuy erthes aualen by her weyȝtes." [p. 143, ed. Morris, 1868.] From the French verb *avaler*, which is from their adverb *aval* downward. See alſo Hearne's *Gloſſ. Rob. Br.*, p. 524. Drayton uſes this word where, perhaps, it is not properly underſtood.—*Ecl.* iv. p. 1404, ed. 1753.

"With that, ſhe gan to *vale* her head,
Her cheeks were like the roſes red,
But not a word ſhe ſaid, &c."

That is, ſhe did not *veil*, or cover, but *valed*, held down her head for ſhame.

[1] [It was firſt pointed out by Mr. Price (1824), that *vales* in the old printed copy is incorrect, and that it ſhould be *walles*, as in the Harington MS. printed in the earlier editions of *Nugæ Antiquæ*.]

[2] [How can ſighs ſup up tears? Tears, which are ſometimes repreſented as ſcalding hot, might dry, though not ſup up.—*Aſhby*.]

[3] Companion.

[4] We ſhould read, *didſt*. [The edition of 1574 reads "eche ſtone alas!" which Dr. Nott, with great probability, conceives to be the genuine text.—*Price*.]

[5] Dear to others, to all.

and preſent circumſtances recalls their juvenile ſports and amuſements; which were more to be regretted, as young Richmond was now dead. Having deſcribed ſome of theſe with great elegance, he recurs to his firſt idea by a beautiful apoſtrophe. He appeals to the place of his confinement, once the ſource of his higheſt pleaſures: "O place of bliſs, renewer of my woes! And where is now my noble friend, my companion in theſe delights, who was once your inhabitant! Echo alone either pities or anſwers my queſtion, and returns a plaintive hollow ſound!" He cloſes his complaint with an affecting and pathetic ſentiment, much in the ſtyle of Petrarch. "To baniſh the miſeries of my preſent diſtreſs, I am forced on the wretched expedient of remembering a greater!" This is the conſolation of a warm fancy. It is the philoſophy of poetry.

Some of the following ſtanzas, on a lover who preſumed to compare his lady with the divine Geraldine, have almoſt the eaſe and gallantry of Waller. The leading compliment, which has been uſed by later writers, is in the ſpirit of an Italian fiction. It is very ingenious, and handled with a high degree of elegance:

Giue place ye lovers, here before
That ſpent your boſtes and bragges in vaine:
My Ladies beawtie paſſeth more
The beſt of yours, I dare wel ſayen,
Than doth the ſonne the candle lyght,
Or bryghteſt day the darkeſt night.
And thereto hath a trothe as iuſt
As had Penelope the fayre:
For what ſhe ſaith, ye may it truſt,
As it by writing ſealed were:
And vertues hath ſhe many moe,
Than I with pen haue ſkill to ſhowe.
I coulde rehearſe, if that I wolde,
The whole effect of natures plaint,
When ſhe had loſt the perfit mold,
The like to whom ſhe could not paint.
With wringying handes howe ſhe did crye,
And what ſhe ſaid, I know it, I.
I knowe ſhe ſwore with ragying mynd,
Her kingdom onely ſet apart,
There was no loſſe by lawe of kynde,
That could have gone ſo nere her hart.
And this was chiefely all her payne
She coulde not make the lyke agayne.

The verſification of theſe ſtanzas is correct, the language poliſhed, and the modulation muſical. The following ſtanza, of another ode, will hardly be believed to have been produced in the reign of Henry the Eighth:

Spite draue me into Borias raigne,
Where hory froſtes the frutes do bite;
Where hilles were ſpred, and euery playne
With ſtormy winters mantle white.

In an Elegy on the elder Sir Thomas Wyat's death, his character is delineated in the following nervous and manly quatrains:

A viſage ſtern and myld: where bothe did grow,
Vice to contemne, in vertue to reioyce:

Amid great ſtormes, whom grace aſſured ſo
To lyue vpright, and ſmile at fortunes choyce.

[A hand, that taught what might be ſayd in ryme:
That reft Chaucer the glory of his wit:
A mark, the which (vnparfited for time)
Some may approche, but neuer none ſhall hit.]

A toung that ſerued in forein realmes his king:
Whoſe courteous talke to vertue did enflame
Eche noble hart: a worthy guide to bring
Our Engliſh youth by trauail vnto fame.

An eye, whoſe iudgement none affect could blinde,
Frendes to allure, and foes to reconcile:
Whoſe perſing loke did repreſent a mynde
With vertue fraught, repoſed, voyde of gyle.

A hart, where dreude was neuer ſo impreſt
To hyde the thought, that might the trouth auance;
In neyther fortune loſt, nor yet repreſt,
To ſwell in welth, or yeld vnto miſchance.

The following lines on the ſame ſubject are remarkable:

Dyuers thy death doe diuerſely bemone.
Some that in prèſence of thy liuelyhed
Lurked, whoſe breſts enuy with hate had ſwolne,
Yeld Ceſar teares vpon Pompeius hed.

There is great dignity and propriety in the following Sonnet on Wyat's *Pſalms:*

The great Macedon, that out of Perſie chaſed
Darius, of whoſe huge power all Aſie rong,
In the rich ark dan Homers rimes he placed,
Who fayned geſtes of heathen princes ſong.
What holy graue, what worthy ſepulture
To Wyattes Pſalmes ſhould Chriſtians then purchaſe?
Where he doth paint the liuely faith and pure:
The ſteedfaſt hope, the ſwete returne to grace
Of iuſt Dauid by perfite penitence.
Where rulers may ſe in a mirrour clere
The bitter frute of falſe concupiſcence:
How Jewry bought Urias deth full dere.
In princes hartes gods ſcourge imprinted depe
Ought them awake out of their ſinfull ſlepe.

Probably the laſt lines may contain an oblique alluſion to ſome of the king's amours.

Some paſſages, in his *Deſcription of the reſtleſſe ſtate of a Lover*, are pictures of the heart, and touched with delicacy:

I wiſh for night, more couertly to playn,
And me withdraw from euery haunted place;
Left by my chere my chance appere to playn:
And in my minde I meaſure pace by pace,
To ſeke the place where I my ſelf had loſt,
That day, when I was tangled in the lace,
In ſemyng ſlack that knitteth euer moſt.
Lo, if I ſeke, how I doe finde my ſore,
And yf I flee, I carie with me ſtill
The venomde ſhaft, whiche dothe his force reſtore

By haſt of flight, and I may plaine my fill
Vnto my ſelfe, unleſſe this carefull ſong
Printe in your harte ſome parcell of my tene.
For I, alas, in ſilence all to long,
Of myne olde hurt yet fele the wounde but grene.

Surrey's talents, which are commonly ſuppoſed to have been confined to ſentiment and amorous lamentation, were adapted to deſcriptive poetry and the repreſentations of rural imagery. A writer only that viewed the beauties of nature with poetic eyes, could have ſelected the vernal objects which compoſe the following exquiſite ode:

The ſoote ſeaſon, that bud and blome furth bringes,
With grene hath clad the hill, and eke the vale:
The nightingale with fethers new ſhe ſinges:
The turtle to her make hath tolde her tale:
Somer is come, for every ſpray nowe ſpringes.
The hart hath hong his olde hed on the pale:[1]
The buck in brake his winter cote he ſlinges:
The fiſhes flote with newe repaired ſcale:
The adder all her ſloughe awaye ſhe ſlinges:
The ſwift ſwalow purſueth the flyes ſmale:
The buſy bee her honye now ſhe minges:
Winter is worne that was the flowers bale.

I do not recollect a more faithful and finiſhed verſion of Martial's *Happy Life* than the following:

Martiall, the thinges that do attayn
The happy life, be theſe, I finde.
The richeſſe left, not got with pain:
The frutefull ground: the quiet mynde:
The egall frend, no grudge, no ſtrife:
No charge of rule, no governance:
Without diſeaſe the healthfull lyfe:
The houſehold of continuance:
The meane diet, no delicate fare:
Trew wiſdom ioyned with ſimpleneſſe:
The night diſcharged of all care,
Where wine the wit may not oppreſſe:
The faithful wife, without debate:
Such ſlepes as may begyle the night:
Contented with thine owne eſtate,
Ne wiſh for death, ne feare his might.

But Surrey was not merely the poet of idleneſs and gallantry. He was fitted, both from nature and ſtudy, for the more ſolid and laborious parts of literature. He tranſlated the ſecond and fourth books

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[1] [The following lines from Turbervile's Poems, 1567, denote a cloſe attention to Surrey:

"Since Snakes doe caſt their ſhriuelled ſkinnes
And bucks hange vp their heads on pale;
Since friſking fiſhes loſe their finnes,
And glide with new repaired ſcale;
Then I of force, with greedie eie
Muſt hope to finde to eaſe my ſmart,
Since eche anoy in ſpring doth die,
And cares to comfort doe conuart."

Ed. 1570, f. 110.—*Park.*]

of *Virgil* into blank verſe,[1] and it ſeems probable, that his active ſituations of life prevented him from completing a deſign of tranſlating the whole *Eneid.*

This is the firſt compoſition in blank verſe extant in the Engliſh language. Nor has it merely the relative and accidental merit of being a curioſity. It is executed with great fidelity, yet not with a proſaic ſervility. The diction is often poetical, and the verſification varied with proper pauſes. This is the deſcription of Dido and Eneas going to the field, in the fourth book:

At the threſhold of her chaumber dore,
The Carthage Lords did on the Quene attend.
The trampling ſteede, with gold and purple trapt,
Chawing the fomie bit there fercely ſtood.
Then iſſued ſhe, awayted with great train,
Clad in a cloke of Tyre embradred riche.
Her quyuer hung behinde her back, her treſſe
Knotted in gold, her purple veſture eke
Butned with gold, the Troyans of her train
Before her go, with gladſom Iulus.
Aeneas eke, the goodlieſt of the route,
Makes one of them, and ioyneth cloſe the throngs:
Like when Apollo leaueth Lycia,
His wintring place, and Xanthus floods likewiſe:
To viſet Delos, his mothers manſion:
Repairing eft and furniſhing her quire
The Candians, and folkes of Driopes,
With painted Agathyrſies ſhoute and crye:
Enuironing the altars roundabout
When that he walks vpon mount Cynthus top:
His ſparkled treſſe repreſt with garlandes ſoft
Of tender leaues, and truſſed vp in gold:
His quiuering dartes clattring behinde his back:
So freſh and luſtie did Aeneas ſeme:
Such lordly port in preſent countenaunce.
But to the hils and wilde holtes when they came:
From the rocks top the driuen ſavage roſe.
Loe from the hill aboue, on thother ſide,
Through the wyde lawnds they gan to take their courſe.
The harts likewiſe, in troupes taking their flight,
Rayſing the duſt, the mountain faſt forſake.
The childe Julus, blithe of his ſwift ſteede
Amids the plain now pricks by them, now thes;
And to encounter wiſheth oft in minde
The foming Bore in ſteede of ferefull beaſts,
Or Lion brown might from the hill deſcend.[2]

The firſt ſtages of Dido's paſſion, with its effects on the riſing city, are thus rendered:

And when they were al gone:
And the dimme mone doth eft withold the light:
And ſliding ſtarres prouoked vnto ſleepe:
Alone ſhe mournes within her palace voide:

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[1 The fourth book was printed in 4to. ſeparately, ſoon after the Earl's death; the ſecond did not appear till 1557, when the two were printed together.—*Hanb. of E. E. Lit.* 1867, art. VIRGIL.]

[2 Ed. 1557, ſign. E. 1.]

And ſets her down on her forſaken bed.
And abſent him ſhe heares, when he is gone,
And ſeeth eke: oft in her lappe ſhe holdes
Aſcanius, trapt by his fathers forme,
So to begile the loue cannot be told.
The turrettes now ariſe not, erſt begonne,
Neither the youth weldes armes, nor they auaunce
The portes, nor other mete defence for warr.
Broken there hang the workes, and mighty frames
Of walles high raiſed, threatning the ſkie.[1]

The introduction of the wooden horſe into Troy, in the [ſecond] book, is thus deſcribed:

We cleft the walles, and cloſures of the towne,
Wherto all helpe, and vnderſet the feet
With ſliding rolles, and bound his neck with ropes.
This fatall gin thus ouerclambe our walles,
Stuft with armd men: about the which there ran
Children, and maides,[2] that holly carolles ſang.
And well were they whoes hands might touch the cordes.
With thretning chere, thus ſlided through our town
The ſubtil tree, to Pallas temple warde.
O natiue land, Ilion, and of the Goddes
The manſion place. O warrlik walles of Troy,
Fowr times it ſtopt in thentrie of our gate.
Fowr times the harneſſe[3] clattred in the womb.

The ſhade of Hector, in the ſame book, thus appears:

Ay me. What one: that Hector now vnlike,
Which erſt returnd, clad with Achilles ſpoiles:
Or when he threw into the Grekiſh ſhippes
The Troian flame: So was his beard defiled,
His criſped lockes al cluſtred with his blood:
With all ſuch wounds as many he receiued
About the walls of that his natiue town.
Whome franckly thus, me thought, I ſpake vnto
With bitter teres and dolefull deadly voice:
O Troyan light, O only hope of thine:
What lettes ſo long thee ſtaid, or from what coſtes,
Our moſt deſired Hector, doeſt thou come:
Whom, after ſlaughter of thy many frends,
And trauaill of the people and thy town,
Alweried (lord) how gladly we behold.
What ſory chaunce hath ſtaind thy liuely face?
Or why ſee I theſe woundes, (alas) ſo wide!
He anſweard nought, nor in my vain demaundes
Abode: but from the bottom of his breſt
Sighing he ſayd: Flee, flee, O goddeſſe ſon!
And ſaue thee from the furie of this flame![4]

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[1] [Sign. D 3-4, ed. 1557.]

[2] That is, boys and girls, *pueri innuptæque puellæ*. Anciently *child* (or *children*) was reſtrained to the young of the male ſex. Thus, above, we have, "the *Child* Iulus," in the original *puer* Aſcanius. So the *children* of the chapel ſignifies the *boys* of the king's chapel. And in the royal kitchen, the *children*, *i.e.* the *boys* of the Scullery. In the weſtern counties, to this day, *maid* ſimply and diſtinctly means *girl*: as, "I have got a boy and a *maid*."—"My wife is brought to bed of a *maid*," &c. &c.

[3] [Ed. 1557, ſign. B 1, *verſo*.]

[4] [Ed. 1557, ſign. B 2.]

This was a noble attempt to break the bondage of rhyme. But blank verſe was now growing faſhionable in the Italian poetry, the ſchool of Surrey. Felice Figliucci, a Saneſe [or native of Sienna] and Surrey's cotemporary, in his admirable Italian commentary on the *Ethics of Ariſtotle*,[1] declaims againſt the barbarity of rhyme, and ſtrongly recommends a total rejection of this Gothic ornament to his countrymen. He enforces his precept by his own example, and tranſlates all Ariſtotle's quotations from Homer and Euripides into verſe without rhyme. Gonſalvo Perez, the learned ſecretary to Philip of Spain, had alſo recently tranſlated Homer's *Odyſſey* into Spaniſh blank-verſe. How much the excellent Roger Aſcham approved of Surrey's diſuſe of rhyme in this tranſlation from Virgil, appears from the following paſſage in his *Scholemaſter*, written [in 1563]:[2] "The noble lord Thomas [Henry] earle of Surrey, firſt of all Engliſhmen in tranſlating the fourth [and ſecond] booke of Virgill: and Gonſalvo Perez, that excellent learned man, and ſecretarie to king Philip of Spayne,[3] in tranſlating the *Ulyſſes* of Homer out of Greeke into Spaniſh, have both by good judgement avoyded the fault of ryming. The ſpying of this fault now is not the curioſitie of Engliſh eyes, but even the good judgement alſo of the beſt that write in theſe dayes in Italie.—And you, that be able to underſtand no more than ye find in the Italian tong: and never went further than the ſchoole of Petrarch and Arioſto abroade, or elſe of Chaucer at home, though you have pleaſure to wander blindlie ſtill in your foule wronge way, envie not others that ſeeke, as wiſe men have done before them, the fayreſt and righteſt way. And therefore, even as Virgill and Horace deſerve moſt worthie prayſe, that they, ſpying the unperfitneſs in Ennius and Plautus, by trewe imitation of Homer and Euripides brought poetrie to the ſame perfectnes in Latin as it was in Greeke, even ſo thoſe, that by the ſame way would benefit their tong and country, deſerve rather thankes than diſprayſe."[4]

The revival of the Greek and Roman poets in Italy excited all the learned men of that country to copy the Roman verſification, and conſequently baniſhed the old Leonine Latin verſe. The ſame

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[1] Entitled, *Filoſofia Morale ſopra i Libri d'Ethica d'Ariſtotile.*

[2] I know of no Engliſh critic beſides, who has mentioned Surrey's *Virgil*, except Bolton, a great reader of old Engliſh books.—*Hypercrit.* p. 237. Oxon. 1722. [Meres had ſpoken of it with commendation before Bolton; but his words are nearly a repetition of thoſe uttered by Aſcham. See *Wits Treaſury*, 1598. An anonymous writer, in 1644, thus introduced Surrey, with ſeveral of his ſucceſſors, in vindication of the Engliſh as a poetic language: "There is no ſort of verſe, either ancient or modern, which we are not able to equal by imitation. We have our *Engliſh Virgil*, Ovid, Seneca, Lucan, Juvenal, Martial and Catullus; in the *Earl of Surry*, Daniel, Johnſon, Spencer, Don, Shakeſpear, and the glory of the reſt, Sandys and Sydney." *Vindex Anglicus.*—Park.]

[3] Among Aſcham's *Epiſtles*, there is one to Perez, inſcribed *Clariſſimo viro D. Gonſalvo Periſio Regis Catholici Secretario primario et Conſiliario intimo, Amico meo cariſſimo*, in which Aſcham recommends the ambaſſador Sir William Cecil to his acquaintance and friendſhip. *Epiſtol. Lib. Un.* p. 228, b. edit. Lond. 1581.

[4] B. ii. p. 54, b. 55, a. edit. 1589, 4to.

claſſical idea operated in ſome degree on the vernacular poetry of Italy. In the year [1547-8],[1] Triſſino publiſhed his *Italia Liberata da' Goti*, or *Italy delivered from the Goths*, an heroic poem, profeſſedly written in imitation of the *Iliad*, without either rhyme, or the uſual machineries of the Gothic romance. Triſſino's deſign was to deſtroy the *Terza Rima* of Dante. We do not, however, find, whether it be from the facility with which the Italian tongue falls into rhyme, or that the beſt and eſtabliſhed Italian poets wrote in the ſtanza, that theſe efforts to reſtore blank-verſe produced any laſting effects in the progreſs of the Italian poetry. It is very probable that this ſpecimen of the Eneid in blank-verſe by Surrey led the way to Abraham Fleming's blank-verſe tranſlation of Virgil's *Bucolics and Georgics*, although done in Alexandrines, publiſhed in the year 1589. [But it ſhould be mentioned that Fleming, before he eſſayed this tranſlation into blank-verſe, had, as early as 1575, publiſhed a rhyming verſion of the *Bucolics* alone, but, feeling diſſatisfied with his work, had altered his plan, and adopted a different ſpecies of metre.]

Lord Surrey wrote [a few] other Engliſh poems [which are not included in any of the numerous impreſſions of *Tottel's Miſcellany* from 1557 to 1587, but which are printed from the Harington MSS. in the editions of *Nugæ Antiquæ*.] He tranſlated [five chapters of] the *Eccleſiaſtes* of Solomon into Engliſh verſe. This piece is cited in the Preface to [Archbiſhop's Parker's] Tranſlation of the Pſalms [circâ 1560]. He alſo tranſlated [three] of the Pſalms into metre. Theſe verſions of Scripture ſhew that he was a friend to the reformation. Among his works are alſo recited a poem on his friend the young Duke of Richmond [another, containing an exhortation to the citizens of London, but without any title], a Tranſlation of Boccacio's Epiſtle to Pinus, and a ſet of Latin epiſtles.[2] Aubrey has preſerved a poetical epitaph written by Surrey on Sir Thomas Clere, his faithful retainer and conſtant attendant, which was once in Lambeth church,[3] and which, for its affection and elegance, deſerves to be printed among the earl's poems. I will quote a few lines:

> Shelton for love, Surrey for lord thee chaſe:[4]
> (Aye me, while life did laſt that league was tender!)
> Tracing whoſe ſteps, thou ſaweſt Kelſall blaſe,
> Launderſey burnt, and batterd Bulleyn's render:[5]
> At Mortrell gates,[6] hopeleſs of all recure,
> Thine earle halfe dead gave in thy hand his Will;
> Which cauſe did thee this pining death procure,
> Ere ſummers foure tymes ſeven thou couldſt fulfill.
> Ah, Clere! if love had booted care or coſt,
> Heaven had not wonne, nor earth ſo timely loſt![7]

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[1] [Dr. Nott conceives Surrey could not have ſeen this poem, as it was not printed till after his death.—*Price*.]

[2] [The book of Epiſtles and the tranſlation of Boccacio's Epiſtle to Pinus have not hitherto been diſcovered.—*Dr. Nott*.]

[3] See Aubrey's *Surrey*, v. 247. [4] Choſe. [5] Surrender.

[6] Towns taken by Lord Surrey in the Bologne expedition, [except Kelſal, which was burnt during the incurſion into Scotland — *Nott*.]

[7] He died in 1545. See Stowe's [*Annales*], pp. 586, 588, edit. 1615.

John Clerc, who travelled into Italy with Pace, an eminent linguiſt of thoſe times, and ſecretary to Thomas Duke of Norfolk, father of Lord Surrey, in a dedication to the latter, prefixed to his *Tretiſe of Nobilitie* printed at London in 1563,[1] has mentioned with the higheſt commendations many tranſlations done by Surrey from the Latin, Italian, French and Spaniſh languages. But theſe, it is probable, were nothing more than juvenile exerciſes.

Surrey, for his juſtneſs of thought, correctneſs of ſtyle, and purity of expreſſion, may juſtly be pronounced the firſt Engliſh claſſical poet. He unqueſtionably is the firſt polite writer of love-verſes in our language. It muſt, however, be allowed, that there is a ſtriking native beauty in ſome of our love-verſes written much earlier than Surrey's. But in the moſt ſavage ages and countries rude nature has taught elegance to the lover.

## SECTION XXXVIII.

WITH Surrey's Poems [are printed, in all the editions of *Tottel's Miſcellany*], the Songes and Sonnettes of Sir Thomas Wyat the elder,[1] [of Nicholas Grimoald,] and of *Uncertain Auctours*.

Wyat was of Allington Caſtle in Kent, which he magnificently repaired, and [was] educated in both our univerſities. But his chief and moſt ſplendid accompliſhments were derived from his travels into various parts of Europe, which he frequently viſited in the quality of an envoy. He was endeared to King Henry the Eighth, who did not always act from caprice, for his fidelity and ſucceſs in the execution of public buſineſs, his ſkill in arms, literature, familiarity with languages, and lively converſation. Wood, who degrades everything by poverty of ſtyle and improper repreſentation, ſays, that "the king was in a high manner delighted with his *witty jeſts*."[2] It is not perhaps improbable, that Henry was as much pleaſed with his repartees as his politics. He is reported to have occaſioned the reformation by a joke, and to have planned the fall of Cardinal Wolſey by a ſeaſonable ſtory.[3] But he had almoſt loſt his popularity, either from an intimacy with queen Anne Boleyn which was called a connection, or the gloomy cabals of Biſhop

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[1] A tranſlation from the French.

[2] *Ath. Oxon.* i. 51. [In Sloane MS. 1523, ſome maxims and ſayings of Sir T. Wyat are preſerved. A letter occurs in the Harleian MSS. Aſcham in his "diſcourſe of the ſtate of Germanie," has the following tributary remark: "A knight of England of worthy memorie for wit, learnyng and experience, old ſyr *Thomas Wiat*, wrote to his ſonne that the greateſt miſchief amongſt men, and leaſt puniſhed, is unkyndnes."—*Park.*]

[3] See *Miſcellaneous Antiquities*, 1772, No. ii. p. 16.

Bonner who could not bear his political ſuperiority. Yet his prudence and integrity, no leſs than the powers of his oratory, juſtified his innocence. He laments his ſevere and unjuſt impriſonment on that trying occaſion, in a ſonnet addreſſed to Sir Francis Bryan: inſinuating his ſolicitude that, although the wound would be healed, the ſcar would remain, and that to be acquitted of the accuſation would avail but little, while the thoughts of having been accuſed were ſtill freſh in remembrance.[1] It is a common miſtake that he died abroad of the plague on an embaſſy to Charles the Fifth. Being ſent to conduct that emperor's ambaſſador from Falmouth to London, from too eager and a needleſs deſire of executing his commiſſion with diſpatch and punctuality, he caught a fever by riding in a hot day, and in his return died on the road at Shirburn, where he was buried in the great conventual church, in the year 1541. The next year, Leland publiſhed a book of Latin verſes on his death, with a wooden print of his head prefixed, probably done by Holbein.[2] It will be ſuperfluous to tranſcribe the panegyrics of his cotemporaries after the encomium of Lord Surrey, in which his amiable character owes more to truth than to the graces of poetry or to the flattery of friendſhip.[3]

We muſt agree with a critic above quoted, that Wyat co-operated with Surrey in having corrected the roughneſs of our poetic ſtyle. But Wyat, although ſufficiently diſtinguiſhed from the common verſifiers of his age, is confeſſedly inferior to Surrey in harmony of numbers, perſpicuity of expreſſion, and facility of phraſeology.[4] Nor is he equal to Surrey in elegance of ſentiment, in nature and ſenſibility. His feelings are diſguiſed by affectation and obſcured by conceit. His declarations of paſſion are embarraſſed by wit and fancy, and his ſtyle is not intelligible, in proportion as it is careleſs and unadorned. His compliments, like the modes of behaviour in that age, are ceremonious and ſtrained. He has too much art as a lover, and too little as a poet. His gallantries are laboured, and his verſification negligent. The truth is, his genius was of the moral and didactic ſpecies; and his poems abound more in good ſenſe, ſatire, and obſervations on life, than in pathos or imagination. Yet there

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[1] Fol. 44.

[2] *Næniae in mortem T. Viati*, 1542. See alſo Leland's *Encom.* p. 358. [Without date, but probably alſo in 1542, appeared "The Excellent Epitaffe of Syr Thomas Wyat, with two other compendious dytties, wherin are touchyd, and ſet forth the ſtate of mannes lyfe." To this was attached the ſame woodcut head as in the *Næniae*.]

[3] [The following epitaph from Leland['s *Encomia*, 1589], as it is ſhort and the book very ſcarce, may here be appended:

"Urna tenet cineres ter magni parva *Viati*;
Fama per immenſas ſed volat alta plagas."—*Park.*]

[4] [Mr. Headley, a very able critic, was of opinion that Sir T. Wyat deſerves equally of poſterity with Surrey for the diligence with which he cultivated polite letters, although in his verſes he ſeems to have wanted the judgment of his friend who, in imitating Petrarch, reſiſted the contagion of his ſweets.—*Park.*]

is a degree of lyric ſweetneſs in the following lines to his lute,[1] in which *The louer complayneth the vnkindnes of his loue.*[2]

My lute, awake, performe the laſt
Labour, that thou and I ſhall waſte:
And end that I haue now begonne:
And when this ſong is ſong and paſt:
My lute be ſtyll, for I haue done.
As to be heard where eare[3] is none:
As lead to graue in marble ſtone:
My ſong may pearſe her hart as ſone.
Should we then ſigh? or ſinge, or mone?
No, no, my lute, for I haue done.
The rockes do not ſo cruelly
Repulſe the waues continually,
As ſhe my ſute and affection:
So that I am paſt remedy.
Whereby my lute and I haue done.
Proude[4] of the ſpoile that thou haſt gotte
Of ſimple hartes through loues ſhot,
By whom vnkinde thou haſt them wonne;
Thinke not he hath his bow forgot,
Although my lute and I have done.
Vengeaunce ſhall fall on thy diſdaine,
That makeſt but game on earneſt payne.
Thinke not alone vnder the ſunne
Vnquit to cauſe thy louers plaine:
Although my lute and I haue done.
May chance thee lie witherd and olde[5]
In winter nightes, that are ſo colde,
Playning in vaine vnto the mone:
Thy wiſhes then dare not be tolde:
Care then who liſt, for I haue done.
And then may chance thee to repent
The time that thou haſt loſt and ſpent,
To cauſe thy louers ſighe and ſwowne.
Then ſhalt thou know beauty[s] but lent,
And wiſh and want as I haue done.
Now ceaſe, my lute, this is the laſt
Labour, that thou and I ſhall waſt;
And ended is that we begonne.
Now is this ſong both ſong and paſt,
My lute be ſtill, for I haue done.

Our author has more imitations, and even tranſlations, from the Italian poets than Surrey, and he ſeems to have been more fond of their conceits.[6] Petrarch has deſcribed the perplexities of a lover's mind, and his ſtruggles betwixt hope and deſpair, a ſubject moſt

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[1] [This harmonious and elegant poem, in one of the Harington MSS. dated 1564, is aſcribed to Viſcount Rochford, for an account of whom ſee the following ſection. Mr. Aſhby remarks that it is almoſt a tranſlation from Horace. Dr. Nott conceives it does not belong to Lord Rochford, but to Sir Thomas Wyatt. See his edition of Surrey, &c.—*Park.*]

[2] [Collated with Tottel's Miſc. *ut ſuprâ*, and *Nugæ Antiquæ*, ed. 1804, ii. 400-1.]

[3] [*N. A.*]

[4] [This ſtanza is not in *N. A.*]

[5] ["Perchaunce they lye withered and olde."—*N. A.*]

[6] [Theſe conceits found a later imitator in Cowley.—*Aſhby.*]

fertile of ſentimental complaint, by a combination of contrarieties, a ſpecies of wit highly reliſhed by the Italians. I am, ſays he, neither at peace nor war. I burn, and I freeze. I ſoar to heaven, and yet grovel on the earth. I can hold nothing, and yet graſp everything. My priſon is neither ſhut, nor is it opened. I ſee without eyes, and I complain without a voice. I laugh, and I weep. I live, and am dead. Laura, to what a condition am I reduced by your cruelty!

Pace non trovo, e non ho da far guerra;
E temo, e ſpero, ed ardo, e ſon en ghiaccio:
E volo ſopra 'l cielo, e giaccio in terra:
E nulla ſtringo, e tutto 'l mondo abbraccio.
Tal m'ha in prigion, che non n'apre nè ſerra;[1]
Nè per ſuo mi ritien, ne ſcioglie il laccio;
E non m'uccide Amor, e non mi sferra;
Nì mi vuol vivo, nì mi trahe d'impaccio.
Veggio ſenz' occhi, e non ho lingua, e grido;
E bramo di perir, e chieggio aita;
Ed ho in odio me ſteſſo, ed amo altrui:
Poſcomi di dolor, piangendo rido.
Egualmente mi ſpiace morte, e vita:
In queſto ſtato ſon, Donna, per vui.[2]

Wyat has thus copied this ſonnet of epigrams:

I find no peace, and all my warre is done:
I fear and hope, I burne, and freſe like yſe:
I flye aloft, yet can I not ariſe:
And nought I haue, and all the world I ſeaſon;
That lockes nor loſeth, nor holdeth me in pryſon.
And holdes me not, yet can I ſcape no wiſe:
Nor lettes me liue, nor dye, at my deuiſe,
And yet of death it geueth me occaſion.
Without eye I ſe, without tongue I playne;
I wiſh to peryſh, yet I aſke for helth;

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[1] This paſſage is taken from Moſſen Jordi, a Limoſin poet of Valencia [or Catalonia.—*Ritſon.* Thomas Ruſſell, of New College, Oxford, pointed out, in refutation of Ritſon's opinion as to Moſſen Jordi:] that Moſſen (*Anglicè* m?) Jordi had more than a poetical exiſtence; as is fully aſcertained by Velaſquez in his *Origines de la Poeſia Caſtellana*, 1754, the German tranſlator of which work, in 1769 tells us that "Jordi ſignifies George, [*Scoticè* Geordy,] his family name not being known:" but Gaſpar Eſcolano, in *Hiſtoria de Valencia*, identifies him by ſaying, "that he compoſed ſonnets, &c. in the Valencian Lemoſine language with great applauſe, and that Petrarch has taken much from him." Mr. Ruſſell further obſerved that Beuter in his Chronicle was the firſt who aſſerted that Jordi lived as early as the year 1250, and that he was imitated by Petrarch in the paſſage cited in the text: while the Marquis de Santillana, who died in 1458, countenanced a different hypotheſis, by making Jorden contemporary with himſelf, according to Sarmiento in his *Memorias para la Poeſia*: and if this authority be allowed, Jordi muſt have imitated Petrarch inſtead of being copied by him. But in either caſe the exiſtence of Moſſen Jordi is equally proved; as alſo the reſemblance of the paſſages, whichever of the two we ſuppoſe to have been the original. Camoens alſo took the hint of a ſimilar epigrammatic ſonnet, which is appended to Mr. Ruſſell's able vindication of our poetical hiſtorian in the *Gent. Mag.* for Dec. 1782.—*Park.*]

[2] There is a ſonnet in imitation of this among thoſe of the *Uncertain Auctours* at the end of Surrey's Poems.

I loue another, and thus I hate my ſelfe;
I fede me in ſorow, and laugh in all my payne.
Lo, thus diſpleaſeth me both death and life,
And my delight is cauſer of this ſtrife.[1]

It was from the capricious and over-ſtrained invention of the Italian poets, that Wyat was taught to torture the paſſion of love by prolix and intricate compariſons and unnatural alluſions. At one time his love is a galley ſteered by cruelty through ſtormy ſeas and dangerous rocks, the ſails torn by the blaſt of tempeſtuous ſighs, and the cordage conſumed by inceſſant ſhowers of tears; a cloud of grief envelops the ſtars, reaſon is drowned, and the haven is at a diſtance. At another, it is a ſpring trickling from the ſummit of the Alps, which gathering force in its fall at length overflows all the plain beneath. Sometimes it is a gun, which being overcharged, expands the flame within itſelf, and burſts in pieces. Sometimes it is like a prodigious mountain, which is perpetually weeping in copious fountains, and ſending forth ſighs from its foreſts; which bears more leaves than fruits; which breeds wild beaſts, the proper emblems of rage, and harbours birds that are always ſinging.[1] In another of his ſonnets, he ſays that all nature ſympathiſes with his paſſion. The woods reſound his elegies, the rivers ſtop their courſe to hear him complain, and the graſs weeps in dew. Theſe thoughts are common and fantaſtic. But he adds an image which is new, and has much nature and ſentiment, although not well expreſſed:

The hugy okes have rored in the winde,
Each thing methought complayning in their kinde.

This is a touch of the penſive. And the apoſtrophe which follows is natural and ſimple:—

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[1] This ſonnet will be found with ſome variations in *Nugæ Antiquæ*, vol. i. edit. 1769. Daviſon at a little later period thus turned the ſame ſonnet in his *Poetical Rapſody*, 1602:

"I ioy not Peace, where yet no warre is found,
I feare and hope, I burne, yet freeze withall,
I mount to heauen, yet lie ſtill on the ground,
I nothing hold, yet [do] I compaſſe all.
I liue her bond, which neither is my foe
Nor friend, nor holds me faſt, nor lets me goe.
Loue will not that I liue, nor let me die,
Nor locks me faſt, nor ſuffers me to ſcape,
I want both eyes and tongue, yet ſee I crie;
I wiſh for death, yet after helpe I gape.
I hate my ſelfe yet loue another wight,
And feede on greefe in lieu of ſweet delight.
At ſelfsame time I both lament and ioy,
I ſtill am pleaſ'd and yet diſpleaſed ſtill;
Loue ſometimes ſeemes a God, ſometimes a Boy,
Sometimes I ſinke, ſometimes I ſwim at will.
Twixt death and life ſmall difference I make,
All this (deere Dame) endure I for your ſake."

[The only known copy of ed. 1602 is imperfect in this place. The extract has been now collated with the old copy: in the former eds. it was given very inaccurately.]

O ſtony hart who hath thus framed thee
So cruell, that art cloked with beauty—

And there is much ſtrength in theſe lines of the lover to his bed:

The place of ſlepe wherin I do but wake:
Beſprent with teares, my bed, I thee forſake!

But ſuch paſſages as theſe are not the general characteriſtics of Wyat's poetry. They ſtrike us but ſeldom, amidſt an impracticable maſs of forced reflections, hyperbolical metaphors, and complaints that move no compaſſion.

But Wyat appears a much more pleaſing writer when he moraliſes on the felicities of retirement, and attacks the vanities and vices of a court with the honeſt indignation of an independent philoſopher, and the freedom and pleaſantry of Horace. Three of his poetical epiſtles are profeſſedly written in this ſtrain, two to John Poines,[1] and the other to Sir Francis Bryan: and we muſt regret that he has not left more pieces in a ſtyle of compoſition for which he ſeems to have been eminently qualified. In one of the epiſtles to Poines on the life of a courtier, are theſe ſpirited and manly reflections:

Myne owne John Poyns: ſins ye delite to know
The cauſes why that homeward I me draw,
And flie the preaſe of courtes, where ſo they go:
Rather then to liue thrall vnder the awe
Of lordly lokes, wrapped within my cloke;
To will and luſt learnyng to ſet a law:
It is not becauſe I ſcorne or mocke
The power of them: whom fortune here hath lent
Charge over vs of ryght to ſtrike the ſtroke.
But true it is, that I haue alwayes ment
Leſſe to eſteme them then the common ſort
Of outward thinges: that iudge in their intent,
Without regard, what inward doth reſort.
I graunt, ſometime of glory that the fire
Doth touch my hart. Me liſt not to report
Blame by honour, nor honour to deſire.
But how may I this honour now attaine,
That can not dye the colour blacke a liar?
My Poyns, I can not frame my tune to fayne,
To cloke the truth, &c.

In purſuit of this argument, he declares his indiſpoſition and inability to diſguiſe the truth and to flatter by a variety of inſtances. Among others, he proteſts he cannot prefer Chaucer's *Tale of Sir Thopas* to his *Palamon and Arcite:*

Praiſe ſir Topas for a noble tale,
And ſcorne the Story that the Knight tolde;
Praiſe him for counſell that is dronke of ale:
Grinne when he laughes, that beareth all the ſway;
Frowne when he frownes, and grone when he is pale:
On others luſt to hang both night and day, &c.

I mention this circumſtance about Chaucer to ſhew the eſteem in

[1] He ſeems to have been a perſon about the court. See *Life of Sir Thomas Pope*, p. 46.

which the *Knight's Tale*, that noble epic poem of the dark ages, was held in the reign of Henry the Eighth by men of taſte.

The poet's execration of flatterers and courtiers is contraſted with the following entertaining picture of his own private life and rural enjoyments at Allingham Caſtle in Kent:

This is the cauſe that I could neuer yet
Hang on their ſleues, that weygh (as thou mayſt ſe)
A chippe of chance more then a pounde of wit:
This maketh me at home to hunt and hauke,
And in fowle wether at my boke to ſit:
In froſt and ſnow then with my bow to ſtalke;
No man doth marke where ſo I ride or go:
In luſty leas[1] at libertie I walke:
And of theſe newes I fele nor weale nor woe:
Saue that a clogge doth hang yet at my heele;[2]
No force for that, for it is ordred ſo:
That I may leape both hedge and dike ful wele.
I am not now in Fraunce, to iudge the wine, &c.
But I am here in Kent and chriſtendome:
Among the Muſes, where I reade and ryme;
Where if thou liſt, myne owne John Poyns, to come,
Thou ſhalt be iudge how I do ſpende my time.

In another epiſtle to John Poines, on the ſecurity and happineſs of a moderate fortune, he verſifies the fable of the City and Country Mouſe with much humour:

My mothers maides, when they do ſowe and ſpinne:
They ſing a ſong made of the feldiſhe mouſe, &c.

This fable appoſitely ſuggeſts a train of ſenſible and pointed obſervations on the weakneſs of human conduct and the deluſive plans of life:

Alas (my Poyns) how men do ſeke the beſt,
And finde the worſt, by errour as they ſtray:
And no maruel, when ſight is ſo oppreſt,
And blindes the guide, anone out of the way
Goeth guyde and all in ſeking quiet life.
O wretched mindes, there is no golde that may
Graunt that you ſeke: no warre, no peace, no ſtrife,
No, no, although thy head were hoopt with golde:
Sergeant with mace,[3] with hawbart,[4] ſword, nor knife,
Can not repulſe the care that folow ſhould.
Ech kinde of life hath with him his diſeaſe.
Liue in delite, euen as thy luſt would:

---

[1] In large fields, over fruitful grounds. [Rather "in pleaſant meads," ſays Ritſon. But this emendation is diſputed by a writer in the *Gent. Mag.* for Dec. 1782, p. 574, who cites the following paſſage from Shakſpeare, to evince that leas and meads were diſtinct:

"Thy rich *leas*
Of wheat, rye, barley, vetches, oats and peaſe;
Thy turfy mountains, where live nibbling ſheep,
And flat meads thatched with ſtover," &c. *Tempeſt*, act 4.—*Park*].

[2] Probably he alludes to ſome office which he ſtill held at court, and which ſometimes recalled him, but not too frequently, from the country.

[3] [From Horace; Submovet lictor.—*Aſhby*.]

[4] Halbert. A parade of guards, &c. The claſſical alluſion is obvious.

And thou ſhalt finde, when luſt doth moſt thee pleaſe:
It irketh ſtraight, and by it ſelfe doth fade.
A ſmall thing is it, that may thy minde appeaſe.
None of you al there is, that is ſo madde
To ſeke for grapes on brambles or on bryers:
Nor none, I trow, that hath a witte ſo badde,
To ſet his haye for conies ouer riuers:
Nor ye ſet not a dragge net for an hare.
And yet the thing that moſt is your deſire
You do miſſeke with more trauell and care.
Make plaine thine hart, that it be not knotted
With hope or dreade: and ſe thy will be bare
From all affectes, whom vyce hath euer ſpotted
Thy ſelfe content with that is thee aſſinde:
And uſe it wel that is to be alotted.
Then ſeke no more out of thy ſelfe to finde[1]
The thing that thou haſt ſought ſo long before,
For thou ſhalt feele it ſticking in thy minde.

Theſe Platonic doctrines are cloſed with a beautiful application of Virtue perſonified, and introduced in her irreſiſtible charms of viſible beauty. For thoſe who deviate into vain and vicious purſuits,

None other paine pray I for them to be:
But when the rage doth leade them from the right:
That, lokyng backward, Vertue they may ſe[2]
Even as ſhe is, ſo goodly fayre and bright.[3]

With theſe diſintereſted ſtrains we may join the following ſingle ſtanza, called *The Courtiers Life:*

In court to ſerue decked with freſhe aray,
Of ſugred meates felyng the ſwete repaſte:
The life in bankets, and ſundry kindes of play,
Amid the preſſe of lordly lokes to waſte,
Hath with it joynde oft times ſuch bitter taſte,
That who ſo ioyes ſuch kinde of life to holde,
In priſon ioyes fettred with cheines of gold.

Wyat may juſtly be deemed the firſt poliſhed Engliſh ſatiriſt. I am of opinion, that he miſtook his talents when, in compliance with the mode, he became a ſonnetteer; and if we may judge from a few inſtances that he was likely to have treated any other ſubject with more ſucceſs than that of love, his abilities were ſeduced and miſapplied in fabricating fine ſpeeches to an obdurate miſtreſs. In the following little ode or rather epigram, on a very different occaſion, there is great ſimplicity and propriety, together with a ſtrain of poetic alluſion. It is on his return from Spain into England:

Tagus farewell, that weſtward with thy ſtremes
Turnes up the graines of gold already triede!
For I with ſpurre and ſayle go ſeke the Temes,
Gaineward the ſunne that ſhewes her welthy pride:
And to the town that Brutus ſought by dreames,[3]
Like bended moone[4] that leanes her luſty ſide,

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[1] [Nec te quæſiveris extra.—*Aſhby*]

[2] [Virtutem videant, intabeſcantque relictâ, Perſ. Sat. 3. If Surr[e]y copies but little, Wyatt doth plentifully.—*Aſhby.*]

[3] A tradition in Geoffrey of Monmouth.

[4] The old city from the river appeared in the ſhape of a creſcent.

My king my countrey I ſeke, for whom I live:
O mighty Joue, the wyndes for this me give!

Among Wyat's poems is an unfiniſhed tranſlation, in Alexandrine verſe, of the Song of Iopas in the firſt book of Virgil's *Eneid.* Wyat's and Surrey's verſions from Virgil are the firſt regular tranſlations in Engliſh of an ancient claſſic poet, and they are ſymptoms of the reſtoration of the ſtudy of the Roman writers, and of the revival of elegant literature. A verſion of David's Pſalms by Wyat is highly extolled by Lord Surrey and Leland. But Wyat's verſion of the *Penitential Pſalms* ſeems to be a ſeparate work from his tranſlation of the whole Pſaltery, and probably that which is praiſed by Surrey, in an ode above quoted. They were printed 1549. Leland [in his *Næniæ*] ſeems to ſpeak of the larger verſion:

Tranſulit in noſtram Davidis carmina linguam,
Et numeros magna reddidit arte pares.
Non morietur opus terſum, ſpectabile, ſacrum.

But this verſion [if it ever exiſted], is now loſt;[c] and the pious Thomas Sternhold and John Hopkins are the only immortal tranſlators of David's Pſalms.

A ſimilarity or rather fameneſs of ſtudies, as it is a proof, ſo perhaps it was the chief cement of that inviolable friendſhip which is ſaid to have ſubſiſted between Wyat and Surrey. The principal ſubject of their poetry was the ſame, and they both treated the paſſion of love in the ſpirit of the Italian poets, and as profeſſed diſciples of Petrarch. They were alike devoted to the amelioration of their native tongue and an attainment of the elegancies of compoſition. They were both engaged in tranſlating Virgil,[3] and in rendering ſelect portions of Scripture into Engliſh metre.

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[1] [See the full title in *Handb. of E. E. Lit.* 1867, *in v.*] Theſe Pſalms were reprinted by Biſhop Percy with his ill-fated impreſſion of Lord Surrey's poems, which periſhed [with the exception of a few copies] in the warehouſe of Mr. John Nicholls, 1808. To William Marquis of Northampton, &c. &c. they were inſcribed by John Harington (the father probably of Sir John H.), who determined to print them, that the noble fame of ſo worthy a knight as was the author hereof, Sir Thomas Wyat, ſhould not periſh, but remayne. Before each pſalm is inſerted an explanatory Prologe of the Auctor, in eight-line ſtanzas: the tranſlation is throughout in alternate verſe.—*Park.*

[2] See Holinſh. *Chron.* iii. p. 978, col. 2. [Dr. Nott is of opinion that Wyat tranſlated no more of the Pſalter than the Penitential Pſalms.—*Price.*]

[3] There ſeems no reaſon for inferring with Dr. Nott, that Warton intended by this expreſſion a larger portion of Virgil than the Song of Iopas mentioned above. —*Price.*]

## SECTION XXXIX.

IN *Tottel's Miſcellany*, the Poems of Surrey and Wyat are ſucceeded by *Songes Written by Nicolas Grimoald.*] I have before mentioned him incidentally. He was a native of Huntingdonſhire, and received the firſt part of his academical inſtitution at Chriſt's College in Cambridge. Removing to Oxford in the year 1542, he was elected fellow of Merton College: but, about 1547, having opened a rhetorical lecture in the refectory of Chriſt-church, then newly-founded, he was tranſplanted to that ſociety,[1] which gave the greateſt encouragement to ſuch ſtudents as were diſtinguiſhed for their proficiency in criticiſm and philology. The ſame year he wrote a Latin tragedy, which probably was acted in the college, entitled *Archipropheta, ſive Johannes Baptiſta, Tragœdia*, that is, *The Arch-prophet*, or *Saint John Baptiſt*, a tragedy, and dedicated to the Dean Richard Cox.[2] In the year 1548, he explained all the four books of Virgil's *Georgics*[3] in a regular proſe Latin paraphraſe, in the public hall of his college.[4] He wrote alſo explanatory commentaries or lectures on the Andria of Terence, the Epiſtles of Horace, and many pieces of Cicero, perhaps for the ſame auditory. He tranſlated *Tully's Offices* into Engliſh. This tranſlation, which is dedicated to the learned Thirlby Biſhop of Ely, was printed at London, 1553. He alſo familiarized ſome of the pureſt Greek claſſics by Engliſh verſions, which I believe were never printed. Among others was the *Cyropædia*. Bale the biographer, and Biſhop of Oſſory, ſays that he turned Chaucer's *Troilus* into a play; but whether this piece was in Latin or Engliſh, we are ſtill to ſeek: and the word *Comedia*, which Bale uſes on this occaſion, is without preciſion or diſtinction. The ſame may be ſaid of what Bale calls his Fame, *a comedy*. Bale alſo recites his Syſtem of Rhetoric for the uſe of Engliſhmen,[5] which ſeems to be the courſe of the rhetorical lectures I have mentioned. It is to be wiſhed that Bale, who appears to have been his friend, and therefore poſſeſſed the opportunities of information, had given

[1] [And yet in 1551 *Turner's Preſervative or Triacle againſt the Poyſon of Pelagius* had a copy of verſes prefixed by Nicholas Grimoald of Merton College. They might perhaps be written earlier.—*Park.*]

[2] Printed, Colon. 1548. 8vo. [A MS. copy occurs in the Britiſh Muſeum, Bibl. Reg. 12, A. xlvi.—*Park.*]

[3] [And the Bucolics alſo, added Herbert in a MS. note.—*Park.* This is queſtionable, and perhaps proceeds on no better authority than the ſtatement of Bale that Grimoald wrote a comment on the firſt Eclogue, and dedicated it to him: nor does the title-page of his Paraphraſe of the Georgics ſay further than that it was finiſhed at Chriſt-Church, Oxford, in the ſecond year of Edward VI. We ſeem to have no edition of it earlier than that of 1591. See the full title in *Handb. of Early Engliſh Lit.* 1867, art. VIRGIL.]

[4] Printed at London in 1591, 8vo.

[5] *Rhetorica in uſum Britannorum.*

us a more exact and full detail, at leaſt of ſuch of Grimoald's works as are now loſt or, if remaining, are unprinted. Undoubtedly this is the ſame perſon, called by Strype *one Grimbold*, who was chaplain to Biſhop Ridley, and who was employed by that prelate, while in priſon, to tranſlate into Engliſh Laurentia Valla's book againſt the fiction of Conſtantine's Donation,[1] with ſome other popular Latin pieces againſt the papiſts.[2] In the eccleſiaſtical hiſtory of Mary's reign he appears to have been impriſoned for hereſy, and to have ſaved his life, if not his credit, by a recantation. But theology does not ſeem to have been his talent, nor the glories of martyrdom to have made any part of his ambition. One of his plans, but which never took effect, was to print a new edition of Joſephus Iſcanus's poem on the Trojan War, with emendations from the moſt correct manuſcripts.[3]

I have taken more pains to introduce this Nicholas Grimoald to the reader's acquaintance, becauſe he is the ſecond Engliſh poet after

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[1] Titles of many others of his pieces may be ſeen in Bale['s *Script*. The work referred to here cannot have been that printed by Thomas Godfrey about 1518, without name of tranſlator. See Herbert's *Ames*, 319. This was too early for Grimoald.]

[2] See Strype's *Cranmer*, B. iii. c. 11. p. 343. And *Grindal*, 8. Fox, edit. i. 1047. And Wood, *Ath. Oxon.* i. 178.

[3] Bale, *ubi ſupr.* [An epitaph on the death of Nicholas Grimoald appeared in the poems of Barn. Googe, 1563. The following extract [now collated with the original] relates more particularly to the perſon commemorated :—

" For yf that wytt,
Or worthy Eloquens,
Or learnyng deape,
Could moue hym to forbeare,
O Grimoald then,
thou hadſte not yet gon hence
But heare hadeſt ſene
Full many an aged yeare.
Nor had the Muſes loſt ſo fyne a Floure,
Nor had Minerua wept to leaue the ſo,
If wyſdome myght
Haue fled the fatall howre,
Thou hadſte not yet
ben ſuffred for to go,
A thouſande doltyſh
Geeſe we myght haue ſparde,
A thouſande wytles
Heads death myght have found
And taken them,
For whom no man had carde,
And layde them lowe,
In deepe oblivions grounde,
But fortune fauours fooles as old men ſaye
And lets them liue,
And take the wyſe awaye."—*Park.*]

Lord Surrey, who wrote in blank-verſe. Nor is it his only praiſe that he was the firſt who followed in this new path of verſification. To the ſtyle of blank-verſe exhibited by Surrey he added new ſtrength, elegance, and modulation. In the diſpoſition and conduct of his cadences he often approaches to the legitimate ſtructure of the improved blank-verſe, but we cannot ſuppoſe that he is entirely free from thoſe diſſonances and aſperities which ſtill adhered to the general character and ſtate of our diction.[1]

In his poem on [*Marcus Tullius Ciceroes death*] are theſe lines. The aſſaſſins of Cicero are ſaid to relent:

When
They his bare neck beheld, and his hore heyres:
Scant could they hold the teares that forth gan burſt:
And almoſt fell from bloody hands the ſwoords.
Onely the ſtern Herennius, with grym look,
Daſtards, why ſtand you ſtyll: he ſayth: and ſtreight,
Swaps of the head with his preſumptuous yron.
Ne with that ſlaughter yet is hee not filld:
Fowl ſhame on ſhame to heap is his delyte.
Wherfore the hands alſo doth hee of ſmyte,
Which durſt Antonius life ſo liuely paynt.
Him, yeldyng ſtrayned goſte,[2] from welkin hye
With lothly chere lord Phebus gan behold:
And in black clowd, they ſaye, long hid his hed.
The latine Muſes and the Grayes,[3] they wept:
And for his fall eternally ſhall weep.
And lo, hert-perſyng Pitho,[4] (ſtraunge to tell,)
Who had to him ſuffiſde bothe ſenſe and woordes,
When ſo he ſpake: and dreſt with nectar ſoote
That flowyng toung: when his wyndpype diſcloſde,
Fled with her fleeying frend; and (out alas)
Hath left the erth, ne will nomore return.

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Nor is this paſſage unſupported by a warmth of imagination and the ſpirit of pathetic poetry. The general caſt of the whole poem ſhows that our author was not ill qualified for dramatic compoſition.

Another of Grimoald's blank-verſe poems is on the death of Zoroas an Egyptian aſtronomer, who was killed in Alexander's firſt battle

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[1] [It would ſeem from the following lines in Googe's *Poems*, that Grimoald had, after Lord Surrey, tranſlated a portion of Virgil:—

"The noble H[enry] Hawarde once,
That raught eternall fame,
With mighty ſtyle did bryng a pece
Of Virgils worke in frame.
And Grimaold gaue the lyke attempt,
And Douglas won the ball,
Whoſe famouſe wyt in Scottyſh ryme
Had made an ende of all."—*Park.*

Perhaps Googe may ſimply be referring here to Grimoald's Paraphraſe of the portion of the *Georgics* executed in 1548, and if not printed at the time, poſſibly circulated in MS.]

[2] His conſtrained ſpirit.

[3] *Graiæ.* Greek.

[4] Peitho, the goddeſs of perſuaſion.

with the Perſians.[1] It is opened with this nervous and animated exordium:

Now clattering arms, now ragyng broyls of warr,
Gan paſſe the noyes of taratantars clang:[2]
Shrowded with ſhafts the heuen: with clowd of darts
Couered the ayre: againſt fulfatted bulls
As forceth kindled ire the Lions keen:
Whoſe greedy gutts the gnawing hoonger pricks:
So Macedoins againſt the Perſians fare.

In the midſt of the tumult and hurry of the battle appears the ſage philoſopher Zoroas; a claſſical and elegant deſcription of whoſe ſkill in natural ſcience forms a pleaſing contraſt amidſt images of death and deſtruction, and is inſerted with great propriety, as it is neceſſary to introduce the hiſtory of his cataſtrophe:

Shaking her bloudy hands, Bellone among
The Perſes ſoweth all kindes of cruel death.—
Him beats the club; him downe farſtriking bowe
And him the ſling, and him the ſhiny ſwoord
Right ouer ſtood, in ſnowwhite armour braue,
The Memphite, Zoroas, a cooning clerk:
To whom the heauen lay open as his book:
And in celeſtiall bodyes hee could tell
The moouyng, meetyng, light, aſpect, eclyps,
And influence, and conſtellations all:
What earthly chaunces wold betide: what yere
Of plenty ſtorde, what ſigne forwarned derth:
How winter gendreth ſnow: what temperature
In the primetide doth ſeaſon well the ſoyl:
Why ſoomer burns: why autum hath ripe grapes:
Whether the circle quadrate may becoom:
Whether our tunes heauens harmony can yeeld:
What ſterr dothe let the hurtfull fire[3] to rage,
Or him more mylde what oppoſition makes:
What fire dothe qualify Mauorſes[4] fire, &c.

Our aſtronomer, finding by the ſtars that he is deſtined to die ſpeedily, chooſes to be killed by the hand of Alexander, whom he endeavours to irritate to an attack, firſt by throwing darts, and then by reproachful ſpeeches:

Shamefull ſtain
Of mothers bed: Why loſeſt thou thy ſtrokes,
Cowards among? Turn thee to mee, in caſe
Manhod ther bee ſo much left in thy hert:
Coom fight with mee: that on my helmet wear
Apollos laurel, bothe for learnings laude
And eke for Martiall prayſe: that, in my ſhield,
The ſeuenfold ſophie of Minerue contein:
A match more meet, ſir king, than any here.

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[1] And is a tranſlation from part of the Latin *Alexandreis* of Philip Gualtier de Chatillon, biſhop of Megala, who flouriſhed in the thirteenth century. See Steevens's Shakſp. vii. 337. ed. 1803.—*Park.*]

[2] The reader muſt recollect Shakeſpeare's

"Loud larums, neighing ſteeds, and trumpets' clang."

[3] [Sirius.—*Ritſon.*]

[4] Of Mavors, or the planet Mars.

Alexander is for a while unwilling to revenge this inſult on a man eminent for wiſdom:

> The noble prince, amoued, takes ruthe vpon
> The wilfull wight: and with ſoft woords ayen,
> O monſtrous man (quod he) whatſo thou art,
> I praye thee lyue, ne do not with thy death
> This lodge of lore, the Muſes manſion marr;
> That treaſure houſe this hand ſhall neuer ſpoyl:
> My ſwoord ſhall neuer bruſe that ſkylfull brayn,
> Longgathered heaps of ſcience ſoon to ſpyll.
> O, how faire frutes may you to mortal men
> From wiſdoms garden giue? How many may,
> By you, the wyſer and the better proue?
> What error, what mad moode, what phrenzey thee
> Perſuades to bee downſent to deep Auern,
> Where no artes floriſh, nor no knowledge vails
> For all theſe ſawes? When thus the ſouerain ſayde,
> Alighted Zoroas: &c.

I have a ſuſpicion that theſe two pieces in blank verſe, if not fragments of larger works, were finiſhed in their preſent ſtate as proluſions or illuſtrative practical ſpecimens for our author's courſe of lectures in rhetoric. In that caſe, they were written ſo early as the year 1547. There is poſitive proof that they appeared not later than 1557, when they were firſt printed.

I have already mentioned Lord Surrey's *Virgil*; and for the ſake of juxtapoſition will here produce a third ſpecimen[1] of early blank verſe, little known. In the year 1590, William Vallans publiſhed a blank-verſe poem, entitled *A Tale of two Swannes*, which under a poetic fiction deſcribes the ſituation and antiquities of ſeveral towns in Hertfordſhire. The author, a native or inhabitant of Hertfordſhire, ſeems to have been connected with Camden and other ingenious antiquaries of his age. I cite the exordium:

> When Nature, nurſe of every living thing,
> Had clad her charge in brave and new aray;
> The hils rejoyſt to ſee themſelves ſo fine:
> The fields and woods grew proud therof alſo:
> The medowes with their partie-colour'd coates,
> Like to the rainebow in the azurd ſkie,
> Gave juſt occaſion to the cheerfull birdes
> With ſweeteſt note to ſinge their nurſes praiſe.
> Among the which the merrie nightingale
> With ſwete and ſwete, her breaſt again a thorne
> Ringes out all night, &c.[2]

Vallans is the author of a piece much better known: a hiſtory by many held to be a romance, but which proves the writer a diligent ſearcher into ancient records.[3]

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[1] [The intervening ſpecimens appeared in Gaſcoigne's *Steele Glas*, 1576, and Aſke's *Elizabetha Triumphans*, 1588.—*Park.*]

[2] He mentions moſt of the ſeats in Hertfordſhire then exiſting, belonging to the queen and the nobility. See Hearne's *Lel. Itin.*, V. Pr. p. iv. ſeq. ed. 2.

[3] *The Honorable Prentice*: [*or This Taylor is a man.*] *Shewed in the life and death of Sir John Hawkewood ſometime Prentice of London, interlaced with the*

The reader will obſerve, that what has been here ſaid about early ſpecimens of blank verſe is to be reſtrained to poems not written for the ſtage. Long before Vallans's *Two Swannes*, many theatrical pieces in blank verſe had appeared; the firſt of which is *The Tragedy of Gorboduc*, [acted] in 1561-[2]. The ſecond is George Gaſcoigne's *Iocaſta*, a tragedy, acted at Gray's Inn in 1566. George Peele's tragedy in blank verſe of *David and Bethſabe* [was printed in 1599, having been written ſome years before.[1] The firſt part of *Hieronimo*, by Thomas Kyd,] a tragedy, alſo without rhyme, was acted [about 1588]. But this point, which is here only tranſiently mentioned, will be more fully conſidered hereafter in its proper place. We will now return to our author Grimoald.

Grimoald, as a writer of verſes in rhyme, yields to none of his cotemporaries for a maſterly choice of chaſte expreſſion, and the conciſe elegancies of didactic verſification. Some of the couplets, in his [*Prayſe of meaſure-Kepyng*,] have all the ſmartneſs which marks the modern ſtyle of ſententious poetry, and would have done honour to Pope's ethic epiſtles:

The auncient time commended, not for nought,
The mean: what better thing can ther be ſought?
In mean is vertue placed: on either ſide,
Bothe right and left, amiſſe a man ſhall ſlide.
Icar, with fire hadſt thou the mid way flown,
Icarian beck[2] by name had no man known.
If middle path kept had proud Phaeton,
No burning brand this erth had falln vpon.
Ne cruel powr, ne none ſo ſoft can raign:
That keeps the mean, the ſame ſhal ſtyll remain.
Thee, Julie, once did too much mercy ſpill:
Thee, Nero ſtern, rigor extreem did kill.
How could Auguſt ſo many yeres well paſſe?
Nor ouermeek nor ouerferſe he was.
Worſhip not Joue with curious fanſies vain,
Nor him deſpiſe: hold right atween theſe twayn.
No waſtefull wight, no greedy g[r]oom is prayzd:
Stands largeſſe iuſt in egall balance payzd[3]
So Catoes meal ſurmountes Antonius chere,
And better fame his ſober fare hath here.
To ſlender buildyng, bad as bad, to groſſe;[4]
One, an eyeſore, the tother falls to loſſe.
As medcines help in meaſure, ſo (God wot)
By ouermuch the ſick their bane haue got.

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*famous Hiſtory of the noble Fitzwalter Lord of Woodh[ouſe] in Eſſex,* and of the poiſoning of his faire Daughter. Alſo the merry Cuſtomes of Dunmow, &c. Whereunto is annexed the moſt lamentable murther of Robert Hall at the High Altar in Weſtminſter Abbey.*—[See *Handb. of Early Eng. Lit.* 1867, art. VALLANS; Collier's *Bibl. Cat.* 1865, vol. ii. pp. 462-4; and *Popular Antiq. of Gr. Britain*, 1870, vol. ii. pp. 118-22.]

[1] ["*David and Bethſabe*, the *chef-d'œuvre* of Peele, was not printed till 1599; how much earlier it was written there are no means of aſcertaining."—*Dyce.*] Shakeſpeare did not begin writing for the ſtage till 1591. Jonſon, about 1598.

[2] Strait, ſea. [3] Poiſed. [4] Thick, maſſy.

* The founder of Dunmow Priory, afterwards mentioned, in the reign of Henry the Third.

Vnmeet, mee ſeems, to vtter this mo wayes:
Meaſure forbids vnmeaſurable prayſe.

The maxim is enforced with great quickneſs and variety of illuſtration; nor is the colliſion of oppoſite thoughts, which the ſubject ſo naturally affords, extravagantly purſued or indulged beyond the bounds of good ſenſe and propriety. The following ſtanzas on *The Muſes* are more poetical, and not leſs correct:

Imps of king Joue and quene Remembrance lo,
The ſiſters nyne, the poets pleaſant feres,
Calliope doth ſtately ſtyle beſtow,
And worthy prayſes payntes of princely peres.
Clio in ſolem ſonges reneweth old day,
With preſent yeres conioyning age bypaſt.
Delitefull talke loues Comicall Thaley:
In freſh green youth who doth like laurell laſt.
With voyces Tragicall ſowndes Melpomen,
And, as with cheyns, thallured eare ſhee bindes.
Her ſtringes when Terpſichor doth touche, euen then
She toucheth hartes, and raigneth in mens mindes.
Fine Erato, whoſe look a liuely chere
Preſents, in dauncyng keepes a comely grace.
With ſemely geſture doth Polymnie ſtere:
Whoſe wordes holle routes of renkes doo rule in place.
Uranie, her globes to view all bent,
The nine ſolde heauen obſerues with fixed face.
The blaſtes Euterpe tunes of inſtrument,
With ſolace ſweet hence heauie dumps to chaſe.
Lord Phebus in the mids (whoſe heauenly ſprite
Theſe ladies doth inſpire) embraceth all.
The Graces in the Muſes weed delite
To lead them forth, that men in maze they fall.

It would be unpardonable to diſmiſs this valuable miſcellany, without acknowledging our obligations to its original editor, Richard Tottell; who deſerves highly of Engliſh literature for having collected at a critical period, and preſerved in a printed volume, ſo many admirable ſpecimens of ancient genius, which would have mouldered in manuſcript, or perhaps, from their detached and fugitive ſtate of exiſtence, their want of length, the capriciouſneſs of taſte, the general depredations of time, inattention, and other accidents, would never have reached the preſent age. It ſeems to have given birth to [ſix other] favourite and celebrated collections,[1] which appeared in the reign of Queen Elizabeth: the *Paradyce of daynty Deuiſes*, 1576, [the *gorgious Gallery of gallant Inuentions*, 1578; *A Handefull of Pleaſant Delites*, by Clement Robinſon and others, 1584; the *Phoenix-Neſt*, 1593]; *Englands Helicon*, [1600, and Daviſon's *Poetical Rapſody*, 1602.][2]

[1] In his edition of 1557 there is much confuſion. A poem is there given to Grimoald, on the death of Lady Margaret Lee, in 1555. Alſo among Grimoald's is a poem on Sir James Wilford, mentioned above, who appears to have fought under Henry the Eighth in the wars of France and Scotland.

[2] [See *Seven Engliſh Poetical Miſcellanies. Printed between* 1557 *and* 1602. *Reproduced under the care of J. Payne Collier.* London, 1867. 4to.

## SECTION XL.

TO the poems of Surrey, Wyat, [and Grimoald] are annexed [in *Tottels' Miſcellany*, 1557] thoſe of "Uncertain Authors." This latter collection forms the firſt printed poetical miſcellany in the Engliſh language, although [one or two very early manuſcript collections of this kind have come down to us.][1] Many of theſe pieces are much in the manner of Surrey and Wyat, which was the faſhion of the times. They are all anonymous; but probably Sir Francis Bryan, George Boleyn [Viſcount] Rochford, and Lord Vaux, all profeſſed rhymers and ſonnet-writers, were large contributors.[2]

Drayton in his [epiſtle] *To his dearly loved friend Henry Reynolds, of Poets and Poeſie*, ſeems to have blended all the ſeveral collections of which Tottell's volume conſiſts. After Chaucer he ſays:

> They with the Muſes who converſed, were
> That princely Surrey, early in the time
> Of the eighth Henry, who was then the prime
> Of England's noble youth. With him there came
> Wyat, with reverence whom we ſtill do name
> Amongſt our poets: Bryan had a ſhare
> With the two former, which accounted are
> That time's beſt Makers, and the authors were
> Of thoſe ſmall poems which the title bear
> Of *Songes* and *Sonnetts*, wherein oft they hit
> On many dainty paſſages of wit.[3]

Sir Francis Bryan was the friend of Wyat, as we have ſeen, and ſerved as a commander under Thomas Earl of Surrey in an expedition into Brittany, by whom he was knighted for his bravery.[4] Hence he probably became connected with Lord Surrey the poet. But Bryan was one of the brilliant ornaments of the court of King Henry the Eighth, which at leaſt affected to be polite; and from his popular accompliſhments as a wit and a poet he was made a gentleman of the privy-chamber to that monarch, who loved to be entertained by his domeſtics.[5] Yet he enjoyed much more important appointments in that reign and in the firſt year of Edward the Sixth, and died

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[1] It was a fallacy on Warton's part to ſuppoſe and aſſert that ſuch collections are "not uncommon."]

[2] [Churchyard muſt alſo be added to this liſt of contributors on the following averment: "Many things in the booke of *Songs and Sonets* printed then (in Queen Mary's time) were of my making." See notices of his works prefixed to his *Challenge*, 1593. Heywood and Harington likewiſe have dormant claims to the honourable diſtinction of co-adjutorſhip. Vide *Nugæ Antiquæ*, vol. i. p. 95, and ii. 256, ed. 1775.]—*Park.*

[3] *Works*, vol. iv. p. 1255, edit. 1753.

[4] Dugd. *Bar.* ii. 273, a.

[5] Rymer, *Fœd.* xiv. 380.

chief juſticiary of Ireland, at Waterford, in the year 1548.[1] On the principle of an unbiaſſed attachment to the king, he wrote epiſtles on Henry's divorce, never publiſhed, and tranſlated into Engliſh from the French Antonio de Guevara's [*Diſpraiſe of the life of a courtier.* Lond. 1548, 8°.][2] He was nephew to John Bourchier, Lord Berners, tranſlator of Froiſſart, who at his deſire tranſlated at Calais from French into Engliſh [alſo from Guevara's Spaniſh original] the *Golden Boke, or Life of Marcus Aurelius*, [printed in 1534.][3] Which are Bryan's pieces I cannot aſcertain.

George Boleyn, Viſcount Rochford, was ſon of Sir Thomas Boleyn, afterwards Earl of Wiltſhire and Ormond, and at Oxford diſcovered an early propenſity to polite letters and poetry. He was appointed to ſeveral dignities and offices by King Henry the Eighth, and ſubſcribed the famous declaration ſent to Pope Clement the Seventh. He was brother to Queen Anne Boleyn, with whom he was ſuſpected of a criminal familiarity. The chief accuſation againſt him ſeems to have been, that he was ſeen to whiſper with the queen one morning while ſhe was in bed. As he had been raiſed by the exaltation, he was involved in the misfortunes of that injured princeſs, who had no other fault but an unguarded and indiſcreet frankneſs of nature; and whoſe character has been blackened by the bigoted hiſtorians of the Catholic cauſe, merely becauſe ſhe was the mother of Queen Elizabeth. To gratify the oſtenſible jealouſy of the king, who had conceived a violent paſſion for a new object, this amiable nobleman was beheaded on the firſt of May, in 1536.[4] His elegance of perſon and ſprightly converſation captivated all the ladies of Henry's court. Wood ſays, that at the "royal court he was much *adored*, eſpecially by the *female ſex*, for his *admirable* diſcourſe and *ſymmetry* of body."[5] From theſe irreſiſtible allurements his enemies endeavoured to give a plauſibility to their infamous charge of an inceſtuous connection. After his commitment to the Tower, his ſiſter the queen, on being ſent to the ſame place, aſked the lieutenant with a degree of eagerneſs, "Oh! where is my ſweet brother?"[6] Here was a ſpecious confirmation of his imagined guilt: this ſtroke of natural tenderneſs was too readily interpreted into a licentious attachment. Bale mentions his *Rhythmi elegantiſſimi*, which Wood calls "Songs and Sonnets, with other things of the like nature." Theſe are now loſt, unleſs ſome, as I have inſinuated, are contained in the preſent collection; a garland, in which it appears to have been the faſhion for every *Flowery Courtier* to leave ſome of his bloſſoms. But Boleyn's poems cannot now be diſtinguiſhed.[7]

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[1] Holinſh. *Chron.* i. 61. And Ibid. Hooker's *Contin.* tom. ii. P. ii. pag. 110. See alſo Fox, *Martyr.* p. 991.

[2] [Printed again in 1575, ſmall 8vo.—*Park.*]

[3] [Often reprinted.] Lord Berners was deputy-general of Calais and its Marches.

[4] See Dugd. *Baron.* iii. p. 306, a. [5] *Ath. Oxon.* i. 44.

[6] Strype, *Mem.* i. p. 280.

[7] His name was thus united with other known contributors in 1575:

The lord Vaux, whom I have ſuppoſed and on ſurer proof, to be another contributor to this miſcellany, could not be the Nicholas Lord Vaux, whoſe gown of purple velvet, plated with gold, eclipſed all the company preſent at the marriage of Prince Arthur; who ſhines as a ſtateſman and a ſoldier with uncommon luſtre in the hiſtory of Henry the Seventh, and continued to adorn the earlier annals of his ſucceſſor; and who died in the year 1523. Lord Vaux the poet was probably Thomas Lord Vaux, ſon of Nicholas, and who was ſummoned to parliament in 1531, and ſeems to have lived till the latter end of the reign of queen Mary.[1] All our old writers mention the poetical Lord Vaux as rather poſterior to Wyat and Surrey, neither of whom was known as a writer till many years after the death of Lord Nicholas. [Churchyard, in his panegyric on the Engliſh Poets prefixed to Skelton's *Works*, 1568,] places Vaux after Surrey:

> Piers Plowman was full plaine,
> And Chauſers ſpreet was great;
> Earle Surrey had a goodly vayne,
> Lord Vaux the marke did beat.[2]

Puttenham [or whoever was the] author of the *Arte of Engliſh Poeſie*, having ſpoken of Surrey and Wyat, immediately adds, "In the ſame time, or not long after, was the Lord Nicholas [Thomas] Vaux, a man of much facilitie in vulgar makings."[3] Webbe, in his *Diſcourſe of Engliſh Poetrie*, 1586, has a ſimilar arrangement. [Eleven] of Vaux's poems are extant [with his name to them] in the *Paradyce of Dainty Deuyſes;* and inſtead of the rudeneſs of Skelton, they have a ſmoothneſs and facility of manner which does not belong to poetry written before the year 1523, in which Lord Nicholas Vaux died an old man.[4] *The Paradyce of Dainty Deuyſes* was publiſhed in 1576, and he is there ſimply ſtyled *Lord Vaux the elder:* this was to diſtinguiſh him from his ſon Lord William, then living. If Lord Nicholas was a writer of poetry, I will venture to aſſert that none of his performances now remain,

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> "Chawcer by writing purchaſt fame,
> And Gower got a worthie name:
> Sweete Surrey ſuckt Pernaſſus ſprings,
> And Wiat wrote of wondrous things:
> Olde Rochfort clambe the ſtatelie throne
> Which Muſes hold in Hellicone.
> Then thither let good Gaſcoigne go,
> For ſure his verſe deſerueth ſo."

See Richard Smith's verſes in commendation of Gaſcoigne's *Poſies*, [1575, or Roxburghe Library edit. of Gaſcoigne's Poems, 1869, i. 26.]

[1] See what I have ſaid of his ſon Lord William, in the *Life of Sir Thomas Pope*, p. 221. In 1558, Sir Thomas Pope leaves him a legacy of one hundred pounds, by the name of lord Vaux. [Warton's conjecture is now generally admitted to be correct.—*Price.*]

[2] [Prefixed to Skelton's Poems, 1568.—*Park.*]

[3] Fol. 48. ["Vulgar makings" ſeem to imply vernacular poems.—*Park.*]

[4] See Percy's [*Reliques*], ii. 49, edit. 1775.

notwithſtanding the teſtimony of Wood, who ſays that Nicholas, "in his juvenile years was ſent to Oxon, where by reading humane and romantic, rather than philoſophical, authors, he advanced his genius very much in poetry and hiſtory."[1] This may be true of his ſon Thomas whom I ſuppoſe to be the poet. But ſuch was the celebrity of Lord Nicholas's public and political character, that he has been made to monopolize every merit which was the property of his ſucceſſors. All theſe difficulties, however, are at once adjuſted by a manuſcript in the Britiſh Muſeum, in which we have a copy of Vaux's poem, beginning, *I lothe that I did love*, with this title: "A dyttye or ſonet made by the lord Vaus, in the time of the noble quene Marye, repreſenting the image of death."[2] This ſonnet, or rather ode, entitled, *The aged lover renounceth love*, which was more remembered for its morality than its poetry, and which [was] idly conjectured [by ſome one at the time[3]] to have been written on his death-bed, makes a part of the collection which I am now examining. From this ditty are taken three of the ſtanzas, yet greatly diſguiſed and corrupted, of the Grave-digger's Song in Shakeſpeare's *Hamlet*. Another of Lord Vaux's poems, in the volume before us, is the *Aſſault of Cupide upon the fort where the lovers heart lay wounded [and how he was taken.]* Theſe two are the only pieces in our collection, of which there is undoubted evidence, although no name is prefixed to either, that they were written by lord Vaux. From palpable coincidences of ſtyle, ſubject, and other circumſtances, a ſlender ſhare of critical ſagacity is ſufficient to point out many others.

Theſe three writers were cotemporaries with Surrey and Wyat: but the ſubjects of ſome of the pieces will go far in aſcertaining the date of the collection in general. There is one on the death of Sir Thomas Wyat the elder who died, as I have remarked, in 1541. Another, on the death of Lord Chancellor Audley, who died in 1544. Another on the death of *maſter* Devereux, a ſon of lord Ferrers, who is ſaid to have been a *Cato for his counſel*, and who is probably Richard Devereux, buried in Barking church,[4] the ſon of Walter Lord Ferrers, a diſtinguiſhed ſtateſman and general under Henry the Eighth.[5] Another on the death of a Lady Wentworth.[6] Another on the death of Sir Antony Denny, the only perſon of the court who dared to inform king Henry the Eighth of his approaching diſſolution, and who died in 1551.[7] Another on the death of Phillips, an eminent muſician, and without his rival on the lute.[8] Another on

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[1] *Ath. Oxon.* i. 19. [2] *MSS. Harl.* 1703. [fol. 100.]

[3] [Gaſcoigne's Poems, Roxbr. Libr. edit. 1869-70, *Epiſtle to the yong Gentlemen.*]

[4] Stowe, *Survey of London*, p. 131, fol. ed.

[5] Who died in 1558. See Dugd. *Bar.* ii. 177.

[6] Margaret. See Dugd. *Bar.* ii. 310.

[7] There is Sir John Cheke's *Epitaphium* in *Anton. Denneium.* Lond. 1551. 4to.

[8] One Philips is mentioned among the famous Engliſh muſicians in Meres' *Wits Treaſurie*, 1598, fol. 288. I cannot aſcertain who this Philips a muſician was. But one Robert Phillips, or Phelipp, occurs among the gentlemen of the royal chapel

the death of a Counteſs of Pembroke, who is celebrated for her learning, *and her perfect virtues linked as in a chaine:* probably Anne, who was buried magnificently at Saint Paul's in 1551, the firſt lady of Sir William Herbert, firſt Earl of Pembroke, and ſiſter to Catharine Parr, the ſixth Queen of Henry the Eighth.[1] Another on *maſter* Henry Williams, ſon of Sir John Williams, afterwards Lord Thame and a great favourite of Henry the Eighth.[2] On the death of Sir James Wilford, an officer in Henry's wars, we have here an elegy with ſome verſes on his picture. Here is alſo a poem on a treaſonable conſpiracy, which is compared to the ſtratagem of Sinon, and which threatened immediate extermination to the Britiſh conſtitution, but was ſpeedily diſcovered. I have not the courage to explore the formidable columns of the circumſtantial Holinſhed for this occult piece of hiſtory, which I leave to the curioſity and conjectures of ſome more laborious inveſtigator. It is certain that none of theſe pieces are later than the year 1557, as they were publiſhed in that year. We may venture to ſay that almoſt all of them were written between the years 1530 and 155[5],[3] moſt of them perhaps within the firſt part of that period.

[Warton commended the elegant ſimplicity of] the following ſtanza on Beauty:

> Then Beauty ſtept before the barre,
> Whoſe breſt and neck was bare;
> With haire truſt up, and on her head
> A caule of golde ſhe ware.

We are to recollect that theſe compliments were penned at a time when the graces of converſation between the ſexes were unknown, and the dialogue of courtſhip was indelicate; when the monarch of England, in a ſtyle which the meaneſt gentleman would now be aſhamed to uſe, pleaded the warmth of his affection by drawing a coarſe alluſion from a preſent of veniſon, which he calls

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under Edward the Sixth and Queen Mary. He was alſo one of the ſinging-men of Saint George's chapel at Windſor: and Fox ſays, "he was ſo *notable* a ſinging-man, wherein he *gloried*, that whereſoever he came, the longeſt ſong with moſt *counterverſes* in it ſhould be ſet up againſt him." Fox adds, that while he was ſinging on one ſide of the choir of Windſor chapel, *O Redemptrix et Salvatrix*, he was anſwered by one Teſtwood a ſinger on the other ſide, *Non Redemptrix nec Salvatrix*. For this irreverence, and a few other ſlight hereſies, Teſtwood was burnt at Windſor. *Acts and Monum.* vol. ii. pp. 543, 544. I muſt add, that Sir Thomas Phelyppis, or Philips, is mentioned as a muſician before the reformation. Hawkins, *Hiſt. Mus.* ii. 533.

[1] Strype, *Mem.* ii. p. 317.

[2] See *Life of Sir Thomas Pope*, p. 232.

[3] There is an epitaph by W. G. made on himſelf, with an anſwer, fol. 98, 99. [Probably theſe two pieces may be attributed to William Gray, as to whom ſee Ritſon's *Bibl. Poet.* in v.; Lemon's *Cat. of the printed Broadſides in the library of the Society of Antiquaries of London*, 1866, pp. 4, 5; and *Handbook of Early Engliſh Literature*, 1867, arts. GRAY and SMYTH (T.).] At fol. 111, a lady, called Arundel, is highly celebrated for her incomparable beauty and accompliſhments: perhaps [ſhe was] of Lord Arundel's family:

> "Thus Arundell ſits throned ſtill with fame," &c.

fleſh, in a love-letter to his future queen Anne Boleyn, a lady of diſtinguiſhed breeding, beauty and modeſty.[1]

In lord Vaux's *Aſſault of Cupide*, above mentioned, theſe are the moſt remarkable ſtanzas:

When Cupide ſcaled firſt the fort,
Wherin my hart lay wounded ſore:
The battry was of ſuch a ſort,
That I muſt yelde or dye therfore.
There ſaw I loue vpon the wall
How he his banner did diſplay:
Alarme alarme he gan to call,
And bad his ſouldiours kepe aray.
The armes the which that Cupide bare,
Were pearced harts with teares beſprent:—
And euen with the trumpets ſowne
The ſcalyng ladders were vp ſet:
And beauty walked vp and downe,
With bow in hand and arrowes whet.
Then firſt deſire began to ſcale,
And ſhrowded him vnder his targe, &c.

[The author of the *Arte of Engliſh Poeſie*] ſpeaks more highly of the contrivance of the allegory of this piece than I can allow. "In this figure [counterfeit action] the lord Nicholas Vaux, a noble gentleman, and much delighted in vulgar making, and a man otherwiſe of no great learning, but having herein a marvelous facillitie, made a dittie repreſenting the Battayle and Aſſault of Cupide ſo excellently well, as for the gallant and propre aplication of his fiction in every part, I cannot chooſe but ſet downe the greateſt part of his ditty, for in truth it cannot be amended; *When Cupid ſcaled*, &c." And in another part of the ſame book: "The lord Vaux his commendation lyeth chiefly in the facilitie of his meetre, and the aptneſſe of his deſcriptions, ſuch as he taketh upon him to make, namely in ſundry of his ſonges, wherein he ſheweth the counterfait action very lively and pleaſantly." By *counterfait action* the critic means fictitious action, the action of imaginary beings expreſſive of fact and reality. There is more poetry in ſome of the old pageants deſcribed by Holinſhed, than in this allegory of Cupid. Vaux ſeems to have had his eye on Dunbar's *Golden Targe*.

In the following little ode, much pretty deſcription and imagination is built on the circumſtance of a lady being named Bayes. So much good poetry could hardly be expected from a pun:

In Bayes I boaſt, whoſe braunch I beare:
Such joye therin I finde,
That to the death I ſhall it weare,
To eaſe my carefull minde.
In heat, in cold, both night and day,
Her vertue may be ſene;
When other frutes and flowers decay,
The Bay yet growes full grene.
Her berries feede the birdes ful oft,
Her leves ſwete water make;

[1] See Hearne's *Aveſbury*, *Append.* p. 354.

Her bowes be ſet in every loſt,
For their ſwete ſavours ſake.
The birdes do ſhrowd them from the cold
In her we dayly ſee:
And men make arbers as they wold
Under the pleaſant tree.

From the ſame collection, the following is perhaps the firſt example in our language now remaining of the pure and unmixed paſtoral, and in the erotic ſpecies, for eaſe of numbers, elegance of rural alluſion and ſimplicity of imagery, excels every thing of the kind in Spenſer, who is erroneouſly ranked as our earlieſt Engliſh bucolic. I therefore hope to be pardoned for the length of the quotation:

Phylida was a fayer mayde,
And freſh as any flowre:
Whom Harpalus the herdman prayed
To be his paramour.
Harpalus and eke Corin
Were herdmen both yfere:[1]
And Phillida could twiſt and ſpinne,
And therto ſing full clere.
But Phillida was all to coy
For Harpalus to winne.
For Corin was her onely ioye,
Who forſt her not a pynne.[2]
How often wold ſhe flowers twine,
How often garlandes make,
Of Couſlippes and of Colombine,
And all for Corins ſake.
But Corin he had haukes to lure,
And forced more the field:[3]
Of louers lawe he toke no cure,
For once he was begilde.
Harpalus preualed nought,
His labour all was loſt:
For he was fardeſt from her thought,
And yet he loued her moſt.
Therfore waxt he both pale and leane,
And drye as clot of clay:
His fleſhe it was conſumed cleane,
His colour gone away.
His beard it had not long be ſhaue,
His heare hong all vnkempt
A man moſt fit euen for the graue,
Whom ſpitefull loue had ſpent.
His eyes were red and all forewatched,[4]
His face beſprent with teares:
It ſemde vnhap had him long hatched
In middes of his diſpayres.
His clothes were blacke and alſo bare,
As one forlorne was he:
Vpon his heade alwaies he ware
A wreath of wilow tree.
His beaſtes he kept vpon the hyll,
And he ſate in the dale:

[1] Together. [2] Loved her not in the leaſt. [3] More engaged in field-ſports.
[4] Over-watched, that is, his eyes were always awake, never cloſed by ſleep.

And thus with ſighes and ſorowes ſhryll
He gan to tell his tale.[1]
O Harpelus, thus would he ſay,
Vnhappieſt vnder ſunne:
The cauſe of thine vnhappy day
By loue was firſt begone.
For thou wenteſt firſt by ſute to ſeke
A Tygre to make tame:
That ſets not by thy loue a leke,
But makes thy greſe her game.
As eaſye it were to conuert
The froſt into the flame:
As for to turne a froward hert
Whom thou ſo fain wouldſt frame.
Corin he liueth carèleſſe,
He leapes among the leaues;
He eates the frutes of thy redreſſe,
Thou reapes, he takes the ſheaues.
My beaſtes, a while your fode refrayne,
And harken your herdmans ſounde:
Whom ſpiteſull loue alas hath ſlaine
Throughgirt[2] with many a wounde.
Oh happy be ye, beaſtes wilde,
That here your paſture takes:
I ſee that ye be not begylde
Of theſe your faithfull makes.
The Hart he fedeth by the Hynde,
The Bucke harde by the Doo:
The Turtle Doue is not vnkinde
To him that loves her ſo.
But well a way that nature wrought
Thee Phillida ſo faire:
For I may ſay, that I haue bought
Thy beauty all to deare! &c.

The illuſtrations, in the two following ſtanzas, of the reſtleſſneſs of a lover's mind deſerve to be cited for their ſimple beauty and native force of expreſſion:

The owle with feble ſight
Lieth lurkyng in the leaues:
The ſparrow in the froſty nyght
May ſhroud her in the eaues.
But wo to me alas,
In ſunne nor yet in ſhade
I can not finde a reſtyng place
My burden to unlade.[3]

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[1] [In the ſcarce poems of David Murray, printed at London in 1611, we find *The Complaint of the ſhepherd Harpalus* written much on this model. It begins,

"Poore Harpalus oppreſt with love
Sate by a chriſtale brooke;
Thinking his ſorrows to remove,
Oft times therein did looke."—*Park.*

*The* (original) *Complaint of Harpalus* was once or twice, if not oftener, printed ſeparately and anonymouſly as a broadſide.]

[2] Pierced through. So fol. 113, *infr.*

"His entrails with a lance *through-girded* quite."

[3] [The turn and texture of theſe ſtanzas would appear to be derived from the Goſpels of St. Matthew and St. Luke, viii. 20, and ix. 58.—*Park.*]

Nor can I omit to notice the ſentimental and expreſſive metaphor contained in a ſingle line:

Walkyng the pathe of penſiue thought.

Perhaps there is more pathos and feeling in the ode, in which *The Lover in deſpaire lamenteth his Caſe*, than in any other piece of the whole collection:

Adieu deſert, how art thou ſpent!
Ah dropping tears, how do ye waſte!
Ah ſcalding ſighes, how ye be ſpent,
To pricke Them forth that will not haſte!
Ah! pained hart, thou gapſt for grace,
Even there, where pitie hath no place.
As eaſy it is the ſtony rocke
From place to place for to remove,
As by thy plaint for to provoke
A froſen hart from hate to love.
What ſhould I ſay? Such is thy lot
To fawne on them that force thee not!
Thus mayſt thou ſafely ſay and ſweare,
That rigour raigneth and ruth doth faile,
In thankleſſe thoughts thy thoughts do weare:
Thy truth, thy faith, may nought availe
For thy good will: why ſhould thou ſo
Still graft, where grace it will not grow?
Alas! pore hart, thus haſt thou ſpent
Thy flowryng time, thy pleaſant yeres?
With ſighing voice wepe and lament,
For of thy hope no frute apperes!
Thy true meanyng is paide with ſcorne,
That ever ſoweth and repeth no corne.
And where thou ſekes a quiet port,
Thou doſt but weigh againſt the winde:
For where thou gladdeſt woldſt reſort,
There is no place for thee aſſinde.
The deſteny hath ſet it ſo,
That thy true hart ſhould cauſe thy wo.

Theſe reflections, reſulting from a retroſpect of the vigorous and active part of life, deſtined for nobler purſuits and unworthily waſted in the tedious and fruitleſs anxieties of unſucceſsful love, are highly natural, and are painted from the heart; but their force is weakened by the poet's alluſions.

This miſcellany affords the firſt pointed Engliſh epigram that I remember, and which deſerves to be admitted into the modern collections of that popular ſpecies of poetry. Sir Thomas More was one of the beſt jokers of that age, and there is ſome probability that this might have fallen from his pen. It is on a ſcholar, who was purſuing his ſtudies ſucceſsfully, but in the midſt of his literary career married unfortunately:

A Student, at his boke ſo plaſt,[1]
That welth he might haue wonne,
From boke to wife did flete in haſt,
From wealth to wo to runne.

[1] So purſuing his ſtudies.

Now, who hath plaied a feater caſt,
Since juglyng firſt begoone?
In knittyng of him ſelfe ſo faſt,
Him ſelfe he hath undoon.

But the humour does not ariſe from the circumſtances of the character. It is a general joke on an unhappy match.

Theſe two lines are ſaid to have been written by Mary queen of Scots with a diamond on a window in Fotheringay caſtle, during her impriſonment there, and to have been of her compoſition:

From the toppe of all my truſt
Miſhap hath throwen me in the duſt.[1]

But they belong to an elegant little ode of ten ſtanzas in the collection before us, in which a lover complains that he is caught by the ſnare which he once defied. The unfortunate queen only quoted a diſtich applicable to her ſituation, which ſhe remembered in a faſhionable ſet of poems, perhaps the amuſement of her youth.

The ode, which is the compariſon of the author's faithful and painful paſſion with that of Troilus, is founded on Chaucer's poem, or Boccacio's, on the ſame ſubject. This was the moſt favourite love-ſtory of our old poetry, and from its popularity was wrought into a drama by Shakeſpeare. Troilus's ſufferings for Creſſida were a common topic for a lover's fidelity and aſſiduity. Shakeſpeare, in his *Merchant of Venice*, compares a night favourable to the ſtratagems or the meditation of a lover, to ſuch a night as Troilus might have choſen, for ſtealing a view of the Grecian camp from the ramparts of Troy:

And ſigh'd his ſoul towards the Grecian tents
Where Creſſid lay that night.

Among theſe poems is a ſhort fragment of a tranſlation into Alexandrines of Ovid's epiſtle from Penelope to Ulyſſes. This is [perhaps] the firſt attempt at a metrical tranſlation of any part of Ovid into Engliſh, for Caxton's Ovid is a looſe paraphraſe in proſe. Nor were the heroic epiſtles of Ovid tranſlated into verſe till [1567] by George Turbervile. It is a proof that the claſſics were ſtudied, when they began to be tranſlated.

It would be tedious and intricate to trace the particular imitations of the Italian poets, with which theſe anonymous poems abound. Two of the ſonnets are panegyrics on Petrarch and Laura, names at that time familiar to every polite reader, and the patterns of poetry and beauty. The ſonnet on *The diverſe and contrarie paſſions of the lover*, is formed on one of Petrarch's ſonnets which, as I have remarked before, was tranſlated by Sir Thomas Wyat. So many of the nobility and principal perſons about the court, writing ſonnets in the Italian ſtyle, is a circumſtance which muſt have greatly contributed to circulate this mode of compoſition, and to en-

[1] See Ballard's *Learn. Lad.* p. 161. [But in the imperial library of St. Peterſburgh it is ſaid that there is a miſſal, with verſes in Queen Mary's hand. See *Current Notes* for Feb. 1854, p. 14.]

courage the ſtudy of the Italian poets. Beſide Lord Surrey, Sir Thomas Wyat, Lord [Rochford], Lord Vaux, and Sir Francis Bryan, already mentioned, Edmund Lord Sheffield, created a baron by King Edward the Sixth, and killed by a butcher in the Norfolk inſurrection, is ſaid by Bale to have written ſonnets in the Italian manner.[1]

I have been informed that [John] Lord Berners tranſlated ſome of Petrarch's ſonnets.[2] But this nobleman otherwiſe deſerved notice here for his proſe works, which co-operated with the romantic genius and the gallantry of the age. He tranſlated, by the king's command, Froiſſart's chronicle, which was printed in 1523. Some of his other tranſlations are profeſſed romances. He tranſlated from the Spaniſh, by deſire of the lady of Sir Nicholas Carew, *The Caſtle of Love*, [which was printed in 12mo about 1530.] From the French he tranſlated, at the requeſt of the Earl of Huntingdon, [*Huon*] *of Bourdeaux*, [which was printed about 1535, and twice afterwards]; and from the ſame language, *The Hiſtory of Arthur*, [*of Little Britain*, of which there is an edition perhaps as old as 1540 in the Library of Lord Spencer.] Bale ſays,[3] that he wrote a comedy called *Ite in vineam, or the Parable of the Vineyard*, which was frequently acted at Calais, where Lord Berners reſided, after veſpers.[4] He died in 1532.

I have alſo been told, that the late Lord Eglintoun had a genuine book of manuſcript ſonnets, written by King Henry the Eighth. There is an old madrigal, ſet to muſic by William Bird, ſuppoſed to be written by Henry when he firſt fell in love with Anne Boleyn.[5] It begins,

> The eagles force ſubdues eche byrde that flyes,
> What metal can reſyſte the flamyng fyre?
> Doth not the ſunne dazle the cleareſte eyes,
> And melt the yce, and make the froſte retyre?

It appears in Bird's *Pſalmes, Songs, and Sonnets*, printed with muſical notes, in 1611.[6] Poetry and muſic are congenial; and it is certain that Henry was ſkilled in muſical compoſition. Eraſmus atteſts that he compoſed ſome church ſervices:[7] and one of his anthems

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[1] See Tanner, *Bibl.* p. 668. Dugd. *Bar.* vol. iii. p. 386. [And Walpole's *Noble Authors*, vol. i. p. 277, edit. 1806; alſo Nevyll's *Letters of Lord Sheffield*, p. 61, 1582.—*Park.*]

[2] MSS. Oldys.

[3] Cent. ix. p. 706.

[4] *Ath. Oxon.* vol. i. p. 33. It is not known, whether it was in Latin or Engliſh. Stow ſays, that in 1528, at Greenwich, after a grand tournament and banquet, there was the "moſt goodlieſt Diſguiſing or Interlude in Latine," &c. *Chron.* p. 539, edit. 1615. But poſſibly this may be Stow's way of naming and deſcribing a comedy of Plautus. [There ſeems to be little doubt that it was. Compare Collier's *Hiſt. Eng. Dram. Poetry*, vol. i. p. 88, where, however, the date given is, by miſtake, 1520.]

[5] I muſt not forget that a ſong is aſcribed to Anne Boleyn, but with little probability, called her *Complaint*. See Hawkins, *Hiſt. Mus.* vol. iii. p. 32, v. 480.

[6] See alſo *Nugæ Antiq.* vol. ii. p. 248. [And it makes part of a ſtanza in Churchyard's *Legend of Jane Shore*.—Park.]

[7] See Hawkins, *Hiſt. Mus.* vol. ii. p. 533.

ſtill continues to be performed in the choir of Chriſt-church at Oxford, of his foundation. It is in an admirable ſtyle, and is for four voices. Henry, although a ſcholar, had little taſte for the claſſical elegancies which now began to be known in England. His education ſeems to have been altogether theological: and, whether it beſt ſuited his taſte or his intereſt, polemical divinity ſeems to have been his favourite ſcience. He was a patron of learned men when they humoured his vanities, and were wiſe enough not to interrupt his pleaſures, his convenience, or his ambition.

## SECTION XLI.

IT will not be ſuppoſed, that all the poets of the reign of Henry the Eighth were educated in the ſchool of Petrarch. The graces of the Italian muſe, which had been taught by Surrey and Wyat, were confined to a few. Nor were the beauties of the claſſics yet become general objects of imitation. There are many writers of this period who ſtill rhymed on in the old proſaic track of their immediate predeceſſors, and never ventured to deviate into the modern improvements. The ſtrain of romantic fiction was loſt; in the place of which they did not ſubſtitute the elegancies newly introduced.

I ſhall conſider together, yet without an exact obſervation of chronological order, the poets of the reign of Henry the Eighth who form this ſubordinate claſs, and who do not bear any mark of the character of the poetry which diſtinguiſhes this period. Yet ſome of theſe have their degree of merit, and if they had not neceſſarily claimed a place in our ſeries, deſerve examination.

Andrew Borde, who writes himſelf Andreas Perforatus, with about as much propriety and as little pedantry as Buchanan calls one Wiſehart Sophocardius, was educated at Wincheſter and Oxford,[1] and is ſaid, I believe on very ſlender proof, to have been phyſician to King Henry the Eighth. His *Breviary of Health*, firſt printed in 1547,[2] is dedicated to the college of phyſicians, into which he had been incorporated. The firſt book of this treatiſe is ſaid to have been examined and approved by the Univerſity of Oxford in 1546.[3]

[1] See his *Introduction to Knowledge*, cap. xxxv.

[2] "Compyled by Andrewe Boorde of Phyſicke Doctoure an Englyſhe man." [This ſeems to have been printed, ſays Herbert, before 1547, by William Myddilton, in 12mo, becauſe therein he mentions his *Introduction to Knowledge* as at that time printing at old Rob. Copland's. But the dedication of that to the Princeſs Mary is dated 3 May 1542, and may be ſuppoſed to have been printed ſoon after, though indeed it has no date of printing. It was printed by Wm. Copland. See *Bibl. Weſt.* No. 1643.—*Park.*]

[3] At the end of which is this Note: "Here endeth the firſt boke Examined in Oxforde in the yere of our Lorde MCCCCCXLVI," &c.

He chiefly practiſed in Hampſhire, and being popiſhly affected, was cenſured by Poynet, a Calviniſtic Biſhop of Wincheſter, for keeping three proſtitutes in his houſe, [whom] he proved to be his patients.[1] He appears to have been a man of great ſuperſtition, and of a weak and whimſical head: and having been once a Carthuſian, continued ever afterwards to profeſs celibacy, to drink water, and to wear a ſhirt of hair. His thirſt of knowledge, diſlike of the reformation, or rather his unſettled diſpoſition, led him abroad into various parts of Europe, which he viſited in the medical character.[2] Wood ſays, that he was "eſteemed a noted poet, a witty and ingenious perſon, and an excellent phyſician." Hearne, who [flattered himſelf that he had] plainly diſcovered the origin of Tom Thumb,[3] is of opinion, that this facetious practitioner in phyſic gave riſe to the name of Merry Andrew, the Fool on the mountebank's ſtage. The reader will not perhaps be diſpleaſed to ſee that antiquary's reaſons for this conjecture: which are at the ſame time a vindication of Borde's character, afford ſome new anecdotes of his life, and ſhow that a Merry Andrew may be a ſcholar and an ingenious man. "It is obſervable that the author [Borde] was as fond of the word 'dolentyd,' as of many other hard and uncooth words, as any Quack can be. He begins his *Breviary of Health*, 'Egregious doctours and Mayſters of the eximious and archane ſcience of Phyſicke, of your urbanite exaſperate not your ſelve,' &c. But notwithſtanding this, will any one from hence infer or aſſert, that the author was either a pedant or a ſuperficial ſcholar? I think, upon due conſideration, he will judge the contrary. Dr. Borde was an ingenious man, and knew how to humour and pleaſe his patients, readers, and auditors. In his travels and viſits he often appeared and ſpoke in public: and would often frequent markets and fairs where a conflux of people uſed to get together, to whom he preſcribed; and to induce them to flock thither the more readily, he would make humorous ſpeeches, couched in ſuch language as cauſed mirth, and wonderfully propagated his fame: and 'twas for the ſame end that he made uſe of ſuch expreſſions in his Books, as would otherwiſe (the circumſtances not conſidered) be very juſtly pronounced bombaſt. As he was verſed in antiquity, he had words at command from old writers with which to amuſe his hearers, which could not fail of pleaſing, provided he added at the ſame time ſome remarkable explication. For inſtance, if he told them that Λεκάδης was an old braſs medal among the Greeks, the oddneſs of the word, would, without doubt, gain attention; tho nothing near ſo much, as if withall he ſignified, that 'twas a braſs medal a little bigger than an Obolus, that uſed to be put in the mouths of perſons that were dead. And withall, 'twould affect them

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[1] See *Againſt Martin*, &c., p. 48.

[2] ["I have gone round Chriſtendome and overthwart Chriſtendome," ſays Borde in his *Dietarie of Health*.—Park.]

[3] See *Reliquiæ Hearnianæ*, ed. 1857, p. 822; and *Remains of the Early Popular Poetry of England*, vol. ii. p. 168.]

the more, if when he ſpoke of ſuch a braſs medal, he ſignified to them, that braſs was in old time looked upon as more honourable than other metals, which he might ſafely enough do, from Homer and his ſcholiaſt. Homer's words are, &c. A paſſage, which without doubt Hieronymus Magius would have taken notice of in the fourteenth chapter of his book *De Tintinnabulis*, had it occurred to his memory when in priſon he was writing, without the help of books before him, that curious Diſcourſe. 'Twas from the Doctor's method of uſing ſuch ſpeeches at markets and fairs, that in after-times thoſe that imitated the like humorous, jocoſe language, were ſtyled Merry Andrews, a term much in vogue on our ſtages."[1]

He is ſuppoſed to have compiled or compoſed the *Merry Tales of the mad men of Gotham* which, as we are told by Wood, "in the reign of Henry the Eighth, and after, was accounted a book full of wit and mirth by ſcholars and gentlemen."[2] This piece, which probably was not without its temporary ridicule, and which yet maintains a popularity in the nurſery, was, I think, firſt printed by Wynkyn de Worde. Hearne was of opinion, that theſe idle pranks of the men of Gotham, a town in Lincolnſhire,[3] bore a reference to ſome cuſtomary law-tenures belonging to that place or its neighbourhood, now grown obſolete; and that Blount might have enriched his book on *Antient Tenures* with theſe ludicrous ſtories. He is ſpeaking of the political deſign of *Reynard the Fox*, printed by Caxton. "It was an admirable thing. And the deſign being political, and to repreſent a wiſe government, was equally good. So little reaſon is there to look upon this as a poor deſpicable book. Nor is there more reaſon to eſteem *The Merry Tales of the mad Men of Gotham* (which was much valued and cried up in Henry the Eighth's time tho now ſold at ballad-ſingers ſtalls) as altogether a romance: a certain ſkillfull perſon having told me more than once, that he was aſſured by one of Gotham, that they formerly held lands there, by ſuch Sports and Cuſtoms as are touched upon in this book. For which reaſon, I think particular notice ſhould have been taken of it in Blount's *Tenures*, as I do not doubt but there would, had that otherwiſe curious author been appriſed of the matter. But 'tis ſtrange to ſee the changes that have been made in the book of *Reynard the Fox* from the original edition!"[4]

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[1] Hearne's *Benedict. Abb.* tom. i.; *Præfat.* p. 50, edit. 1735.

[2] *Ath. Oxon.* vol. i. p. 74. There is an edition in duodecimo by Henry Wikes, without date, but about 1568, entitled, *Merie Tales of the madmen of Gotam, gathered together by A. B. of phyſicke doctour.* The oldeſt [edition now traceable is that of 1630, mentioned by Warton, and reprinted in *Old Engliſh Jeſt-Books*, vol. iii. The edition by Wykes is unknown; but Mr. Halliwell, in his *Popular Engliſh Hiſtories*, p. 71, refers to one by Thomas Colwell.]

[3] But ſee *Suſſex Archæological Collections*, vol. vi., and Wright's *Early Myſteries*, &c., 1838, p. 93 *et ſeqq.* In Chappell's *Roxburghe Ballads*, 1869, pp. 105-6, and in *Old Engliſh Jeſt-Books*, 1864, vol. iii. Addit. Notes, p. 1, proof ſeems to be furniſhed that the common printed collection does not embrace all the pleaſantries which were once current on this ſubject.]

[4] Hearne's *Not. et Spicileg. ad Gul. Neubrig.* vol. iii. p. 744. See alſo *Benedict. Abb.* ut ſupr p. 54.

Borde's chief work is entitled, *The fyrſt Boke of the Introduction of Knowledge, the which doth teache a man to ſpeake parte of al maner of Languages, and to knowe the vſage and faſhion of al maner of coũtreys. And for to knowe the moſte parte of al maner of Coynes of money, y^e^ whych is curraunt in every region. Made by Andrew Borde of Phiſicke Doctor.* It was printed [about 1545], and is dedicated to the Princeſs Mary, from Montpelier, in the year 1542. The book, containing thirty-nine chapters, is partly in verſe and partly in proſe; [and has a few woodcuts of not very remarkable execution.] The firſt [chapter] is a ſatire, as it appears, on the fickle nature of an Engliſhman: the ſymbolical print prefixed to this chapter, exhibiting a naked man with a pair of ſheers in one hand and a roll of cloth in the other, not determined what ſort of a coat he ſhall order to be made, has more humour than any of the verſes which follow.[1] Nor is the poetry deſtitute of humour only, but of every embelliſhment both of metrical arrangement and of expreſſion. Borde has all the baldneſs of alluſion and barbarity of verſification, belonging to Skelton, without his ſtrokes of ſatire and ſeverity. The following lines, part of the Engliſhman's ſpeech, will not prejudice the reader in his favour:

What do I care, yf all the worlde me fayle?
I wyll get a garment ſhal reche to my tayle.
Than I am a minion,[2] for I were the new gyſe,
The yere after this I truſt to be wyſe
Not only in wering my gorgious aray,
For I wyl go to learnyng a hoole ſomers day.

In the ſeventh chapter, he gives a fantaſtic account of his travels,[3] and owns that his metre deſerves no higher appellation than "ryme dogrell." But this delineation of the fickle Engliſhman is perhaps to be reſtricted to the circumſtances of the author's age, without a reſpect to the national character: and as Borde was a rigid Catholic, there is a probability, notwithſtanding in other places he treats of natural diſpoſitions, that a ſatire is deſigned on the laxity of principle and revolutions of opinion which prevailed at the reformation, and the eaſy compliance of many of his changeable countrymen with a new religion for lucrative purpoſes.

I tranſcribe the character of the Welſhman, chiefly becauſe he ſpeaks of his harp:—

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[1] Harriſon, in his *Deſcription of England*, having mentioned this work by Borde, adds, "Suche is our mutabilitie, that to daie there is none [equal] to the Spaniſh guiſe, to morrow the French toies are moſt fine and delectable, yer [ere] long no ſuch apparel as that which is after the Almaine faſhion: by and by the Turkiſh maner otherwiſe the Moriſco gowns, the Barbarian ſleves, the mandilion worne to Collie Weſton ward, and the ſhorte French breeches," &c. B. ii. ch. 9, p. 172.

[2] [A young faſhionable courtier. See a print of French *mignons* in Montfauçon's *Antiquities*.—Aſhby.]

[3] Prefixed to which, is a wooden cut of the author Borde, ſtanding in a ſort of pew or ſtall, under a canopy, habited in an academical gown, a laurel-crown on his head, with a book before him on a deſk. [It is ſtrange that Warton ſhould not have recogniſed the identity of this print with the pretended portrait of Skelton attached to one or two of his works.]

I am a Welſhman, and do dwel in Wales,
I haue loued to ſerche budgets, & looke in males:
I loue not to labour, nor to delve, nor to dyg,
My fyngers be lymed lyke a lyme twyg,
And wherby ryches I do not greatly ſet,
Syth all hys fyſſhe that commeth to the net.
I am a gentylman, and come of brutes blood,
My name is ap Ryce, ap Dauy, ap Flood:
I loue our Lady, for I am of hyr kynne,
He that doth not loue hyr, I beſhrew his chynne.
My kyndred is ap Hoby, ap Jenkin, ap Goffe.
Bycauſe I go barlegged, I do cach the coffe.
And if I do go barlegged it is for no pryde.
I haue a gray cote my body for to hyde.
I do loue *cawſe boby*,[1] good roſted cheeſe,
And ſwyſſhe ſwaſhe metheglyn I toke for my fees.
And yf I haue my harpe, I care for no more,
It is my treaſure, I kepe it in ſtore.
For my harpe is made of a good mares ſkyn,
The ſtringes be of horſe heare, it maketh a good din.
My ſonge, and my voyce, and my harpe doth agree,
Much lyke the buſſing of an homble be:
Yet in my countrey I do make good paſtyme
In tellyng of prophyces which be not in ryme.[2]

I have before mentioned [the] *Hiſtory of the Mylner of Abington*, a meagre epitome of Chaucer's *Miller's Tale*. In a blank leaf of the Bodleian copy, this tale is ſaid by Thomas Newton of Cheſhire, an elegant Latin epigrammatiſt of the reign of Queen Elizabeth, to have been written by Borde. He is alſo ſuppoſed to have publiſhed a collection of ſilly ſtories called *Scogin's Jeſts* [which, in an edition of 1626, are ſeventy-eight] in number. Perhaps Shakeſpeare took his idea from this jeſt-book, that Scogan was a mere buffoon, where he ſays that Falſtaff, as a juvenile exploit, "broke Scogan's head at the court-gate."[3] Nor have we any better authority than this publication by Borde, that Scogan was a graduate in the univerſity, and a jeſter to a king.[4] Hearne, at the end of Benedictus Abbas, has printed

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[1] See *A. C. Mery Talys*, 1526, No. 26 (*Old Engliſh Jeſt Books*, 1864, vol. i. p. 104).

[2] Ch. ii. In the proſe deſcription of Wales he ſays, there are many beautiful and ſtrong caſtles ſtanding yet. "The caſtels and the Countre of Wales, and ye people of Wales, be muche lyke to the Caſtels and the countrey and ye people of Caſtyle and Biſcay." In deſcribing Gaſcony, he ſays that at Bordeaux, "in ye cathedrall Church of ſaint Andreus, is ye faireſt and the greteſt payer of Orgyns [organs] in al chryſtendom, in the whyche Orgins be many inſtrumentes and vyces [devices] as Giants heds and ſterres, ye which doth moue and wagge with their iawes & eis as faſt as ye player playeth." ch. xxiii.

[3] Sec. P. Hen. iv. act iii. ſc. ii.

[4] It is hard to ſay whence Jonſon got his account of Scogan, *Maſque of the Fortunate Iſles*:

"*Merefool.* Skogan? What was he?
"*Johphiel.* O, a fine gentleman, and a Maſter of Arts
Of Henry the Fourth's time, that made diſguiſes
For the king's ſons, and writ in balad-royal
Daintily well.
"*Merefool.* But wrote he like a gentleman?
"*Johphiel.* In rhyme, fine tinkling rhyme, and flowand verſe,

Borde's *Itinerary*, as it may be called; which is little more than a ſtring of names, but is quoted by Norden in his *Speculum Britanniæ*.[1] Borde's circulatory peregrinations, in the quality of a quack-doctor, might have furniſhed more ample materials for an Engliſh topography. Beſide the *Breviary of Health* mentioned above, and which was approved by the Univerſity of Oxford, Borde has left [*A Prognoſtication and a Calendar*, (printed on broadſheets about 1540),] the *Dietarie of Health* and the [*Pryncyples of Aſtronomye*,]: which are proofs of attention to his profeſſion, and ſhow that he could ſometimes be ſerious; [and perhaps we ought to add to this liſt the *Merie Tales of Skelton*]. But Borde's name would not have been now remembered, had he written only profound ſyſtems in medicine and aſtronomy. He is known to poſterity as a buffoon, not as a philoſopher. Yet, I think ſome of his aſtronomical tracts have been epitomiſed and bound up with Erra Pater's Almanacks.

Of Borde's numerous books, the only one [beſide his moſt curious *Introduction of knowledge*] that can afford any degree of entertainment to the modern reader, is the *Dyetary of Helth* where, giving directions as a phyſician, concerning the choice of houſes, diet and apparel, and not ſuſpecting how little he ſhould inſtruct, and how much he might amuſe, a curious poſterity, he has preſerved many anecdotes of the private life, cuſtoms, and arts, of our anceſtors.[2] This work [of which at leaſt three editions proceeded from the preſs of Robert Wyer, without date, but about 1542,] is dedicated to Thomas Duke of Norfolk, lord treaſurer under Henry the Eighth. In the dedication [Borde] ſpeaks of his being called in as phyſician to Sir [Robert] Drewry, the year when Cardinal Wolſey was promoted to York; but that he did not chooſe to preſcribe without conſulting Doctor Buttes, the king's phyſician. He apologiſes to the

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With now and then ſome ſenſe; and he was paid for't,
Regarded and rewarded, which few poets
Are now adays."

See Tyrwhitt's *Chaucer*, vol. v. *An Account*, &c. p. xx. Drayton, in the Preface to his *Eclogues*, ſays, "the *Colin Clout of Skoggan* under Henry the Seventh is pretty." He muſt mean Skelton. [See *Old Engliſh Jeſt Books*, 1864, vol ii. Pref. to *Scogin's Jeſts*.]

[1] [*Spec. Brit.* 1593, p. 13.]

[2] In his rules for building or planning a houſe, he ſuppoſes a quadrangle. The gate-houſe, or tower, to be exactly oppoſite to the portico of the hall. The privy chamber to be annexed to the chamber of ſtate. A parlour joining to the buttery and pantry at the lower end of the hall. The paſtry-houſe and larder annexed to the kitchen. Many of the chambers to have a view into the chapel. In the outer quadrangle to be a ſtable, but only for horſes of pleaſure. The ſtables, dairy, and ſlaughter-houſe, to be a quarter of a mile from the houſe. The moat to have a ſpring falling into it, and to be often ſcoured. An orchard of ſundry fruits is convenient; but he rather recommends a garden filled with aromatic herbs. In the garden a pool or two for fiſh. A park filled with deer and conies. "A Douehowſe alſo is a neceſſary thyng aboute a manſyon-place. And, amonge other thynges, a Payre of Buttes is a decent thynge aboute a manſyon. And otherwhyle, for a great man neceſſary it is for to paſſe his tyme with bowles in an aly, whan all this is fynyſhed, and the manſyon replenyſhed with implements." Ch. iv. ſign. C ii. *verſo*. Dedication dated [5 May,] 1542.

duke for not writing in the ornate phraſeology now generally affected. He alſo hopes to be excuſed for uſing in his writings ſo many "wordes of myrth": but this, he ſays, was only to make your grace mery, and becauſe mirth has ever been eſteemed the beſt medicine. Borde muſt have had no ſmall ſhare of vanity who could think thus highly of his own pleaſantry. And to what a degree of taſte and refinement muſt our ancient dukes and lords treaſurers have arrived, who could be exhilarated by the witticiſms and the lively language of this facetious philoſopher?

John Bale, a tolerable Latin claſſic, and an eminent biographer, before his converſion from popery and his advancement to the biſhopric of Oſſory by King Edward the Sixth, compoſed many ſcriptural interludes, chiefly from incidents of the New Teſtament. They are [*A brefe Comedy or Enterlude of Iohan Baptiſtes preachynge in the wilderneſſe, with the gloryouſe Baptyme of the Lorde Jeſus Chriſt.* Compyled by Johan Bale, anno M.D. XXXVIII.[1] *A brefe Comedy, or enterlude, concernynge the temptacyon of our Lorde and Sauer Jeſus Chriſt, by Sathan in the deſart.* Compyled by Johan Bale, anno M.D. XXXVIII.]. *The Reſurrection of Lazarus. The Council of the High-prieſts. Simon the Leper. Our Lord's Supper, and the Waſhing of the feet of his Diſciples. Chriſt's Burial and Reſurrection. The Paſſion of Chriſt.* [*A Comedye concernynge*] *three Laws of nature, Moſes, and Chriſt, corrupted by the Sodomites, Phariſees, and Papiſts,* printed by Nicholas Bamburgh [about] 1538: and reprinted in 1562.[2] *God's Promiſes to Man,* [written and probably printed in 1538].[3]

Bale's comedy of *The Three Laws* is commonly ſuppoſed to be a Myſtery, and merely doctrinal: but it is a ſatirical play againſt popery, and perhaps the firſt of the kind in our language. I have mentioned it in general terms before under Bale as a poet; but I reſerved a more particular notice of it for this place. It has theſe directions about the dreſſes, the firſt I remember to have ſeen, which ſhew the ſcope and ſpirit of the piece. Signat. G. "The apparellynge of the ſix Vyces or frutes of Infydelyte.—Let Idolatry be decked lyke an olde wytche, Sodomy lyke a monke of all ſectes, Ambycyon lyke a byſhop, Covetouſneſſe lyke a Phariſee or ſpyrituall lawer, Falſe Doctrine lyke a popyſh doctour, and Hypocreſy lyke a graye fryre. The reſt of the partes are eaſye ynough to conjecture." A ſcene in the ſecond act is thus opened by Infidelitas.—"Poſt cantionem, Infidelitas alta voce dicat, Oremus. Omnipotens ſempiterne Deus, qui ad imaginem et ſimilitudinem noſtram formaſti laicos, da, quæſumus, ut ſicut eorum ſudoribus vivimus, ita eorum uxoribus, filiabus, et domicellis perpetuo frui mereamur, per dominum noſtrum Papam."

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[1] [See Harleian Miſcell. (1808), vol. i.—*Park.*]

[2] At the end is *A Song of Benedictus*, compiled by Johan Bale.

[3] [The firſt edition, which was unknown to Warton, was evidently printed abroad. There is no place or printer's name: on the title page occurs: "Compyled by Johan Bale. Anno Domini, M.D. xxxvjjj."]

Bale, a clergyman, and at length a biſhop in Ireland, ought to have known, that this profane and impious parody was more offenſive and injurious to true religion than any part of the miſſal which he means to ridicule. Infidelity then begins in Engliſh verſe a converſation with Lex Moyſis, containing the moſt low and licentious obſcenity, which I am aſhamed to tranſcribe, concerning the words of a Latin *anteme*, between an old "fryre," or friar, with ſpectacles on "hys noſe," and dame Iſabel an old nun, who crows like a capon. This is the moſt tolerable part of Infidelity's dialogue. Signat. C iiij.

It was a good world, when we had ſech wholſome ſtoryes
Preached in our churche, on ſondayes and other feryes;
With us was it merye
When we went to Berye,
And to our Lady of Grace:
To the Bloud of Hayles
Where no good chere fayles,
And other holye place.

When the preſts myght walke,
And with yonge wyves talke,
Then had we chyldren plentye;
Then cuckoldes myght leape
A ſcore on a heape,
Now is there not one to twentye.

When the monkes were fatte, &c.

In another place the old philoſophy is ridiculed. Signat. E v. Where Hypocriſy ſays,

And I wyll rays up in the unyverſitees
The ſeven ſleepers there, to advance the popes decrees:
As Dorbel, and Duns, Durande, and Thomas of Aquyne,
The Maſtre of Sentens, with Bachon the great devyne:
Henricus de Gandavo: and theſe ſhall read *ad Clerum*
Ariſtotle and Albert *de ſecretis mulierum;*
With the commentaryes of Avicen and Averoyes, &c.

Our author, in his *Vocacyon to the Biſhoprick of Oſſory*, informs us that his Comedy of *John the Baptiſt* and his Tragedy of *God's Promiſes* were acted by the youths upon a Sunday at the market croſs of Kilkenny.[1] What ſhall we think of the ſtate, I will not ſay of the ſtage, but of common ſenſe, when theſe deplorable dramas could be endured of an age when the Bible was profaned and ridiculed from a principle of piety? He is ſaid by himſelf to have written a book of hymns and another of jeſts and tales, and to have tranſlated the tragedy of *Pammachius*,[2] the ſame perhaps which was acted at Chriſt's College in Cambridge in 1544, and afterwards laid before the privy council as a libel on the reformation.[3] A low vein of abuſive burleſque, which had more virulence than humour, ſeems to have been one of Bale's talents: two of his pamphlets againſt the papiſts, all of whom he conſidered as monks, are entitled

[1] Fol. 24. [Still acted at the market-croſs of Bury, but not on a Sunday.—*Aſhby* (1824).]
[2] Cent. viii. p. 702. And Verheiden, p. 149.
[3] Bale ſays, "Pammachii tragœdias tranſtuli."

the *Maſs of the Gluttons*, and the *Alcoran of the Prelates*. Next to expoſing the impoſtures of popery, literary hiſtory was his favourite purſuit: and his moſt celebrated performance is his account of the Britiſh writers. But this work, perhaps originally undertaken by Bale as a vehicle of his ſentiments in religion, is not only full of miſrepreſentations and partialities ariſing from his religious prejudices, but of general inaccuracies proceeding from negligence or miſinformation. Even thoſe more ancient lives which he tranſcribes from Leland's commentary on the ſame ſubject, are often interpolated with falſe facts, and impertinently marked with a miſapplied zeal for reformation. He is angry with many authors, who flouriſhed before the thirteenth century, for being catholics. He tells us that Lord Cromwell frequently ſcreened him from the fury of the more bigoted biſhops, on account of the comedies he had publiſhed.[1] But whether plays in particular or other compoſitions are here to be underſtood by comedies, is uncertain.

Brian Anſlay, or Anneſley, yeoman of the wine cellar to Henry the Eighth about the year 1520, tranſlated a popular French poem into Engliſh rhymes, at the exhortation of the gentle earl of Kent, called the [*boke of the Cyte of Ladyes*],[2] in three books. It was printed in 1521 by Henry Pepwell, whoſe prologue prefixed begins with theſe unpromiſing lines:—

> So now of late came into my cuſtode
> This forſeyde book, by Brian Anſlay,
> Yeoman of the ſeller with the eight king Henry.

Another tranſlator of French into Engliſh, much about the ſame time, is Andrew Chertſey. [In 1508 had appeared, *The paſſion of our lord ieſu chriſte, wythe the contemplatiõs. Her begynnythe ye paſſion of dar ſeygneur, Ieſu chryſte from ye reſuſcytaciõ of lazarus, and to thende tranſlatet owt of frẽche ynto englyſche, the yer of dar lorde. M.v.c.* viij. This was printed apparently abroad at the requeſt of Henry the Seventh, and in 1520 another verſion, perhaps founded on this which was very rude and inexact, was made by Andrew Chertſey (as it is ſuppoſed), and divided into four-and-twenty chapters, each of which has verſes by Robert Copland who, at the end, added an *Invocation* in thirty eight-line ſtanzas. The work is in verſe and proſe, and was printed by W. de Worde in 1521 and 1532.][3] I will give two ſtanzas of Robert Copland's prologue, as it records the diligence, and ſome other performances, of this [moſt indefatigable and prolific] writer:—[4]

> The godly vſe of prudent wytted men
> Cannot abſteyn theyr auncyent exerciſe.
> Recorde of late how beſiley with his pen
> The tranſlator of the ſayd treatyſe

[1] "Ob editas Comœdias." *Ubi ſupr.*

[2] [Mr. Ellis conjectures this to be a tranſlation of the "Treſor de la Cité des Dames," by Chriſtine de Piſe. Hiſt. Sketch, vol. ii. p. 20.—*Park.*]

[3] [The beſt account of Robert Copland's works will be found in *Remains of the Early Pop. Poetry of England*, vol. iv. pp. 20-22.]

[4] [See *Remains of Early Popular Poetry of England*, vol. iv. pp. 17-22, and *Handb. of E. E. Lit.* Art. COPLAND.]

Hath him indeaured, in moſt godly wyſe,
Bokes to tranſlate, in volumes large and fayre,
From French in proſe, of gooſtly examplayre.
As is the *floure of Gods commaundements*,
A treatyſe alſo called *Lucydarye*,
With two other of the *ſeuyn ſacraments*,
One of *criſten men the ordinary*,
The ſeconde *the craft to lyue well and to dye*.
With dyuers other to mannes lyfe profytable,
A vertuoſe uſe and ryght commendable.

The *Floure of Gods Commaundements* was printed in 1521. A print of the [tranſlator's] arms, with the name Chertſey, is added. The *Lucydayre* is tranſlated from a favourite old French poem called *Li Luſidaire*. This is a tranſlation of the *Elucidarium*, a large work in dialogue, containing the ſum of Chriſtian theology, by ſome attributed to Anſelm Archbiſhop of Canterbury in the twelfth century.[1] Chertſey's other verſions, mentioned in Copland's prologue, are from old French manuals of devotion, now equally forgotten. Such has been the fate of volumes fair and large! Some of theſe verſions have been given to George Aſhby, clerk of the ſignet to Margaret, queen of Henry the Sixth, who wrote a moral poem for the uſe of their ſon Prince Edward on the Active policy of a prince, finiſhed in the author's eightieth year. The prologue begins with a compliment to "Maiſters Gower, Chaucer, and Lydgate," a proof of the eſtimation which that celebrated triumvirate ſtill continued to maintain. I believe it was never printed. But a copy, with a ſmall mutilation at the end, remains among Biſhop More's manuſcripts at Cambridge.[2]

In the diſperſed library of the late Mr. William Collins, I ſaw a thin folio of two ſheets in black letter, containing a poem in the octave ſtanza, entitled Fabyls *Ghoſte*, printed by John Raſtell in the year 1533. The piece is of no merit; and I ſhould not perhaps have mentioned it, but as the ſubject ſerves to throw light on our early drama. Peter Fabell, whoſe apparition ſpeaks in this poem, was called The Merry Devil of Edmonton, near London. He lived in the reign of Henry the Seventh, and was buried in the church of Edmonton. Weever ſays that in [Edmonton] church "lieth interred vnder a ſeemlie Tombe without Inſcription, the body of Peter Fabell (as the report goes) vpon whom this fable was fathered, that he by his wittie deuiſes beguiled the deuill: belike he was ſome ingenious conceited gentleman, who did vſe ſome ſleightie trickes for his owne diſports. He liued and died in the raigne of *Henry* the ſeuenth, ſaith the booke of his merry pranks."[3] The book of Fabell's *Merry Pranks* I have never ſeen. But there is an old anonymous comedy, written in the reign of James the Firſt, which took its riſe

[1] [The Harleian catalogue mentions "A Lytell Treatyſe, intytuled or named the *Lucydary*, good and profitable for every well-diſpoſed perſon." Printed by W. Caxton, without date, 4to. A later edit. by W. de Worde is in the Britiſh Muſeum.]

[2] MSS. More, 492. It begins, "Right (high) and myghty prince and my ryght good lorde."

[3] *Ancient Funerall Monuments*, 1631, p. 534.

from this merry magician. It was printed in [1608,] and is called the *Merry Devil of Edmonton.* In the Prologue Fabell is introduced, reciting his own hiſtory:[1]

Tis Peter Fabell a renowned ſcholler,
Whoſe fame hath ſtill beene hitherto forgot
By all the writers of this latter age.
In Middle-ſex his birth, and his aboade,
Not full ſeauen mile from this great famous citty:
That, for his fame in ſlights and magicke won,
Was cald the Merry Fiend of Edmonton.
If any heere make doubt of ſuch a name,
In Edmonton yet freſh vnto this day,
Fixt in the wall of that old ancient church
His monument remaineth to be ſeene:
His memory yet in the mouths of men,
That whilſt he liu'd he could deceiue the deuill.
Imagine now, that whilſt he is retirde,
From Cambridge backe vnto his natiue home,
Suppoſe the ſilent ſable viſag'd night
Caſts her blacke curtaine ouer all the world,
And whilſt he ſleepes within his ſilent bed,
Toyl'd with the ſtudies of the paſſed day:
The very time and howre wherein that ſpirite
That many yeares attended his command,
And oftentimes 'twixt Cambridge and that towne
Had in a minute borne him through the ayre,
By compoſition 'twixt the fiend and him,
Comes now to claime the ſcholler for his due.
Behold him here laid on his reſtleſſe couch, [*draw the curtain.*
His fatall chime prepared at his head,
His chamber guarded with theſe ſable ſlights,
And by him ſtands that necromantick chaire,
In which he makes his direfull inuocations,
And binds the fiends that ſhall obey his will.
Sit with a pleaſed eye, vntill you know
The commicke end of our ſad tragique ſhow.

The play is without abſurdities, and the author was evidently an attentive reader of Shakeſpeare. It has nothing, except the machine of the chime, in common with *Fabyll's Ghoſte.* Fabell is mentioned in our chronicle-hiſtories, and, from his dealings with the devil, was commonly ſuppoſed to be a friar.[2]

In the year 1537, Wilfrid Holme, a gentleman of Huntington in Yorkſhire, wrote a poem called *The Fall and evil Succeſs of Rebellion.* It is a dialogue between England and the author, on the commotions raiſed in the northern counties on account of the reformation in 1537, under Cromwell's adminiſtration. It was printed in [1572 and again in 1573]. Alliteration is here carried to the moſt ridiculous exceſs: and from the conſtraint of adhering inviolably to an identity of initials, from an affectation of coining prolix words from the Latin, and from a total ignorance of proſodical harmony, the

[1] [Dodſley's *Old Plays*, edit. 1825, v. pp. 223-4.]
[2] See alſo Norden's *Speculum Britanniæ*, written [before] 159[3]. Middleſex, p. 18. And Fuller's *Worthies*, p. 186; edit. 1662.

author has produced one of the moſt obſcure, rough, and unpleaſing pieces of verſification in our language. He ſeems to have been a diſciple of Skelton. The poem, probably from its political reference, is mentioned by Holinſhed.[1] Bale, who overlooks the author's poetry in his piety, thinks he has learnedly and perſpicuouſly diſcuſſed the abſurdities of Popery.

One Charles Banſley, about the year [1550] wrote a [*Treatyſe ſhewing and Declaring the Pryde and Abuſe of Women now a dayes.*[2]] I know not if the firſt line will tempt the reader to ſee more:

Bo pepe, what have we ſpyed!

Of equal reputation is Chriſtopher Goodwin, who wrote the *Maydens Dreme*, a viſion without imagination, printed in 1542,[3] and *The Chance of the dolorus Lover*, a lamentable ſtory without pathos, printed in 1520.[4] With theſe two may be ranked [Thomas] Feylde or Field, author of *A Contrauerſye bytwene a Lover and a Faye.*[5] The prologue begins

Thoughe laureate poetes in olde antyquyte.

One John Hooker, fellow of Magdalene College, Oxford, in 1535 wrote a comedy called by Wood *Piſcator, or The Fiſher caught.*[6] But as latinity ſeems to have been his object, I ſuſpect this comedy to have been in latin, and to have been acted by the youth of his college.

The fanaticiſms of chemiſtry ſeem to have remained at leaſt till the diſſolution of the monaſteries. [Miles][7] Blomefield, otherwiſe Rattleſden, born [in 1525] at Bury in Suffolk, bachelor in phyſic and a monk of Bury-abbey, was an adventurer in queſt of the philoſopher's ſtone. While a monk of Bury, as I preſume, he wrote a metrical chemical tract, entitled *Blomefield's Bloſſoms, or the Campe of Philoſophy.* It is a viſion, and in the octave ſtanza. It [is erroneouſly ſaid to have been] originally written in the year 1530, [in] a manuſcript that I have ſeen: but in the copy printed by Aſhmole,[8] which has ſome few improvements and additional ſtanzas, our author ſays he began to dream in 1557.[9] He is admitted into the camp of philoſophy by Time, through a ſuperb gate which has twelve locks. Juſt within the entrance were aſſembled all the true philoſophers from Hermes and Ariſtotle down to Roger Bacon and the canon of Bridlington. Detached at ſome diſtance, appear thoſe unſkilful but ſpecious pre-

[1] Chron. iii. p. 978.
[2] [Reprinted entire in *Rem. of the E. P. P. of England*, vol. iv.]
[3] In 4to. Pr. "Behold you young ladies of high parentage."
[4] In 4to. Pr. "Upon a certain tyme as it befell."
[5] [Twice printed by W. de Worde, without date, 4to.]
[6] *Ath. Oxon.* i. 60. [Warton, who mentions the Tragedy of *Dido* by John Rightwiſe elſewhere, introduced it over again here as the production of Edward Halliwell, on the unſupported teſtimony of Hatcher. See Dyce's *Marlowe*, 1850, vol. i. p. xli.]
[7] [He was the ſon of John and Anne Bloomfield of that place. See Sir F. Madden's edit. of *Geſta Romanorum*, 1838, xvi.]
[8] See Stanz. 5.
[9] See Aſhmole's *Theatrum Chemicum*, pp. 305. 478.

tenders to the tranſmutation of metals, lame, blind, and emaciated, by their own pernicious drugs and injudicious experiments, who defrauded King Henry the Fourth of immenſe treaſures by a counterfeit elixir. Among other wonders of this myſterious region, he ſees the tree of philoſophy, which has fifteen different buds, bearing fifteen different fruits. Afterwards Blomefield, turning Proteſtant, did not renounce his chemiſtry with his religion, for he appears to have dedicated to Queen Elizabeth another ſyſtem of occult ſcience, entitled, *The Rule of Life, or the fifth Eſſence*, with which her majeſty muſt have been highly edified.[1]

Although Lord Surrey and ſome others ſo far deviated from the dulneſs of the times, as to copy the Italian poets, the ſame taſte does not ſeem to have uniformly influenced all the nobility of the court of King Henry the Eighth, who were fond of writing verſes. Henry Parker, Lord Morley, who died an old man in the latter end of that reign, was educated in the beſt literature which our univerſities afforded. Bale mentions his *Tragedies and Comedies*, which I ſuſpect to be nothing more than grave myſteries and moralities, and which probably would not now have been loſt, had they deſerved to live. He mentions alſo his *Rhymes*, which I will not ſuppoſe to have been imitations of Petrarch.[2] Wood ſays, that "his younger years were adorned with all kinds of ſuperficial learning, eſpecially with dramatic poetry, and his elder with that which was divine."[3] It is a ſtronger proof of his piety than his taſte, that he ſent, as a new year's gift to the Princeſs Mary, Hampole's *Commentary upon the ſeven penitential Pſalms.* The manuſcript, with his epiſtle prefixed, is in the royal manuſcripts of the Britiſh Muſeum.[4] Many of Morley's tranſlations, being dedicated either to King Henry the Eighth, or to the Princeſs Mary, are preſerved in manuſcript in the ſame royal repoſitory.[5] They are chiefly from Solomon, Seneca, Eraſmus, Athanaſius, Anſelm, Thomas Aquinas, and Paulus Jovius. The authors he tranſlated ſhow his track of reading. But we ſhould not forget his attention to the claſſics, and that he tranſlated alſo Tully's *Dream of Scipio*, and three or four lives of Plutarch, although not immediately from the Greek.[6] He ſeems to have been a rigid Catholic, retired and ſtudious. His declaration or paraphraſe on the ninety-fourth Pſalm was printed in 1539. A theological commentary by a

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[1] MSS. More, autograph. 430. Pr. "Althoughe, moſt redoubted, ſuffran lady." See Fox, *Martyr.* i. p. 479. [Blomefield was not a very old man when Elizabeth came to the throne. The *Book of Quinte Eſſence, or the fifth Being*, edited by Mr. Furnivall, 1866, is a different production altogether, and is in proſe. See Ritſon's *Bibl. Poet.* pp. 133-4.]

[2] *Script. Brit.* par. p. ſt. 103. [3] *Ath. Oxon.* vol. i. p. 52.

[4] MSS. 18, B. xxi. [This MS. contains a Commentary, *not* on the Seven Penitential Pſalms, but on the firſt ſeven and part of the eighth Pſalm. There is no Epiſtle of Lord Morley prefixed, and no evidence that it was preſented to the Princeſs Mary.—*Madden.*]

[5] But ſee MSS. Greſham. 8.

[6] See MSS. (Bibl. Bodl.) Laud. H. 17. MSS. Bibl. Reg. 17 D 2.—17 D xi.—18 A lx. [See alſo Wood's *Ath. Oxon.* by Bliſs, vol. i. col. 117.]

lord was too curious and important a production to be neglected by our [early] printers.

[It is ſingular that Warton (or at leaſt his editors) ſhould not have been aware, that Lord Morley executed a tranſlation of Boccaccio *de præclaris mulieribus*, which he dedicated to Henry VIII., and which has never been publiſhed;[1] alſo one of the *Triumphs of Petrarch*, publiſhed about 1555, at the end of which we have a verſion of *Vyrgyll* in his *Epigrames of Cupide and Drunkeneſſe* and his own Epitaph in Latin. Among the Aſhmole MSS. are two poems from his pen, *Henry Lorde Morley to his poſterity*, and *All men they do wyſshe unto them ſelfe all Good.* The former has been printed in the laſt volume of the *Britiſh Bibliographer*. Moreover, at the end of his tranſlation of Turrecremata's *Expoſition of the 39th Pſalm*, are ſome ſonnets rendered from *Maphei Vegio.*]

## SECTION XLII.

JOHN HEYWOOD, commonly called the epigrammatiſt, was beloved and rewarded by Henry the Eighth for his [muſical talents, ready wit, and perhaps his] buffooneries.[2] At leaving the univerſity, he commenced author, and was countenanced by Sir Thomas More for his facetious diſpoſition. To his talents of jocularity in converſation he joined a ſkill in muſic, both vocal and inſtrumental. His merriments were ſo irreſiſtible, that they moved even the rigid muſcles of Queen Mary; and her ſullen ſolemnity was not proof againſt his ſongs, his rhymes, and his jeſts.[3] He is ſaid to have been

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[1] [Heber's MSS. No. 340, folio upon vellum. A ſpecimen of it was furniſhed by Waldron in his *Literary Muſeum*, 1789.]

[2] [From having been termed *civis Londinenſis* by Bale, he has been conſidered as a native of London by Pitts, Fuller, Wood, Tanner, and by the editors of the *New. Biog. Dict.* in 1798. Langbaine, and after him Gildon, conveyed the information that he had lived at North Mims, Herts; and Mr. Reed has followed up this report in *Biog. Dram.* by ſaying he was *born* there. That North Mims had been the place of his reſidence may be deduced from the following lines in *Thalias Banquet*, 1620, by Hen. Peacham:

"I thinke the place that gave me firſt my birth,
The genius had of epigram and mirth;
There famous *More* did his Utopia write,
And there came *Heywoods* Epigrams to light."—*Park.*]

"North Mimmes in Herts, neere to Saint Albans." Sir Thomas More muſt have had a ſeat in that neighbourhood, ſays Berkenhout. His admiration of Heywood's repartees is noticed in Dod's *Church Hiſtory*, vol. i. p. 369.

[3] [One of theſe is preſerved in Cotton MS. Jul. F. x. "When Queene Mary tolde Heywoode that the prieſtes muſt forego their wives, he merrily anſwered: Then your grace muſt allow them *lemmans*, for the clergie cannot live without *ſauce.*" Another is recorded by Puttenham in his *Arte of Engliſh Poeſie*, 1589.

often invited to exerciſe his arts of entertainment and pleaſantry in her preſence, and to have had the honour to be conſtantly admitted into her privy-chamber for this purpoſe.[1]

Notwithſtanding his profeſſional diſſipation, Heywood appears to have lived comfortably under the ſmiles of royal patronage.

His comedies, [all] of which appeared before the year [1550], are deſtitute of plot, humour or character, and give us no very high opinion of the feſtivity of this agreeable companion. They conſiſt of low incident, and the language of ribaldry. But perfection muſt not be expected before its time. He is called our firſt writer of comedies. But thoſe who ſay this ſpeak without determinate ideas, and confound comedies with moralities and interludes. We will allow that he is among the [earlieſt] of our dramatiſts who drove the Bible from the ſtage, and introduced repreſentations of familiar life and popular manners. Theſe are the titles of his plays. [*The play called the foure P. P. The play of Love* (of which no copy having the title-page has been yet found). *The play of the Wether*, 1533. *A mery Play between the Pardoner and the frere*, 1533. *Of Gentylnes and nobylyte. The mery play between Johan the huſband, Tyb his wife, and Syr Jhan the preeſt*, 1533. *A Dyalogue of Wit and Folly.*]

His epigrams, ſix hundred in number,[2] are probably ſome of his [own and other people's] jokes verſified; and perhaps were often extemporaneous ſallies, made and repeated in company.[3] Wit and

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"At the Duke of Northumberland's bourd, merry *John Heywood* was allowed to ſit at the table's end. The duke had a very noble and honorable mynde alwayes to pay his debts well, and when he lacked money, would not ſtick to ſell the greateſt part of his plate: ſo had he done few dayes before. *Heywood* being loth to call for his drinke ſo oft as he was dry, turned his eye toward the cupbord and ſayd, 'I finde great miſſe of your graces ſtanding cups:' the duke thinking he had ſpoken it of ſome knowledge that his plate was lately ſold, ſaid ſomewhat ſharply, 'Why, ſir, will not theſe cups ſerve as good a man as your ſelfe?' *Heywood* readily replied, 'Yes, if it pleaſe your grace: but I would have one of them ſtand ſtill at myne elbow full of drinke, that I might not be driven to trouble your men ſo often to call for it.' This pleaſant and ſpeedy turn of the former wordes holpe all the matter againe, whereupon the duke became very pleaſaunt and dranke a bolle of wine to *Heywood*, and bid a cuppe ſhould alwayes be ſtanding by him," p. 231. Pitts has related an extraordinary inſtance of his death-bed waggery, which ſeems to vie in merriment with the ſcaffold jeſts of Sir Thomas More *in articulo mortis*.—Park.]

[1] Wood, *Ath. Oxon.* i. 150.

[2] [Gabriel Harvey, in a note on *Speght's Chaucer* (*penes* Bp. Percy), ſays that ſome of Heywood's epigrams are ſuppoſed to be conceits and devices of pleaſant Sir Thomas More. Heath well obſerved, in his firſt *Century of Epigrams*, 1610, that

> "Heywood the old Engliſh epigrammatiſt
> Had *wit* at will, and *art* was all he miſt:
> But now adaies we of the modern frie
> Have art and labour with wits penurie."

Puttenham had ſome time before remarked with critical diſcrimination, that "Heywood came to be well benefited for the myrth and quikneſſe of his conceits, more than for any good learning which was in him." *Art of Eng. Poeſie.*—Park.]

[3] [His epigrams appear to have been firſt printed together in 1562; but ſee *Handb. of E. E. Lit.*, art. HEYWOOD, and Dyce's *Skelton*, ii. 277. The biblio-

humour are ever found in proportion to the progreſs of politeneſs. The miſerable drolleries and the contemptible quibbles with which theſe little pieces are pointed, indicate the great want of refinement, not only in the compoſition, but in the converſation of our anceſtors. This is a ſpecimen, on a piece of humour of Wolſey's Fool: *A ſaiyng of Patch*[1] *my lord cardinals foole:*

Maſter Sexten, a parſon of knowne wit,
As he at my lord Cardinals boord did ſit,
Gredily raught at a goblet of wyne:
Drinke none (ſaid my lord) for that ſore leg of thine:
I warrant your grace (quoth Sexten) I prouide
For my leg: For I drinke on the tother ſide.[2]

The following is rather a humorous tale than an epigram, yet with an epigrammatic turn:

Although that foxes haue bene ſeene there ſeelde,
Yet was there lately in Fynſbery feelde
A foxe ſate in ſyght of certayne people,
Noddyng, and blyſſyng, ſtaryng on poules ſteeple.
A maide toward market with hens in a band
Came by, and with the fox ſhe fell in hand
What thing is it, Rainard, in your brain ploddyng,
That bringeth this buſy bliſſing and noddyng?
I nother nod for ſleepe, ſweete herte, the foxe ſayde,
Nor bliſſe for ſpirites, excepte the diuell be a mayde:
My noddyng and blyſſyng breedth of wonder
Of the witte of poules wethercocke yonder.
There is more witte in that cocks onely head
Than hath bene in all mens heades that be deade.
As thus, by common reporte we fynde,
All that be dead, did die for *lacke of wynde*:
But the wethercocks witte is not ſo weake
To *lacke wynde*: the *wynde is euer in his beake.*
So that while any wynde blowth in the ſkie,
For *lacke of winde* that wethercocke will not die.
She caſt downe hir hennes, and now did ſhe bliſs,
Ieſu (quoth ſhe) *in nomine patris,*
Who hath euer heard at any ſeaſon
Of a foxes forgeyng ſo feat a reaſon?
And while ſhe preyſed the foxes wit ſo,
He gat her hens in his necke and to go.
Whither awaie with my hens, foxe? quoth ſhe.
To poules pig as faſt as I can (quoth he).
Betwene theſe hennes and yonder wethercock
I will aſſaie to haue chickens a flock.
Whiche if I may get, this tale is made goode,
In all Chriſtendome not ſo *wiſe a broode!*

Another is on *Wagging of beardes:*

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graphy of Heywood's works, in all the preceding editions of Warton, was ſo confuſed and faulty, as to need entire reconſtruction.]

[1] The real name of Patch, Wolſey's Fool.

[2] [When Sir Thomas More had reſigned the Chancellorſhip, he gave his fool Paterſon to the Lord Mayor of London upon this condition, that he ſhould every year wait on him who ſucceeded to the office. See More's *Life of Sir Thomas More*, p. 208.—*Park.*]

*It is mery in hall, when beardes wagge all.*
Huſband, for this theſe woordes to minde I call:
This is ment by men in their mery eatyng,
Not to wag their beardes in brawlyng or threatyng:
Wyfe, the meaning herof differth not twoo pins,
Betweene waggyng of mens beardes and womens chins.

On the faſhion of wearing *Verdingales*, or farthingales.

Alas poore verdingales muſt lie in the ſtreete,
To houſe them no doore in the citee made meete.
Syns at our narow doores they in can not win,
Send them to Oxforde, at Brodegates to get in.

Our author was educated at Broadgate Hall in Oxford, ſo called from an uncommonly wide gate or entrance, and ſince converted into Pembroke College. Theſe epigrams are mentioned in Wilſon's *Rhetorike*, publiſhed in 1553.[1]

Another of Heywood's works is a poem in long verſe, entitled *A Dialogue contayning in effect the number of al the Proverbes in the Engliſh tongue compact in a matter concerning two marriages*.[2] The firſt edition I have ſeen is dated 1547.[3] All the proverbs of the Engliſh language are here interwoven into a very ſilly comic tale.

The lady of the ſtory, an old widow[4] now going to be married again, is thus deſcribed, with ſome degree of drollery, on the bridal day:

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[1] ["The Engliſh proverbes gathered by Ihon Heiwoode helpe well in this behaulfe (allegory), the whiche commonlie are nothyng els but allegories and darke deviſed ſentences," fol. 90, a. Again, "for furniſhing ſimilitudes the proverbes of Heiwoode helpe wonderfull wele for thys purpoſe," fol. 96, b.—*Park.*]

[2] [The following anecdote relating to this work has been tranſmitted among ſome "witty aunſweres and ſaiengs of Engliſhmen" in Cotton MS. Jul. F. x. "William Paulett, Marques of Wyncheſter and highe treaſurer of Engelande, being preſented by John Heywoode with a booke, aſked him what yt conteyned? and when Heywoode told him 'All the proverbes in Engliſhe.'—'What, all?' quoth my Lorde; 'No, *Bate me an ace, quoth Bolton*,' is that in youre booke?' 'No, by my faith, my Lorde, I thinke not,' aunſwered Heywoode." [This anecdote is uſually related of Queen Elizabeth and Heywood.] But the neateſt replication of this profeſſed court-wit ſeems to be recorded in *Camden's Remaines*, 1605, p. 234. Heywood being aſked by Queen Mary "What wind blew him to the court?" he anſwered, "Two ſpecially: the one to ſee your Majeſtie." "We thank you for that," ſaid the Queen; "but, I pray you, what is the other?" "That your Grace," ſaid he, "might ſee me."—*Park.*]

[3] [The Duke of Roxburghe appears to have poſſeſſed a 4to edit. of 1546. There were certainly others in 1561, 1562, 1566, 1576, 1587, and 1598. The foregoing extracts have been collated with the text of 1562.]

[4] [Davies of Hereford, in his *Scourge of Folly*, about 1611, printed *a Deſcant upon Engliſhe proverbes*, and exhibited with a retrograde taſte not only the manner, but the dull rhymth (?) of his precurſor, in the following metrical addreſs:

"To old John Heywood the Epigrammist.

"Olde Heywood have with thee in *his od vaine*
That yet with bookſellers as new doth remaine.
New poets ſing riming, but thy rymes advance
Themſelves in light meaſures: for thus they doe dance.
Ile gather ſome proverbes thou gatherdſt before,
To deſcant upon them as thou didſt of yore," &c.—*Park.*]

In this late olde wydow, and than olde new wyfe,
*Age and appetite fell at a ſtronge ſtryfe.*
Her luſt was as yonge as her lymis were olde.
The daie of hir weddyng, like one to be ſolde,
She ſet out hir ſelfe in fyne apparell:
She was made lyke a beere pot or a barell.
A crooked hooked noſe, beetyll browde, blere eyde,
Many men wiſhte for beautifiying that bryde.
Hir waſte to be gyrde in, and for a boone grace,
Some well fauourd vyſor on hir yll fauourd face;
But with viſorlyke viſage, ſuche as it was,
She ſmirkt and ſhe ſmylde, but ſo liſped this las,
That folke might haue thought it doune onely alone
Of wantonneſſe, had not hir teeth beene gone.
Vpright as a candle ſtandth in a ſocket,
Stoode ſhe that daie, *ſo ſimpre de cocket.*[1]
Of auncient fathers ſhe tooke no cure nor care,
She was to them *as koy as a crokers mare.*
She tooke thenterteinment of the yong men
All in daliaunce, *as nice as a nuns hen.*[2]
I ſuppoſe that daie hir *eares* might well *glow*,
For all the towne talkt of her hy and low.
One ſaide a wel fauourd olde woman ſhee is:
The diuell ſhee is, ſaide another: and to this
In came the thyrde *with his v. egges*, and ſayde,
Fyfty yere ago I knew hir a trym mayde.
What euer ſhe were than (ſayd one) ſhe is nowe
To become a bryde *as meete as a ſowe*
*To beare a ſaddle.* She is in this mariage
*As comely as is a cowe in a cage.*
*Gup with a galde back, Gill*, come vp to ſupper.
What, *mine olde mare woulde haue a new crouper.*
And now mine olde hat muſt haue a new band, &c.

The work has its value and curioſity as a repertory of proverbs made at ſo early a period. Nor was the plan totally void of ingenuity, to exhibit theſe maxims in the courſe of a narrative enlivened by facts and circumſtances. It certainly was ſuſceptible of humour and invention.

The following ſtanzas, [now aſcertained to have been written by John Heywood,[3] and inſerted in *Tottel's Miſcellany*, 1557, anonymouſly,] have that elegance which reſults from ſimplicity. The compliments are ſuch as would not diſgrace the gallantry or the poetry of a poliſhed age. The thoughts ſupport themſelves, without the aid of expreſſion and the affectations of language. This is a negligence, but it is a negligence produced by art. Here is an effect obtained, which it would be vain to ſeek from the ſtudied ornaments of ſtyle:

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[1] [See Dyce's *Skelton*, ii. p. 160. Mr. Dyce ſeems to incline to the explanation given by Nares in his *Gloſſary*, 1822: "Quaſi ſimpering coquette." See two epigrams by Harington on the Heywoods, *infra.*]

[2] An admirable proverbial ſimile. It is uſed in Wilſon's *Arte of Rhetorike*, "I knewe a prieſt that was *as nice as a Nunnes Hen*, when he would ſay maſſe he would never ſaie *Dominus Vobiſcum*, but *Dominus Vobicum.*" fol. 112, a, edit. 1567. [But ſee *Engliſh Proverbs and Proverbial Phraſes*, 1869, p. 49.]

[3] *A Deſcription of a moſt noble Ladye (Queen Mary), adviewed by John Heywoode.*—Harl. MS., 1703.

Giue place, you Ladies and be gon,
Boaſt not your ſelues at all:
For here at hande approcheth one,
Whoſe face will ſtaine you all.
The vertue of her liuely lokes
Excels the precious ſtone:
I wiſhe to haue none other bokes
To read or loke vpon.
In eche of her two criſtall eyes,
Smileth a naked boye:
It would you all in hart ſuffiſe
To ſee that lamp of ioye.
I thinke nature hath loſt the moulde
Where ſhe her ſhape did take;
Or els I doubt if nature could
So faire a creature make. . . . .
In life ſhe is Diana chaſt,
In trouth Penelopey;
In word and eke in dede ſtedfaſt.
What will you more we ſey?
If all the world were ſought ſo farre,
Who could finde ſuch a wight?
Her beuty twinkleth like a ſtarre
Within the frоſty night.
Her roſiall colour comes and goes
With ſuch a comely grace,
More redier too then doth the roſe
Within her liuely face.
At Bacchus feaſte none ſhall her mete,
Ne at no wanton play,
Nor gaſing in an open ſtrete,
Nor gaddyng as a ſtray.
The modeſt mirth that ſhe dothe vſe
Is mixt with ſhamefaſtneſſe;
All vice ſhe dothe wholy refuſe,
And hateth ydleneſſe.
O lord, it is a world to ſee
How vertue can repaire
And decke in her ſuch honeſtie,
Whom nature made ſo fayre! . . . .
How might I do to get a graffe
Of this unſpotted tree?
For all the reſt are plaine but chaffe,
Which ſeme good corne to be.[1]

Heywood's largeſt and moſt laboured performance is the *Spider and the Flie*, with wooden cuts, printed at London in 1556. It is a very long poem in the octave ſtanza, containing ninety-eight chapters. Perhaps there never was ſo dull, ſo tedious and trifling an apologue; without fancy, meaning, or moral.[2] A long tale of ficti-

[1] [The exordium, if not the general tone of this piece, was probably ſuggeſted by Surrey's lines printed at p. 33 *ſupra*. It is not quite certain that Warton would have formed and expreſſed ſo favourable an eſtimate of this very dull and fulſome encomium on Mary, if he had been aware, to whom it was meant to apply.]

[2] [Mr. Ellis, in his *Hiſtorical Sketch of Engliſh Poetry*, &c. chap. xvi. has pronounced this parabolic tale "utterly contemptible;" but he has extracted two ſpecimens from the Firſt Century of Heywood's *Epigrams*, which certainly poſſeſs

tious manners will always be tireſome, unleſs the deſign be burleſque; and then the ridiculous, ariſing from the contraſt between the ſolemn and the light, muſt be ingeniouſly ſupported. Our author ſeems to have intended a fable on the burleſque conſtruction;[1] but we know not, when he would be ſerious and when witty, whether he means to make the reader laugh or to give him advice. We muſt indeed acknowledge that the age was not yet ſufficiently refined either to reliſh or to produce burleſque poetry.[2] Harriſon, the author of the *Deſcription of Britaine*, prefixed to Holinſhed's Chronicle, has left a ſenſible criticiſm on this poem. "One alſo hath made a booke of the *Spider and the Flie*, wherein he dealeth ſo profoundlie, and beyond all meaſure of ſkill, that neither he himſelfe that made it, neither anie one that readeth it, can reach vnto the meaning therof."[3] It is a proof of the unpopularity of this poem, that it never was reprinted. Our author's Epigrams and the poem of Proverbs were in high

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more true epigrammatic point than thoſe ſelected by Mr. Warton. The following lines afford the moſt favourable inſtance of his verſification:

MEASURE.

"Meaſure is a mery meane,
Which filde with noppy drinke
When mery drinkers drinke of cleane,
Then merely they winke.

OTHERWISE.

Meaſure is a mery meane,
But I meane meaſures gret:
Where lippes to litell pitchers leane;
Thoſe lippes they ſcantly wet.

OTHERWISE.

Meaſure is a mery meane,
And meaſure is thy mate;
To be a deacon or a deane
Thou wouldſt not chaunge the ſtate.

OTHERWISE.

Meaſure is mery meane
In volewmes full or flat,
There is no chapter nor no ſeane
That thou applieſt like that."

Edit. 1562, *ut ſupr. Three Hundred Epigrammes*, &c. No. 128 ]

[1] [Herbert ſays: "We are to conſider the author here, as he really was, a Catholic; partial in vindicating the Catholic cauſe and the adminiſtration by Queen Mary, whom he characterizes by the maid, with her broom (the civil ſword), executing the commands of her maſter (Chriſt) and her miſtreſs (holy church). By the *flies* are to be underſtood the Catholics; and by the *ſpiders*, the Proteſtants. How juſtly the characters are ſupported I have neither leiſure nor inclination to examine." MS. note.—*Park.*]

[2] But I muſt not forget Chaucer's *Sir Thopas*: and that among the Cotton manuſcripts there is an anonymous poem, perhaps coeval with Chaucer, in the ſtyle of allegorical burleſque, which deſcribes the power of money with great humour and in no common vein of ſatire. The hero of the piece is Sir Penny. MSS. Cott. Galba E. 9. [As this is now printed in *Remains of the E. P. P. of England*, i. it would be occupying ſpace uſeleſſly to inſert it any longer at large. There is a ſecond MS. of it at Cambridge. (MS. More, 147.)]

[3] [Holinſhed's *Chronicles*, ed. 1807, i. 385.]

vogue, and had numerous editions before the year 1598.[1] The moſt lively part of the *Spider and Flie* is perhaps the mock-fight between the ſpiders and flies, an awkward imitation of Homer's *Batrachomyomachy*. The preparations for this bloody and eventful engagement, on the part of the ſpiders, in their cobweb caſtle are thus deſcribed:

Behold! the battilments in every loope:
How th' ordinance lieth, flies far and nere to fach:
Behold how everie peace, that lieth there in groope,
Hath a ſpider gonner, with redy-fired match.
Behold on the wals, ſpiders making ware wach:
The wach-ſpider in the towre a larum to ſtrike,
At aproch of any nomber ſhewing warlike.

See th' enprenabill fort, in every border,
How everie ſpider with his wepon doth ſtand,
So thorowlie harneſt, in ſo good order:
The capital ſpider, with wepon in hand,
For that ſort of ſowdiers ſo manfully mand,
With cobwebs like caſting nets all flies to quell:
My hart ſhaketh at the ſight: behold it is hell!

The beginning of all this confuſion is owing to a fly entering the poet's window, not through a broken pane, as might be preſumed, but through the lattice, where it is ſuddenly entangled in a cobweb. The cobweb, however, will be allowed to be ſufficiently deſcriptive of the poet's apartment. But I mention this circumſtance as a probable proof that windows of lattice, and not of glaſs, were now the common faſhion.[2]

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[1] [Or rather, ſays Herbert, becauſe popery has not ſince been re-eſtabliſhed. MS. note.—*Park.*]

[In that year, or perhaps in 1596, the epigrams of Sir John Davis were printed, and the following lines therein addreſſed *In Haywodum:*

"Haywood that did in Epigrams excell
Is now put downe ſince my light Muſe aroſe,
As buckets are put downe into a well,
Or as a ſchoole-boy putteth downe his hoſe."
Ep. 29. [Davies's *Works*, ed. Groſart, p. 333.]

The lightneſs of Davis's witticiſms led to their inhibition in 1599. Baſtard in his [*Chreſtoleros*, 1598], has two alluſions to Heywood; and in ſome ſatirical poems publiſhed about 1616, I believe by Anton, it is ſaid:

"*Heywood* was held for Epigrams the beſt
What time old *Churchyard* dealt in verſe and proſe:
But faſhions ſince are grown out of requeſt
As bombaſt, doublets, baſes and round hoſe;
Or as your lady may it now be ſaide,
That looks leſſe lovely than her chambermaide."—*Park.*]

[2] See his *Epigrammes*. Epig. 82, Firſt Hundred. And Puttenham's *Arte of Engliſh Poeſie*, lib. i. c. 31, p. 49. One of Heywood's epigrams is deſcriptive of his life and character. Fifte Hundred, Epigr. 100:

"Of Heywood.
"Art thou Heywood with the mad mery wit?
Ye forſooth, mayſter, that ſame is euen hit.
Art thou Heywood that applyeth mirth more then thrift?
Ye ſir, I take mery mirth a golden gift.

[Beſides theſe more important productions, Heywood wrote ſeveral ballads, of which five are extant.[1] One of theſe was written to celebrate the marriage of Philip and Mary; another in commemoration of the betrayal of Scarborough Caſtle in 1557; a third is the deſcription of Queen Mary, already referred to.] The ballad on the marriage of Philip and Mary is allegorically figurative, and begins:

The Egles byrde hath ſpred his wings
And from far of hathe taken flyght,
In whiche meane way by no lourings
On bough or braunch this birde wold light;
Till on the Roſe, both red and whight,
He lighteth now moſt lovinglie
And therto moſte behovinglie.

John Heywood died at Mechlin in Brabant, about the year [1577. In *A Recantation of famous Paſquin of Rome*, 1570, by R. W., he is ſaid to be ſtill living, and in a return of Catholic fugitives,[2] made January 29, 1576-7, he is included, as if he was ſuppoſed or known to be ſurviving at that date. But he was certainly dead in 1587.[3]] He was inflexibly attached to the Catholic cauſe, and on the death of Queen Mary quitted the kingdom. Anthony Wood remarks,[4] with his uſual acrimony, that it was a matter of wonder with many that, conſidering the great and uſual want of principle in the profeſſion, a poet ſhould become a voluntary exile for the ſake of religion.

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Art thou Heywood that hath made many mad plaies?
Ye many playes, fewe good woorkes in all my daies.
Art thou Heywood that hath made men mery long?
Ye and will, if I be made mery among.
Art thou Heywood that woulde be made mery now?
Ye ſir, helpe me to it now I beſeche yow."

In the concluſion to the *Spider and Flie*, Heywood mentions Queen Mary and King Philip. [Mr. Warton muſt have read the concluſion of Heywood very curſorily, ſays Herbert, or he would not have been at ſuch a loſs for the intention of his poem of the *Spider and the Flie*. Lord Hales pointed out a few lines in *The Evergreen* as the compoſition of Heywood, but they prove to be one of his epigrams Scoticiſed. See Cent. i. p. 25.—*Park.*]

[1] [*Handb. of E. E. Lit.*, art. HEYWOOD.]

[2] [Collier's *Bibl. Catalogue*, 1865, i. 39.]

[3] [An epilogue or concluſion to the works of Heywood in 1587 by Thomas Newton, the Cheſhire poet, thus notices his deceaſe:

"This author *Haywood* dead and gone, and ſhrinde in tombe of clay,
Bifore his death by penned workes did carefully aſſay
To builde himſelfe a laſting tombe, not made of ſtone and lyme,
But better farre and richer too, triumphing over Tyme."—*Park.*]

[4] *Ath. Oxon.* i. 150.

## SECTION XLIII.

I KNOW not if Sir Thomas More may properly be conſidered as an Engliſh poet. He has, however, left a few obſolete poems, which although without any ſtriking merit, yet, as productions of the reſtorer of literature in England, ſeem to claim ſome notice here. One of theſe is, *A mery Geſt how a Sergeaunt wolde lerne to be a Frere.*[1] [Few perſons will probably agree with Warton that the ſtory is "dull and too long to be told."] But I will cite two or three of the prefatory ſtanzas:

He that hath laſte the Hoſiers crafte,
And falleth to making ſhone;
The ſmythe that ſhall to payntyng fall,
His thrift is well nigh done.
A blacke draper with whyte paper,
To goe to writyng ſcole,
An olde butler becum a cutler,
I wene ſhall prove a fole.
And an olde trot, that can, got wot,
Nothyng but kyſſe the cup,
With her phiſick will kepe one ſicke,
Till ſhe have ſouſed hym up.
A man of lawe that neuer ſawe
The wayes to bye and ſell,
Wenyng to ryſe by marchaundyſe,
I praye God ſpede hym well!
A marchaunt eke, that wyll goo ſeke
By all the meanes he may,
To fall in ſute tyll he diſpute
His money cleane away;
Pletyng the lawe for every ſtrawe,
Shall prove a thrifty man,
With bate and ſtrife, but by my life,
I cannot tel you whan.
Whan an hatter wyll go ſmatter
In philoſophy;
Or a pedlar waxe a medlar
In theology.

In theſe lines, which are intended to illuſtrate by familiar examples the abſurdity of a [tipſtaff] aſſuming the [diſguiſe and air] of a friar, perhaps the reader perceives but little of that feſtivity, which is ſuppoſed to have marked the character and the converſation of Sir Thomas More. The laſt two ſtanzas deſerve to be tranſcribed, as they prove that this tale was deſigned to be ſung to muſic by a minſtrel, for the entertainment of company:

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[1 Reprinted in *Remains of the E. P. P. of Engl.*, ii. 119, *et ſeqq.* It is printed in his Engliſh *Workes*, 1557.]

Now Maſters all, here now I ſhall
Ende there as I began;
In any wyſe, I would avyſe,
And counſayle every man
His own craft uſe, all newe refuſe,
And lyghtly let them gone:
Play not the Frere, Now make good cheere,
And welcome everychone.

This piece is mentioned, among other popular ſtory-books in 1575, by Laneham, in his [Letter from Kenilworth].

In certain meters, written alſo in his youth, as a prologue for his *Boke of Fortune*,[1] and forming a poem of conſiderable length, are theſe ſtanzas, which are an attempt at perſonification and imagery. Fortune is repreſented ſitting on a lofty throne, ſmiling on all mankind, who are gathered around her, eagerly expecting a diſtribution of her favours:

Then, as a bayte, ſhe bryngeth forth her ware,
Silver and gold, riche perle and precious ſtone;
On whiche the maſed people gaſe and ſtare,
And gape therefore, as dogges doe for the bone.
Fortune at them laugheth: and in her trone
Amyd her treaſure and waveryng rycheſſe
Prowdly ſhe hoveth as lady and empreſſe.

Faſt by her ſyde doth wery Labour ſtand,
Pale Fere alſo, and Sorow all bewept;
Diſdayn and Hatred, on that other hand,
Eke reſtles Watche fro ſlepe with travayle kept:
Before her ſtandeth Daunger and Envy,
Flattery, Dyſceyt, Miſchiefe, and Tiranny.[2]

Another of Sir Thomas More's juvenile poems is, *A Ruful Lamentacion on the deth of quene Elizabeth* [*mother to King Henry the eight, wife to King Henry the ſeuenth, &c.*] It is evidently formed on the tragical ſoliloquies which compoſe Lydgate's paraphraſe of Boccaccio's book *De Caſibus virorum illuſtrium*, and which gave birth to the *Mirror for Magiſtrates*, the origin of [ſome of] our hiſtoric dramas. Theſe ſtanzas are part of the queen's complaint at the approach of death:

Where are our caſtels now, where are our towers?
Goodly Rychemonde, ſone art thou gone from me!
At Weſtmynſter that coſtly worke of yours,
Myne owne dere lorde, now ſhall I never ſee!
Almighty God voucheſafe to graunt that ye
For you and your children well may edify,
My palyce byldyd is, and lo now here I ly.[3]

Farewell my doughter, lady Margarete![4]
God wotte, full oft it greved hath my mynde

[1] [*The Boke of the fayre Gentyl-woman, that no man ſhulde put his truſte, or confydence in, that is to ſay, Lady Fortune.* Lond. by R. Wyer [*circa* 1540.] 12mo. Unknown to Warton.]

[2] Workes, Sign. T vi.

[3] King Henry the Seventh's chapel, begun in the year 1502, the year before the queen died.

[4] Married in 1503 to James the Fourth, King of Scotland.

That ye ſhould go where we ſhould ſeldome mete,
Now I am gone and have left you behynde.
O mortall folke, that we be very blynde!
That we laſt feere, full oft it is moſt nye:
From you depart I muſt, and lo now here I lye.

Farewell, madame, my lordes worthy mother![1]
Comfort your ſon, and be ye of good chere.
Take all a worth, for it will be no nother.
Farewell, my doughter Katharine, late the fere
To prince Arthur myne owne chyld ſo dere.[2]
It booteth not for me to wepe or cry,
Pray for my ſoule, for lo now here I ly.

Adew lord Henry, my lovyng ſonne adew,[3]
Our lord encreaſe your honour and eſtate.
Adew, my doughter Mary, bright of hew,[4]
God make you vertuous, wyſe, and fortunate.
Adew, ſwete hart, my litle doughter Kate,[5]
Thou ſhalt, ſweete babe, ſuche is thy deſteny,
Thy mother never know, for lo now here I ly.[6]

In the fourth ſtanza, ſhe reproaches the aſtrologers for their falſity in having predicted that this ſhould be the happieſt and moſt fortunate year of her whole life. This, while it is a natural reflection in the ſpeaker, is a proof of More's contempt of a futile and frivolous ſcience, then ſo much in eſteem. I have been prolix in my citation from this forgotten poem; but I am of opinion, that ſome of the ſtanzas have ſtrokes of nature and pathos, and deſerved to be reſcued from total oblivion.

More, when a young man, contrived in an apartment of his father's houſe a *goodly hangyng of fyne paynted clothe*, exhibiting nine pageants or allegoric repreſentations of the ſtages of man's life, together with the figures of Death, Fame, Time, and Eternity. Under each picture he wrote a ſtanza. The firſt is under Childhood, expreſſed by a boy whipping a top:

I am called CHYLDHOD, in play is all my mynde,
To caſt a coyte,[7] a cockſtele,[8] and a ball;
A toppe can I ſet, and dryve in its kynde;
But would to God, theſe hatefull bookes all
Were in a fyre brent to pouder ſmall!
Than myght I lede my lyfe alwayes in play,
Which lyfe God ſende me to myne endyng day.

Next was pictured Manhood, a comely young man mounted on a

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[1] Margaret Counteſs of Richmond.
[2] Catharine of Spain, wife of her ſon Prince Arthur, now dead.
[3] Afterwards King Henry the Eighth.
[4] Afterwards Queen of France. Remarried to Charles Brandon, Duke of Suffolk.
[5] The queen died within a few days after ſhe was delivered of this infant, the Princeſs Catherine, who did not long ſurvive her mother's death.
[6] Workes, *ut ſupr.* [7] A quoit.
[8] A ſtick for throwing at a cock. *Stele* is *handle*.

fleet horſe, with a hawk on his fiſt, and followed by two greyhounds, with this ſtanza affixed:

MANHOD I am, therefore I me delyght
To hunt and hawke, to nouriſhe up and fede
The grayhounde to the courſe, the hawke to th' flyght,
And to beſtryde a good and luſty ſtede:
Theſe thynges become a very man in dede.
Yet thynketh this boy his peviſhe game ſweter,
But what, no force, his reaſon is no better.

The perſonification of Fame, like Rumour in the chorus to Shakeſpeare's *Henry the Fifth*, is ſurrounded with tongues.[1]

Tapeſtry, with metrical legends illuſtrating the ſubject, was common in this age: and the public pageants in the ſtreets were often exhibited with explanatory verſes. I am of opinion, that the *Comædiolæ*, or little interludes, which More is ſaid to have written and acted in his father's houſe, were only theſe nine pageants.

Another juvenile exerciſe of More in the Engliſh ſtanza, is annexed to his proſe tranſlation of the *Life of John Picus Mirandula*, and entitled, "*Twelve Rules of John Picus earle of Mirandula, partely exciting, partely directing a man in ſpiritual bataile.*[2] The old collector of his Engliſh works has alſo preſerved two *ſhorte ballettes*,[3] or ſtanzas, which he wrote for his *paſtyme*, while a priſoner in the Tower."[4]

It is not my deſign, by theſe ſpecimens to add to the fame of Sir Thomas More, who is reverenced by poſterity as the ſcholar who taught that erudition which civilized his country, and as the philoſopher who met the horrours of the block with that fortitude which was equally free from oſtentation and enthuſiaſm; as the man, whoſe genius overthrew the fabric of falſe learning, and whoſe amiable tranquillity of temper triumphed over the malice and injuſtice of tyranny.

For the purpoſe of aſcertaining or illuſtrating the age of pieces

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[1] Workes, Sign. C iii.

[2] Theſe pieces were written in the reign of Henry the Seventh. But as More flouriſhed in the ſucceeding reign, I have placed them accordingly.

[3] Workes, b. iii.

[4] *Ut ſupr.* fol. 1432. [Theſe ballads are here given:

"LEWYS THE LOST LOVER.

"Ey, flattering Fortune, loke thou never ſo fayre,
Or never ſo pleſantly begin to ſmile,
As though thou wouldſt my ruine all repayre,
During my life thou ſhalt me not begile,
Truſt ſhall I God, to entre in a while
His haven of heaven ſure & uniforme,
Ever after thy calme loke I for a ſtorme.

DAVY THE DYCER.

Long was I, lady Luck, your ſerving man,
and now have loſt agayne all that I gat;
wherefore, whan I thinke on you nowe & than,
and in my minde remember this & that,
ye may not blame me, though I beſhrew your cat:
but, in fayth, I bleſſe you agayne a thouſand times,
for lending me now ſome layſure to make rymes."—*Park.*]

which have been lately or will be ſoon produced, I here ſtop to recall the reader's attention to the poetry and language of the laſt century, by exhibiting ſome extracts from the romance of *Ywain and Gawain*, which has ſome great outlines of Gothic painting, and appears to have been written in the reign of King Henry the Sixth.[1] I premiſe that but few circumſtances happened, which contributed to the improvement of our language, within that and the preſent period.

The following is the adventure of the enchanted foreſt attempted by Sir Colgrevance, which he relates to the Knights of the Round Table at Cardiff in Wales.[2]

A faire foreſt ſone I fand,
Me thoght mi hap thare ſel ful hard,
For thar was mani a wilde lebard,
Lions, beres, bath bul and bare,
That rewfully gan rope and rare.
Oway I drogh me, and with that
I ſaw ſone whar a man ſat

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[1] MSS. Cotton. *Galb.* E. ix. [Ritſon conſiders this MS. to be at leaſt as old as the time of King Richard II. *Obſ.* p. 34. The language, he adds, of all the poems in the ſame MS. is a ſtrong northern dialect, from which it may be inferred that they are the compoſition of perſons, moſt likely monks, reſident in that part of England, where in former times were ſeveral flouriſhing monaſteries. *Notes to Met. Romances*, iii. 229.—*Park.* The romance of *Ywaine and Gawaine* has no connection with the perſonal hiſtory of *Sir Gawayne*, and is not included in Sir F. Madden's intereſting volume. A Welſh verſion is in the *Mabinogion*, 1839, i. Sir F. Madden ſeems to conſider that the perſon moſt likely to have written the original romance is *Huchowne of the Caſtle Ryale*, an author who flouriſhed before Wyntown, and is the ſuppoſed writer of the *Morte Arthur* preſerved at Lincoln.]

[2] [The preſent text has been corrected by Mr. Ritſon's edition of this romance. —*Price.*

" King Arthur,
He made a feſte, the ſothe to ſay,
Opon the Witſononday,
At Kerdyf, that es in Wales,
And efter mete thar in the hales,
Ful grete and gay was the aſſemble
Of lordes and ladies of that cuntre.
And als of knightes, war and wyſe,
And damiſels of mykel pryſe,
Ilkane with other made grete gamin,
And grete ſolace, als thai war ſamin,
Faſt thai carped and curtayſli
Of dedes of armes, and of veneri,
And of gude knightes," &c.

It is a piece of conſiderable length, and contains a variety of Geſts. Sir Ywain is Sir Ewaine, or Owen, in Morte Arthur. None of theſe adventures belong[s] to that romance. But ſee B. iv. c. 17, 27. etc. The ſtory of the lion and the dragon in this romance is told of a Chriſtian champion in the Holy War by Berchorius, *Reductor.* p. 661. See *ſupr.* vol. i. Diſs. on the *Geſt. Romanor.* ch civ. The lion, being delivered from the dragon by Sir Ywain, ever afterwards accompanies and defends him in the greateſt dangers. Hence Spenſer's Una attended by a lion. *F. Qu.* i. iii. 7. See Sir Percival's lion in *Morte Arthur*, B. xiv. c. 6. The dark ages had many ſtories and traditions of the lion's gratitude and generoſity to man. Hence in Shakeſpeare, Troilus ſays, *Tr. and Creſs.* act v. ſc. iii.

" Brother, you have a vice of mercy in you
Which better fits a lion than a man."]

On a lawnd, the fowleſt wight
That ever yit man ſaw in ſight:
He was a lathly creatur,
For fowl he was out of meſur;
A wonder mace in hand he hade,
And ſone mi way to him I made;
His hevyd, me thoght, was als grete
Als of a rowncy or a nete.
Unto his belt hang his hare;
And efter that byheld I mare,
To his forhede byheld I than
Was bradder than twa large ſpan;
He had eres als ane olyfant,
And was wele more than geant,
His face was ful brade and flat,
His neſe was cutted as a cat,
His browes war like litel buſkes,
And his tethe like bare tuſkes;
A ful grete bulge open his bak,
Thar was noght made withowten lac;
His chin was faſt until his breſt,
On his mace he gan him reſt.
Alſo it was a wonder wede
That the cherle yn yede,
Nowther of wol ne of line
Was the wede that he went yn.
When he me ſagh, he ſtode up right,
I frayned him if he wolde fight,
For tharto was I in gude will,
Bot als a beſte than ſtode he ſtill:
I hopid that he no wittes kowth,
Ne reſon for to ſpeke with mowth.
To him I ſpak ful hardily,
And ſaid, What ertow, belamy?
He ſaid ogain, I am a man.
I ſaid, ſwilk als thou her may ſe.
I ſaid, What doſe thou here allane?
He ſaid, I kepe thir beſtes ilkane.
I ſaid, That es mervaile, think me,
For I herd never of man bot the,
In wildernes ne in foreſtes,
That kepeing had of wilde beſtes,
Bot thai war bunden faſte in halde.
He ſayd, Of thir es none ſo balde,
Nowther by day ne by night,
Anes to pas out of mi ſight.
I ſayd, How ſo? tel me thi ſcill.
Per fay, he ſaid, gladly I will.
He ſaid, In al this fair foreſte
Es thar non ſo wilde beſte,
That renin dar, bot ſtil ſtand
Whan I am to him cumand;
And ay when that I will him fang
With my fingers that er ſtrang,
I ger him cri on ſwilk manere,
That al the beſtes when thai him here,
Obout me than cum thai all,
And to mi fete faſt thai fall
On thair maner, merci to cry.
Bot underſtand now redyli,

Olyve es thar lifand no ma
Bot I, that durſt omang them ga,
That he ne ſold ſone be al torent,
Bot thai er at my comandment;
To me thai cum whan I tham call,
And I am maiſter of tham all.
Than he aſked onone right,
What man I was? I ſaid, A knyght,
That ſoght aventurs in that lande,
My body to aſai and fande;
And I the pray of thi kownſayle
Thou teche me to ſum mervayle.[1]
He ſaid, I can no wonders tell,
Bot her biſyde es a Well;
Wend theder, and do als I ſay,
Thou paſſes noght al quite oway,
Folow forth this ilk ſtrete,
And ſone ſum mervayles ſal thou mete:
The well es under the faireſt Tre
That ever was in this cuntre;
By that Well hinges a Bacyne
That es of golde gude and fyne,
With a cheyne, trewly to tell,
That wil reche in to the Well.
Thare es a Chapel ner thar by,
That nobil es and ful lufely:
By the well ſtandes a Stane,
Tak the bacyn ſome onane,
And caſt on water with thi hand,
And ſone thou ſal ſe new tithand:
A ſtorme ſal riſe and a tempeſt,
Al obout, by eſt and weſt,
Thou ſal here mani thonor blaſt
Al obout the te-blawand faſt,
And there ſal cum ſek ſlete and rayne
That unneſe ſal you ſtand ogayne:
Of lightnes ſal you ſe a lowe,
Unnethes you ſal thi ſelven knowe;
And if thou pas withowten grevance,
Than has thou the faireſt chance
That ever yit had any knyght,
That theder come to kyth his myght.
Than toke I leve, and went my way,
And rade unto the midday:
By than I com whare I ſold be,
I ſaw the Chapel and the Tre:
Thare I fand the fayreſt thorne
That ever groued ſen God was born:
So thik it was with leves grene
Might no rayn cum thar bytwene;
And that grenes laſtes ay,
For no winter dere yt may.

[1] Tell me of ſome wonder. So Alexander, in the deſerts of India, meets two *old cheorlis*, or churls, from whom he deſires to learn—

" Any merveilles by this wayes,
That y myȝte do in ſtory,
That men han in memorie."

They tell him, that a little farther he will ſee the Trees of the Sun and Moon, &c. *Geſte of Alexander*, MS. p. 231.

I fand the Bacyn, als he talde,
And the Well with water kalde.
An amerawd was the Stane,
Richer ſaw I never nane,
On fowr rubyes on heght ſtandand,
Thair light laſted over al the land.
And whan I ſaw that ſemely ſyght,
It made me bath joyful and lyght.
I toke the Bacyn ſone onane
And helt water opon the Stane:
The weder wex than wonder blak,
And the thoner faſt gan crak;
Thar come ſlike ſtormes of hayl and rayn,
Unnethes I might ſtand thare ogayn:
The ſtore windes blew ful lowd,
So kene come never are of clowd.
I was drevyn with ſnaw and ſlete,
Unnethes I might ſtand on my fete.
In my face the levening ſmate,
I wend have brent, ſo was it hate:
That weder made me ſo will of rede,
I hopid ſone to have my dede;
And ſertes, if it lang had laſt,
I hope I had never thethin paſt.
But thorgh his might that tholed wownd
The ſtorme ſeſed within a ſtownde:
Then wex the weder fayr ogayne,
And tharof was I wonder fayne;
For beſt comforth of al thing
Es ſolace after miſlykeing.
Than ſaw I ſone a mery ſyght,
Of al the fowles that er in flyght,
Lighted ſo thik opon that tre,
That bogh ne leſe none might I ſe;
So merily than gon thai ſing,
That al the wode bigan to ring;
Ful mery was the melody
Of thaire ſang and of thaire cry;
Thar herd never man none ſwilk,
Bot if ani had herd that ilk.
And when that mery dyn was done,
Another noyſe than herd I ſone,
Als it war of horſinen,
Mo than owther nyen or ten.
Sone than ſaw I cum a knyght,
In riche armurs was he dight;
And ſone when I gan on him loke,
Mi ſhelde and ſper to me I toke.
That knight to me hied ful faſt,
And kene wordes out gan he caſt:
He bad that I ſold tell him tite
Whi I did him ſwilk deſpite,
With weders wakend him of reſt,
And done him wrang in his Foreſt;
Thar fore, he ſayd, Thou ſal aby:
And with that come he egerly,
And ſaid, I had ogayn reſowne
Done him grete deſtrucciowne,
And might it nevermore amend;
Tharfor he bad, I ſold me fend:

And ſone I ſmate him on the ſhelde,
Mi ſchaft brac out in the felde;
And then he bar me ſone bi ſtrenkith
Out of my ſadel my ſperes lenkith:
I wate that he was largely
By the ſhuldres mare than I;
And by the ded that I ſal thole,
Mi ſtede by his was bot a fole.
For mate[1] I lay down on the grownde,
So was I ſtonayd in that ſtownde:
A worde to me wald he noght ſay,
Bot toke my ſtede, and went his way.
Ffull ſarily than thare I ſat,
For wa I wiſt noght what was what:
With mi ſtede he went in hy,
The ſame way that he come by;
And I durſt folow him no ferr
For dout me ſolde bite werr,
And alſo yit by Goddes dome,
I ne wiſt whar he bycome.
Than I thoght how I had hight,
Unto myne oſte the hende knyght,
And alſo til his lady bryght,
To come ogayn if that I myght.
Mine armurs left I thare ylkane,
For els myght I noght have gane;
Unto myne in I come by day:
The hende knyght and the fayre may,
Of my come war thai ful glade,
And nobil ſemblant thai me made;
In al thinges thai have tham born
Als thai did the night biforn.
Sone thai wiſt whar I had bene,
And ſaid, that thai had never ſene
Knyght that ever theder come
Take the way ogayn home.

I add Sir Ywain's achievement of the ſame Adventure, with its conſequences.

When Ywayn was withowten town,
Of his palfray lighted he down,
And dight him right wele in his wede,
And lepe up on his gude ſtede.
Furth he rade on one right,
Until it neghed nere the nyght:
He paſſed many high mowntayne
In wildernes, and mony a playne,
Til he come to that lethir[2] ſty[3]

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[1] Sleep. [He lay as if he had been dead.—*Ritſon.*] [2] Wicked, bad.
[3] That is, the [lane or path.—*Halliwell.*] MSS. Cott. *Calig.* A 2. fol. 59.

"Meſſengeres forth he ſent
Aftyr the mayde fayre and gent
That was bryght as ſomeres day:
Meſſengeres dyghte hem in hye,
With myche myrthe and melodye
Forth gon they fare
Both by *ſtretes* and by STYE
Aftyr that fayr lady."

And again in the ſame romance.

That him byhoved paſs by:
Than was he ſeker for to ſe
The Wel and the fayre Tre;
The Chapel ſaw he at the laſt,
And theder hyed he ful faſt.
More curtayſli and more honowr
Fand he with tham in that towr,
And mar conforth by mony falde,
Than Colgrevance had him of talde.
That night was he herberd thar,
So wel was he never are.
At morn he went forth by the ſtrete,
And with the cherel ſone gan he mete
That ſold tel to him the way;
He ſayned him, the ſothe to ſay,
Twenty ſith, or ever he blan,
Swilk mervayle had he of that man,
For he had wonder, that nature
Myght mak ſo foul a creature.
Than to the Wel he rade gude paſe,
And down he lighted in that place;
And ſone the bacyn has he tane,
And keſt water opon the Stane;
And ſone thar wex withowten fayle
Wind and thonor, and rayn and haile:
When it was ſeſed, than ſaw he
The fowles light opon the tre,
Thai ſang ful fayre opon that thorn
Right als thai had done byforn.
And ſone he ſaw cumand a knight
Als faſt ſo the fowl in flyght,
With rude ſembland and ſterne chere,
And haſtily he neghed nere;
To ſpeke of luf na time was thar,
For aither hated uther ful ſar.
Togeder ſmertly gan thai drive,
Thair ſheldes ſone bigan to ryve,
Thair ſhaftes cheverd to thair hand
Bot thai war bath ful wele ſyttand.
Out thai drogh thair ſwerdes kene,
And delt ſtrakes tham bytwene;
Al to pieces thai hewed thair ſheldes,
The culpons flegh out in the feldes.
On helmes ſtrake thay ſo with yre,
At ilka ſtrake out-braſt the fyr;
Aither of tham gude buffettes bede,
And nowther wald ſtyr of the ſtede.
Ful kenely thai kyd thair myght,
And feyned tham noght for to fyght:
Thair hauberkes that men myght ken
The blode out of thair bodyes ren.
Aither on other laid ſo faſt,
The batayl might noght lang laſt:
Hauberkes er broken, and helmes reven,
Stif ſtrakes war thar gyfen;
Thai foght on hors ſtifly always,
The batel was wele mor to prays;
Bot at the laſt ſyr Ywayne
On his felow kyd his mayne,
So egerly he ſmate him than,

He clefe the helme and the hern pan ;[1]
The knyght wiſt he was nere ded,
To fle than was his beſt rede ;[2]
And faſt he fled with al his mayne,
And faſt folow ſyr Ywayne,
Bot he ne might him overtake,
Tharfore grete murning gan he make:
He folowd him ful ſtowtlyk,[3]
And wald have tane him ded or quik ;
He folowd him to the cetè,[4]
Na man lyfand[5] met he.
When thai come to the kaſtel yate,
In he folowd faſt tharate:
At aither entre was, I wys,
Straytly wroght a port culis,
Shod wele with yren and ſtele,
And alſo grunden[6] wonder wele:
Under that then was a ſwyke[7]
That made ſyr Ywain to myſlike,
His hors fote toched thare on ;
Than fel the port culis onone,[8]
Bytwyx him and his hinder arſown,
Thorgh ſadel and ſtede it ſmate al down,
His ſpores of his heles it ſchare:
Than had Ywayne murnyng mare,
But ſo he wend have paſſed quite,
That fel the tother bifor al yte.
A faire grace yit fel him ſwa,
Al if it ſmate his hors in twa,
And his ſpors of aither hele,
That himſelf paſſed ſo wele.

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[1] So in Minot's Poems [ed. 1795, p. 10],

"And ſum lay knoked out thaire hernes."

[2] Counſel. [3] Stoutly. [4] City. [5] No man living.

[6] Ground, ſharpened.

[7] Switch, twig. ["Mr. Ritſon, who explains 'ſwyke' a hole, a ditch, has confounded it with 'ſike' from the Anglo-Saxon *ſich*, foſſa. In the romance of *Richard Cœur de Lion*, we have the ſame expreſſion applied to a piece of machinery, conſtructed for a ſimilar purpoſe, though apparently not of equal ingenuity.

'Under the brygge ther is a *ſwyke*,
Corven clos, joynand queyntlyke.
Though thou and thy folke were in y^e^ mydde
And the pyns mete out were,
Down ye ſcholde fallen there
In a pyt ſyxty fadome deep.
Therefore beware and take good keep:
At the paſſyng ovyr the *trappe*,
Many on has had ful evyl happe.'—V. 4081.

The only words to be found in Lye's Saxon Dictionary, to which 'ſwike' might be referred, are *ſwican*, decipere; *ſwica*, proditor; and *beſwica*, fraus. But in Alfred's tranſlation of *Oroſius* we have 'calle the cyningas mid his *ſwice* of ſhoh:' which Mr. Barrington renders, 'ſlew all the kings by his deceitful arts.'"—*Anon.* Mr. Halliwell (*Arch. Dict.* 1847, in v.) queries "a den or cave," which ſenſe would ſeem to be admiſſible as a ſecondary one, the word in its original meaning being equivalent to deceit or concealment.]

[8] Traps of this kind are not uncommon in romance. Thus Sir Lancelot, walking round the chambers of a ſtrange caſtle, treads on a board which throws him into a cave twelve fathoms deep. *Mort. Arth.* B. i. xix. ch. vii.

While Sir Ywaine remains in this perilous confinement, a lady looks out of a wicket which opened in the wall of the gateway, and releaſes him. She gives him her ring:

I ſal lene the her mi Ring,
Bot yelde it me at myne aſkyng:
When thou ert broght of al thi payn
Yelde it than to me ogayne:
Als the bark hilles the tre,
Right ſo ſal my Ring do the;
When thou in hand has the ſtane,
Der ſal thai do the nane,
For the ſtane es of ſwilk might,
Of the ſal men have na ſyght.
Wit ye wel that ſir Ywayne
Of thir wordes was ful fayne;
In at the dore ſho hem led,
And did him ſit opon hir bed,
A quylt ful nobil lay tharon,
Richer ſaw he never none, &c.

Here he is ſecreted. In the mean time, the lord of the caſtle dies of his wounds, and is magnificently buried. But before the interment, the people of the caſtle ſearch for Sir Ywayne:

Half his ſtede thar fand thai
That within the yates lay;
Bot the knight thar fand thai noght:
Than was thar mekil ſorow unſoght,
Dore ne window was thar nane,
Whar he myght oway gane.
Thai ſaid he ſold thare be laſt,
Or els he cowth of weche craft,
Or he cowth of nygromancy,
Or he had wenges for to fly.
Haſtily than went thai all
And ſoght him in the maydens hall,
In chambers high es noght at hide,
And in ſolers on ilka ſide.
Sir Ywaine ſaw ful wele al that,
And ſtill opon the bed he ſat:
Thar was nane that anes mynt
Unto the bed at ſmyte a dynt:
Al obout thai ſmate ſo faſt,
That mani of thair wapins braſt;
Mekyl ſorow thai made ilkane,
For thai ne myght wreke thair lord bane.
Thai went oway with dreri chere,
And ſone thareafter come the ber;
A lady folowd white ſo mylk,
In al that lond was none ſwilk:
Sho wrang her fingers, outbraſt the blode,
For mekyl wa ſho was nere wode;
Hir fayr har ſcho al to drogh,[1]

---

[1] Drew. So in the *Lay of the Erle of Tholouſe*, [printed by Ritſon, in his *Romances*:] MSS. Mus. Aſhmol. 45.

"The erle hymſelfe an axe drogh,
A hundred men that day he ſlough."

And ful oft fel ſho down in ſwogh;
Sho wepe with a ful dreri voice;
The hali water and the croyce
Was born bifore the proceſſion;
Thar folowd mani a moder ſon.
Bifore the cors rade a knyght
On his ſtede that was ful wight;
In his armurs wele arayd,
With ſper and target gudely grayd.
Than ſir Ywayn herd the cry
And the dole of that fayr lady, &c.

Sir Ywaine deſires the damſel's permiſſion to look at the lady of the deceaſed knight through a window. He falls in love with her. She paſſes her time in praying for his ſoul:

Unto his ſaul was ſho ful hulde:
Opon a ſawter al of gulde:
To ſay the ſal-mas faſt ſho bigan.

The damſel, whoſe name is Lunet,[1] promiſes Sir Ywaine an interview with the lady. She uſes many arguments to the lady, and with much art, to ſhew the neceſſity of her marrying again for the defence of her caſtle:

The maiden redies hyr ful rath,
Bilive ſho gert ſyr Ywaine bath,[2]

---

[1] There is a damſel of this name in *Morte Arthur*, B. vii. ch. 16.

[2] In another part of this romance, a knight is dreſſed by a lady:

"A damiſel come unto me . . . . . .
Lufsumer lifed never in land;
Hendly ſcho toke me by the hand,
And ſone that gentyl creature
Al unlaced myne armure;
Into a chamber ſho me led,
And with a mantil ſcho me cled,
It was of purpur fair and fine,
And the pane of riche ermine:
Al the folk war went us fra,
And thare was none than bot we twa;
Scho ſerved me hendely to hend,
Her maners might no man amend,
Of tong ſcho was trew and renable,
And of her ſemblant ſoft and ſtabile;
Ful fain I wald, if that I might,
Have woned with that ſwete wight."

In *Morte Arthur*, Sir Launcelot, going into a nunnery, is unarmed in the abbeſs's chamber. B. xiii. ch. i. There alſo Sir Galahad is diſarmed, and clothed "in a cote of red ſendall and a mantell *furred* with fyne ermynes," &c. B. xiii. ch. i. In the Britiſh lay or romance of *Launval*, (MSS. Cott. *Veſpas.* B. xiv. 1.) we have:

"Un cher mantel de blanche ermine,
Couvert de purpre Alexandrine."

There is a ſtatute, made in 1337, prohibiting any under 100*l.* per annum to wear fur. I ſuppoſe the richeſt fur was ermine which, before the manufactures of gold and ſilver, was the greateſt article of finery in dreſs. But it continued in uſe long afterwards, as appears by antient portraits. In the Statutes of Cardinal Wolſey's College at Oxford, given in the year 1525, the ſtudents are enjoined, "Ne magis pretioſis aut ſumptuoſis utantur pellibus." De *Veſtitu*, &c. fol. 49, MSS. Cott.

And cled hym ſethin in gude ſcarlet,
Forord wele, and with gold fret;
A girdel ful riche for the nanes
Of perry and of preciows ſtanes.
Sho talde him al how he ſold do
Whan that he come the lady to.

He is conducted to her chamber:

Bot yit ſir Ywayne had grete drede,
When he unto chamber yede;
The chamber, flore, and als the bed,
With klothes of gold was al over ſpred.[1]

---

*Tit.* F. iii. This injunction is a proof that rich furs were at that time a luxury of the ſecular life. In an old poem written in the reign of Henry the Sixth, about 1436, entitled *The Engliſh Policie*, exhorting all England to keep the ſea, a curious and valuable record of the ſtate of our traffic and mercantile navigation at that period, it appears that our trade with Ireland, for furs only, was then very conſiderable. Speaking of Ireland, the writer ſays:

"Martens goode been her marchandie,
Hertes hides, and other of venerie,
Skinnes of otter, ſquirrell, and Iriſh hare,
Of ſheepe, lambe, and foxe, is her chaf-fare."

See Hackluyt's *Voiages*, vol. i. p. 199, edit. 1598. At the ſacking of a town in Normandy, Froiſſart ſays, "There was founde ſo moche rycheſſe, that the boyes and vyllaynes of the hooſte ſette nothynge by goode furred gownes."—*Berners' Tranſl.* tom. i. fol. lx. a.

[1] In the manners of romance, it was not any indelicacy for a lady to pay amorous courtſhip to a knight. Thus in [*The Life*] *of Alexander*, written in 1312, Queen Candace openly endeavours to win Alexander to her love. MS. *penes me*, p. 271. [Cod. Hoſpit. Linc. 150.] She ſhews Alexander not only her palace, but her bed-chamber:

"Quoth the quene,
Go we now myn eſteris to ſeone:
Oure mete ſchol, thar bytweone,
Ygraithed and redy beone.
Scheo ladde him to an halle of nobleys,
Then he dude of his harneys;
Of Troye was ther men* the ſtorye
How Gregoys had the victorye:
Theo bemes ther weore of bras.
Theo wyndowes weoren of riche glas:
Theo pinnes weore of ivorye.
The king went with the ladye,
Himſelf alone, from bour to bour,
And ſyȝe much riche treſour,
Gold and ſeolver, and preciouſe ſtones,
Baudekyns made for the nones,
Mantellis, robes, and pavelounes,
Of golde and ſeolver riche foyſounes;
And heo him aſked, par amour,
ȝef he ſyȝe ever ſuche a treſour.
And he ſaid, in his contray
Treſour he wiſte of grete noblay.
Heo thoȝte more that heo ſaide.
To anothir ſtude ſheo he gan him lede,
That hir owne chambre was,

---

* For *ther men*, read *therein*, as MS. Laud I. 74. (Bibl. Bodl.)

After this interview, ſhe is reconciled to him, as he only in ſelf-defence had ſlain her huſband, and ſhe promiſes him marriage:

Than haſtily ſhe went to Hall,
Thar abade hir barons all,
For to hald thair parlement,
And mari hir by thair aſent.

They agree to the marriage:

Than the lady went ogayne
Unto chameber to ſir Ywaine;
Sir, ſho ſaid, ſo God me ſave,
Other lorde wil I nane have:
If I the left, I did noght right:
A king ſon and a noble knyght.
Now has the maiden done hir thoght,
Syr Ywayne out of anger broght,
The Lady led him unto Hall,
Ogains him raſe the barons all,
And al thai ſaid ful ſekerly,
This Knight ſal wed the lady:
And ilkane ſaid thamſelf bitwene:
So fair a man had thai noght ſene
For his bewte in hal and bowr:
Him ſemes to be an emperowr.
We wald that thai war trowth plight,
And weded ſone this ilk nyght.

---

In al this world richer none nas.
Theo atyr was therein ſo riche
In al thys world nys him non lyche.
Heo ladde him to a ſtage,
And him ſchewed one ymage,
And ſaide, Alexander leif thou me,
This ymage is made after the;
Y dude hit in ymagoure,
And caſte hit after thy vigoure;
This othir ȝeir, tho thou nolde
To me come for love ne for golde,
Het is the ylyche, leove brother
So any faucon* is anothir.
O Aliſaunder of grete renoun,
Thou taken art in my priſoun!
Al thy ſtreynthe helpethe the nowȝt,
For womman the haveth bycowȝt,
For womman the heveth in hire las.
O, quoth Aliſaunder, alas,
That I were yarmed† wel,
And hed my ſweord of browne ſtel,
Many an heid wolde y cleove,
Ar y wolde yn priſon bile[o]ve.
Alyſaunder, heo ſaide, thou ſaiſt ſoth,
Beo noithèr adrad no wroth;
For here undir this covertour
Y wil have the to myn amour," &c.

---

* As one faulcon. In MS. Laud l. 174, *ut ſupr.* it is *peny*, for *faulcon.*
† Here *y* is the Saxon *i.* See Hearne's *Gl. Rob. Glouc.* p. 738.

The lady ſet hir on the deſe,[1]
And cumand al to hald thaire peſe;
And bad hir ſteward ſumwhat ſay,
Or men went fra cowrt away.
The ſteward ſaid, Sirs, underſtandes,
Wer is waxen in thir landes;
The king Arthur es redy dight
To be her, byn this fowre-tenyght:
He and his menye ha thoght
To win this land, if thai moght:
Thai wate ful wele, that he es ded
That was lord here in this ſtede:
None es ſo wight wapins to welde,
Ne that ſo boldly mai us belde,
And wemen may maintene no ſtowr:
Thai moſt nedes have a governowr.
Tharfor mi lady moſt nede
Be weded haſtily for drede,
And to na lord wil ſho take tent,
Bot if it be by yowr aſſent.
Than the lordes al on raw
Held them wele payd of this ſaw.[2]
Al aſſented hyr untill[3]
To tak a lord at hyr owyn wyll.
Than ſaid the lady onone right:
How hald ye yow payd of this knight?
He profers hym on al wyſe
To myne honor and my ſervyſe,
And ſertes, ſirs, the ſoth to ſay,
I ſaw him never or this day;
Bot talde unto me has it bene,
He es the kyng ſon Uriene:
He es cumen of hegh parage,[4]
And wonder doghty of vaſſelage,
War and wiſe, and ful curtayſe,
He yernes me to wife alwayſe;
And nere the leſe, I wate, he might
Have wele better, and ſo war right.
With a voice halely thai ſayd,
Madame, ful wele we hald us payd:
Bot haſtes faſt al that ye may,
That ye war wedded this ilk day:
And grete prayer gan thai make

---

[1] Deis, the high-table. In the *Geſte of Alexander*, we have the phraſe of *holding the deis*, MS. *ut ſupr.* p. 45:

"There was gynning a new feſte,
And of gleomen many a geſte,
King Philip was in mal eſe,
Aliſaundre held the deſe."

[2] Opinion, word. It is of extenſive ſignification. *Emare*, MS. *ut ſupr.*—

"I have herd minſtrelles ſyng in ſaw."

[3] Unto. So Rob. Brunne, of Stonehenge, edit. Hearne, p. cxci.

"In Afrik were thai compaſt and wrought,
Geantz tille Ireland from thithen tham brought."

That is, "Giants brought them from Africa into Ireland."

[4] Kindred. So in the *Geſte of Alexander*, MS. p. 258:—

"They wer men of gret parage,
And haden fowrtry wynter in age."

On alwiſe that ſho ſuld hym take.
Sone unto the kirk thai went,
And war wedded in thair preſent;
Thar wedded Ywaine in plevyne[1]
The riche lady Alundyne,
The dukes doghter of Landuit,
Els hâd hyr lande bene deſtruyt.
Thus thai made the maryage
Omang al the riche barnage:
Thai made ful meykl mirth that day,
Ful grete feſtes on gude aray;
Grete mirthes made thai in that ſtede,
And al forgetyn es now the dede
Of him that was thair lord fre;
Thai ſay that this es worth ſwilk thre.
And that thai lufed him mekil mor
Than him that lord was thare byfor.
The bridal[2] ſat, ſor ſoth to tell,
Til king Arthur come to the well

---

[1] Fr. Plevine. See Du Cange, in v. *Plevina.*

[2] *Bridal* is Saxon for the nuptial feaſt. So in [the] Geſte of Alexander. MS. fol. 41, *penes me*:—

"He wiſt nouȝt of this bridale,
Ne no man tolde him the tale."

In *Gamelyn*, or the *Coke's Tale*, v. 1267:

"At every bridale he would ſing and hop."

Spenſer, *Faerie Qu.* b. v. c. ii. ſt. 3:

"Where and when the bridale cheare
Should be ſolemniſed."

And, vi. x. 13:

"Theſeus her unto his bridale bore."

See alſo Spenſer's *Prothalamion.*

The word has been applied adjectively, for connubial. Perhaps Milton remembered or retained its original uſe in the following paſſage of *Samſon Agoniſtes*, ver. 1196.

"And in your city held my nuptial feaſt:
But your ill-meaning politician lords,
Under pretence of bridal friends and gueſts,
Appointed to await me thirty ſpies."

"Under pretence of friends and gueſts invited to the Bridal." But in *Paradiſe Loſt*, he ſpeaks of the evening ſtar haſtening to light the bridal lamp, which in another part of the ſame poem he calls the nuptial torch. viii. 520, xi. 590. I preſume this Saxon Bridale is Bride-Ale, the feaſt in honour of the bride or marriage. Ale, ſimply put, is the feaſt or the merry-making, as in *Pierce Plowman*, fol. xxxii. b. edit. 1550, 4to.

"And then ſatten ſome and ſonge at the ale [nale.]"

Again, fol. xxvi. b.

"I am occupied everie daye, holye daye and other,
With idle tales at the Ale, and otherwhile in churches."

So Chaucer of his *Freere*, Urr. p. 87, v. 85.

"And they were only glad to fill his purſe,
And maden him grete feſtis at the nale."

Nale is Ale. "They feaſted him, or entertained him, with particular repaſt, at the pariſh-feaſt," &c. Again *Plowman's Tale*, p. 125, v. 2110.

"At the Wreſtling, and at the Wake,
And the chief chaunters at the Nale."

[See *Popular Antiquities of Great Britain*, 1870, i. 156.]

With al his knyghtes everilkane,
Behind leved thar noght ane.
The king keſt water on the ſtane:
The ſtorme raſe ful ſone onane
With wikked[1] weders, kene and calde,
Als it was byfore-hand talde.
The king and his men ilkane
Wend tharwith to have bene ſlane,
So blew it ſtor with ſlete and rayne,
And haſtily than ſyr Ywayne[2]
Dight him graythly in his gere,
With nobil ſhelde and ſtrong ſpere:
When he was dight in ſeker wede,
Than he umſtrade a nobil ſtede:
Him thoght that he was als lyght
Als a fowl es to the flyght.
Unto the Well faſt wendes he,
And ſone when thai myght him ſe,
Syr Kay, for he wald noght fayle,
Smertley aſkes the batayle.
And alſone than ſaid the kyng:
Sir Kay, I grante the thine aſkyng.

Sir Ywaine is victorious, [and] diſcovers himſelf to King Arthur after the battle:

And ſone Ywaine gan him tell
Of al his far, how it byfell:
With the knight how that he ſped,
And how he had the Lady wed;
And how the Mayden him helpid wele:
Thus tald he to him ilka dele.
Sir kyng, he ſayd, I yow byſeke,
And al yowr menye milde and meke,
That ye wald grante to me that grace
At wend with me to my purchace,
And ſe my Kaſtel and my Towre,
Than myght ye do me grete honowre.
The kyng granted him ful right
To dwel with him a fowretenyght.
Sir Ywayne thanked him oft ſith,
The knyghtes war al glad and blyth
With ſir Ywaine for to wend:
And ſone a ſquier has he ſend
Unto the kaſtel; the way he nome,
And warned the Lady of thair come,
And that his Lord come with the kyng.
And when the Lady herd this thing,
It es no lifeand man with mowth
That half hir cumforth tel kowth.
Haſtily that Lady hende
Cumand al hir men to wende,
And dight tham in thair beſt aray,
To kepe the king that ilk day:
Thai keped him in riche wede
Rydeand on many a nobil ſtede;

[1] Wicked is here, accurſed. In which ſenſe it is uſed by Shakeſpeare's Caliban, *Temp.* act i. ſc. ii.

"As wicked dew as e'er my mother bruſh'd
With raven's feather, &c.

[2] To defend the fountain, the office of the lord of this caſtle.

Thai hailſed him ful curtayſly,
And alſo al his cumpany:
Thai ſaid he was worthy to dowt,
That ſo fele folk led obowt:
Thar was grete joy, I yow bihete,
With clothes ſpred in ilka ſtrete,
And damyſels danceand ful wele
With trompes, pipes and with friſtele:
The Caſtel and the Cetee rang
With mynſtralſi and nobil ſang.
Thai ordand tham ilkane in fer
To kepe the king on faire maner.
The Lady went withowten towne,
And with her many balde barowne,
Cled in purpure and ermyne,
With girdels al of gold ful fyne.
The Lady made ful meri chere,
Sho was al dight with drewries[1] dere;
Abowt hir was ful mekyl thrang;
The puple cried and ſayd omang:
Welkum ertou, kyng Arthoure!
Of al this werld thou beres the floure!
Lord kyng of all kynges,
And bleſſed be he that the brynges!
When the Lady the Kyng ſaw,
Unto him faſt gan ſho draw,
To hald his ſterap whils he lyght;
Bot ſone when he of hir had ſyght,
With mekyl myrth thai ſamen met,
With hende wordes ſho him gret;
A thouſand ſithes welkum, ſho ſays,
And ſo es ſyr Gawayne the curtayſe.[2]
The king ſaid: Lady, white ſo flowr,
God gif the joy and mekil honowr:
For thou ert fayr with body gent:
With that he hir in armes hent,
And ful faire he gan hir falde,
Thar was many to bihalde:
It es no man with tong may tell
The mirth that was tham omell;
Of maidens was thar ſo gude wane,
That ilka knight myght take ane.

The King ſtays here eight days, entertained with various ſports:

And ilk day thai had ſolace ſere
Of huntyng, and als of revere:[3]
For thar was a ful fayre cuntre,
With wodes and parkes grete plente;
And caſtels wroght with lyme and ſtane,
That Ywayne with his wife had tane.

---

[1] Gallantries, jewels. [The author of the *Life of Alexander*] ſays, that in one of Alexander's battles, many a lady loſt her drewery, p. 86. Athens is called the *Drywery* of the world. *Ibid.*

[2] There are [ſeveral] old poems on the exploits of Gawain, one of the heroes of this romance. [An account of them may be found in Sir F. Madden's *Sir Gawayne*, 1839, 4to.] There is [one] in the Scot[is]h dialect by Clerke of Tranent, an old Scot[is]h poet. [Dunbar alludes to it in his *Lament for the Makaris. Quhen he wes ſeke*:]

[3] Hawking [for herons, ducks, &c.—*Park.*]

I have an ancient manuſcript alliterative poem, in which a deſpairing lover bids farewell to his miſtreſs. At the end is written, "Explicit Amōr p. Ducem Ebōrr nup. fact. I will here cite a few of the ſtanzas of this unknown prince:[1]

Farewell Lady of grete pris,
Farewell wys, both fair and free,
Farewell freefull flourdelys,
Farewell buril, bright of ble!—

Farewell mirthe that y do myſſe,
Farewell Proweſſe in purpull pall!
Farewell creatur comely to kiſſe,
Farewell Faucon, fare you befall!

---

"Clerk of Tranent eik he hes tane,
That maid the awnteris of Gawane."

Dunbar's *Poems*, ed. 1834, i. 214.]

The two heroes of this romance, Ywain and Gawain, are mentioned jointly in a very old French verſion of the Britiſh or Armorican *Lay of Launval:*

"Enſemble od eus Gawayns,
E ſis coſins li beus Ywayns."

[*Le Chevalier au Lion*, written by Chreſtien de Troyes before 1192, and printed by Lady C. Gueſt in the *Mabinogion*, 1838] but not by Thomas Cheſtre, who tranſlated, or rather paraphraſed *Launval or Sir Launfall*, and who ſeems to have been maſter of a more copious and poetic ſtyle. It is not however unlikely, that Cheſtre tranſlated from a more modern French copy of *Launval*, heightened and improved from the old ſimple Armorican tale of which I have here produced a ſhort extract. [The only ancient copy of the [Engliſh verſion] is contained in the Cotton MS. Galba, E. ix. which ſeems to have been written in the time of Richard II., or towards the cloſe of the fourteenth century.—*Ritſon.*] The ſame perhaps may be ſaid of the Engliſh metrical romance *Emare*, who marries the king of Galys or Wales, originally an Armorican tale, before quoted. MSS. Cott. *Calig.* A. 2. fol. 69. [See Diſs. prefixed to the firſt volume and Mr. Ritſon's *Metrical Romances*, vol. ii. where it is printed.—*Price.*] The laſt ſtanza confirms what has been advanced in the *Firſt Diſſertation* concerning the connection between Cornwall and Bretagne, or Armorica, fol. ult.

"A grette feſte thar was holde
Of erles and barons bolde,
As teſtymonieth thys ſtory:
Thys is on of Brytayne layes,
That was uſed in olde dayes,
Men callys playn the garye."

I believe the laſt line means, "Made for an entertainment,"—"Which men call playing the Garye." The reader may perhaps recollect, that the old Corniſh Miracle interlude was called the *Guary Mirakil*, that is, the *Miracle Play*. In Corniſh, *Plán an guare* is the level place, the plain of ſport and paſtime, the theatre of games, &c. *Guare* is a Corniſh verb, to ſport, to play. In affinity with which, is probably *Gariſh*, gay, ſplendid. Milton, *Il Pens.*, v. 141, [has:] "Day's *gariſh* eye." Shakeſpeare, *Rom. Jul.* iii. 4, [ſpeaks of] "the *gariſh* ſun:" in *King Richard the Third*, of "a *gariſh* ſtag." Compare Lye, Sax. Dict. V. ȝeapṗian; to dreſs fine.

Who was the tranſlator of *Emare*, it is not known. I preſume it was tranſlated in the reign of Henry the Sixth, and very probably by Thomas Cheſtre, the tranſlator of *Launval* [unleſs he was merely the copyiſt, which ſeems equally likely.]

[1] [Qu. Edward Duke of York, eldeſt ſon of Edmond of Langley? See *Noble Authors*, i. 183, ed. 1806.—*Park.*]

Farewell amerouſe and amyable,
Farewell worthy, witty, and wys,
Farewell pured pris priſable,
Farewell ryal roſe in the rys.—

Farewell derworth of dignite,
Farewell grace of governaunce,
However y fare, farewell ye,
Farewell prymeroſe my pleſaunce!

## SECTION XLIV.

WARTON, upon reflection, placed the beautiful ballad of the *Not-browne Mayd*, which is inſerted in the firſt edition [1502] of Arnold's *Chronicle* and its ſucceſſor under the reign of Henry the Eighth.] Prior who, about the year 1718, paraphraſed this poem, without improving its native beauties, ſuppoſes it to have been three hundred years old. It appears from two letters preſerved in the Britiſh Muſeum, written by Prior to Wanley, Lord Oxford's librarian, that Prior conſulted Wanley about this ancient ballad.[1] It is, however, certain that Wanley, an antiquary of unqueſtionable ſkill and judgment in theſe niceties, whatever direction and information he might have imparted to Prior on this ſubject, could never have communicated ſuch a deciſion. He certainly in theſe letters gives no ſuch opinion.[2] This is therefore the haſty conjecture of Prior, who thought that the curioſity which he was preſenting to the world would derive proportionable value from its antiquity: who was better employed than in the petty labour of aſcertaining dates, and who knew much more of modern than ancient poetry.

The *Not-browne Mayde* firſt appeared in Arnold's *Chronicle, or Cuſtoms of London*, [of which, as it has been intimated, the firſt edition appeared at Antwerp, probably in 1502; and Mr. Wright has ſhown from a very curious MS. at Oxford, that in 1520 the ballad was on ſale on a ſtall at the ſiſter Univerſity in the form of a broadſide, price one penny.[3]] This is perhaps the moſt heterogeneous and multifarious miſcellany that ever exiſted. The collector ſets out with a catalogue of the mayors and ſheriffs, the cuſtoms and charters, of the city of London. Soon afterwards we have receipts to pickle ſturgeon, to make vinegar, ink and gunpowder; how to raiſe parſley

[1] MSS. *Harl.* 3777.

[2] Theſe letters are printed in the *Additions to Pope's Works*, in two volumes, publiſhed about two years ago. [Namely, in 1776. This publication has been attributed to the late George Steevens, Eſq.; but I heard from Mr. Iſaac Reed that it was culled by Baldwin from the communications of Mr. Steevens in the St. James's Chronicle, and put forth with a preface by William Cooke, Eſq.—*Park.*]

[3] [Ed. of *N.-B. M.* 1836, Introd.]

in an hour; the arts of brewery and ſoap-making; an eſtimate of the livings in London; an account of the laſt viſitation of Saint Magnus's church: the weight of Eſſex cheeſe, and a letter to Cardinal Wolſey. The *Not-browne Mayde* is introduced between an eſtimate of ſome ſubſidies paid into the exchequer and directions for buying goods in Flanders. In a word, it ſeems to have been this compiler's plan, by way of making up a volume, to print together all the notices and papers, whether ancient or modern, which he could amaſs, of every ſort and ſubject. It is ſuppoſed that he intended an antiquarian repertory: but as many recent materials were admitted, that idea was not at leaſt uniformly obſerved; nor can any argument be drawn from that ſuppoſition, that this poem exiſted long before, and was inſerted as a piece of antiquity.

[Capell] infers,[1] from an identity of rhythmus and orthography, and an affinity of words and phraſes, that this poem appeared after Sir Thomas More's *Jeſt of the Serjeant* [*that would learn to be a Friar*] which, as I have obſerved, was written [and printed] about the year 1500.[2] This reaſoning, were not other arguments obvious, would be inconcluſive, and might be turned to the oppoſite ſide of the queſtion. But it is evident from the language of the *Notbrowne Mayde*, that it was not written earlier than the beginning, at leaſt, of the ſixteenth century. There is hardly an obſolete word, or that requires a gloſſary, in the whole piece: and many parts of Surrey and Wyat are much more difficult to be underſtood. Reduce any two ſtanzas to modern orthography, and they ſhall hardly wear the appearance of ancient poetry. The reader ſhall try the experiment on the two following, which occur accidentally:

HE. Yet take good hede / For euer I drede
That ye wude not ſuſtein
The thorney wayes / The depe valeis /
The ſnow / the froſt / the reyn
The colde / the hete / For drye nor wete /
We muſt lodge on the playn:
And vs abowe / Noon other roue /
But a brake buſsh or twayne /
Whiche ſone ſhulde greue / You / I beleue /
And ye wolde gladly than /
That I had too the grenewode goo
Alone a banyyſshd man.

SHE. Amonge the wylde dere ſuche an archier
As men ſay that ye bee /
Ne may not fayle of good vitayle /
Where is ſo grete plente:
And water cleere of the ryuere
Shalbe ful ſwete to me /
With whiche in hele I ſhal right wele
Endure as ye ſhal ſee /
And er we go / a bed or twoo /
I can prouide a noon:

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[1] *Proluſions*, Pref. p. vii. [2] *Handb. of Early Engl. Lit.* 1867, in v. MORE.]

For in my mynde / Of all mankynde
I loue but you alone.[1]

The ſimplicity of which paſſage Prior has thus decorated and dilated:

HENRY.

Thoſe limbs, in lawn and ſofteſt ſilk array'd,
From ſun-beams guarded, and of winds afraid;
Can they bear angry Jove? can they reſiſt
The parching dog-ſtar, and the bleak north-eaſt?
When, chill'd by adverſe ſnows and beating rain,
We tread with weary ſteps the longſome plain;
When with hard toil we ſeek our evening food,
Berries and acorns from the neighbouring wood;
And find among the cliffs no other houſe,
But the thin covert of ſome gather'd boughs;
Wilt thou not then reluctant ſend thine eye
Around the dreary waſte; and weeping try
(Though then, alas! that trial be too late)
To find thy father's hoſpitable gate,
And ſeats, where eaſe and plenty brooding ſate?
Thoſe ſeats, whence long excluded thou muſt mourn;
That gate, for ever barr'd to thy return:
Wilt thou not then bewail ill-fated love,
And hate a baniſh'd man, condemn'd in woods to rove?

EMMA.

Thy riſe of fortune did I only wed,
From it's decline determin'd to recede?
Did I but purpoſe to embark with thee
On the ſmooth ſurface of a ſummer's ſea?
While gentle Zephyrs play in proſperous gales,
And Fortune's favour fills the ſwelling ſails;
But would forſake the ſhip, and make the ſhore,
When the winds whiſtle, and the tempeſts roar?
No, Henry, no: one ſacred oath has tied
Our loves; one deſtiny our life ſhall guide;
Nor wild nor deep our common way divide.
When from the cave thou riſeſt with the day,
To beat the woods, and rouſe the bounding prey,
The cave with moſs and branches I'll adorn,
And cheerful ſit, to wait my lord's return:
And, when thou frequent bring'ſt the ſmitten deer
(For ſeldom, archers ſay, thy arrows err),
I'll fetch quick fuel from the neighbouring wood,
And ſtrike the ſparkling flint, and dreſs the food;
With humble duty and officious haſte
I'll cull the fartheſt mead for thy repaſt;
The choiceſt herbs I to thy board will bring,
And draw thy water from the freſheſt ſpring:
And, when at night with weary toil oppreſt,
Soft ſlumbers thou enjoy'ſt and wholeſome reſt;
Watchful I'll guard thee, and with midnight prayer
Weary the Gods to keep thee in their care;
And joyous aſk, at morn's returning ray,
If thou haſt health, and I may bleſs the day.
My thoughts ſhall fix, my lateſt wiſh depend,
On thee, guide, guardian, kinſman, father, friend:

[1] [*Remains of the Early Popular Poetry of England*, vol. ii. pp. 282-3.]

By all theſe ſacred names be Henry known
To Emma's heart; and grateful let him own
That ſhe, of all mankind, could love but him alone!

What degree of credit this poem maintained among our earlier anceſtors I cannot determine. I ſuſpect the ſentiment was too refined for the general taſte. Yet it is enumerated among the popular tales and ballads by Laneham, in his narrative of Queen Elizabeth's entertainment at Kenilworth-caſtle, in 1575. I have never ſeen it in manuſcript. I believe it was never reprinted from Arnold's *Chronicle*, where it appeared in [1502 and] 1521, till 1707. It was [in] that year revived in a collection called the [*Muſes' Mercury* for June], and prefaced with a little eſſay on our ancient poets and poetry. Fortunately for modern poetry, this republication ſuggeſted it to the notice of Prior, who perhaps from the ſame ſource might have adopted or confirmed his hypotheſis, that it was coeval with the commencement of the fifteenth century.

Whoever was the original inventor of this little dramatic dialogue, he has ſhewn no common ſkill in contriving a plan, which powerfully detains our attention, and intereſts the paſſions, by a conſtant ſucceſſion of ſuſpenſe and pleaſure, of anxiety and ſatisfaction. Betwixt hopes perpetually diſappointed, and ſolicitude perpetually relieved, we know not how to determine the event of a debate, in which new difficulties ſtill continue to be raiſed, and are almoſt as ſoon removed. In the midſt of this viciſſitude of feelings, a ſtriking contraſt of character is artfully formed and uniformly ſupported, between the ſeeming unkindneſs and ingratitude of the man and the unconquerable attachment and fidelity of the woman, whoſe amiable compliance unexpectedly defeats every objection, and continually furniſhes new matter for our love and compaſſion. At length, our fears ſubſide in the triumph of ſuffering innocence and patient ſincerity. The Man, whoſe hard ſpeeches had given us ſo much pain, ſuddenly ſurpriſes us with a change of ſentiment, and becomes equally an object of our admiration and eſteem. In the diſentanglement of this diſtreſsful tale, we are happy to find that all his cruelty was tenderneſs, and his inconſtancy the moſt invariable truth; his levity an ingenious artifice, and his perverſity the friendly diſguiſe of the firmeſt affection. He is no longer an unfortunate exile, the profligate companion of the thieves and ruffians of the foreſt, but an opulent Earl of Weſtmoreland: and [he] promiſes that the lady, who is a baron's daughter, and whoſe conſtancy he had proved by ſuch a ſeries of embarraſſing propoſals, ſhall inſtantly be made the partner of his riches and honours! Nor ſhould we forget to commend the invention of the poet, in imagining the modes of trying the lady's patience, and in feigning ſo many new ſituations: which at the ſame time open a way to deſcription and to a variety of new ſcenes and images.

I cannot help obſerving here, by the way, that Prior has miſconceived and eſſentially marred his poet's deſign, by ſoftening the ſternneſs of the Man, which could not be intended to admit of any

degree of relaxation. Henry's hypocriſy is not characteriſtically nor conſiſtently ſuſtained. He frequently talks in too reſpectful and complaiſant a ſtyle. Sometimes he calls Emma *my tender maid*, and *my beauteous Emma*; he fondly dwells on the ambroſial plenty of her flowing ringlets gracefully wreathed with variegated ribands, and expatiates with rapture on the charms of her ſnowy boſom, her ſlender waiſt, and harmony of ſhape. In the ancient poem, the concealed lover never abates his affectation of rigour and reſerve, nor ever drops an expreſſion which may tend to betray any traces of tenderneſs. He retains his ſeverity to the laſt in order to give force to the concluſion of the peace, and to heighten the effect of the final declaration of his love. Thus, by diminiſhing the oppoſition of intereſts, and by giving too great a degree of uniformity to both characters, the diſtreſs is in ſome meaſure deſtroyed by Prior. For this reaſon, Henry, during the courſe of the dialogue, is leſs an object of our averſion, and Emma of our pity. But theſe are the unavoidable conſequences of Prior's plan, who preſuppoſes a long connection between the lovers, which is attended with the warmeſt profeſſions of a reciprocal paſſion. Yet this very plan ſuggeſted another reaſon why Prior ſhould have more cloſely copied the caſt of his original. After ſo many mutual promiſes and proteſtations, to have made Henry more obdurate would have enhanced the ſufferings and the ſincerity of the amiable Emma.

It is highly probable that the metrical romances of *Richard Cuer de Lyon, Guy Earl of Warwick, and ſyr Bevys of Southampton*, were moderniſed in this reign from more ancient and ſimple narrations.[1] The firſt was printed by Wynkyn de Worde, in [1509 and] 1528. The ſecond [moſt probably was printed both by Pynſon and De Worde, as fragments in the types characteriſtic of thoſe printers reſpectively are extant. But the oldeſt impreſſion known at preſent in a perfect ſtate is one by William Copland, about 1550.] I mean that which begins thus:

> [S]ithen the tyme that God was borne,
> And cryſtendome was ſet and ſworne.

Richard Pynſon printed *ſir Bevys* without date. Many proſe romances were printed between 1510 and 1540. Of theſe, *Kynge Appolyn of Thyre* is not one of the worſt.

[1] [Theſe three romances were pronounced by Ritſon to be extant in MSS. above 300 years old; and one of them, at leaſt (*Sir Bevis*) excepting the typographical incorrectneſs of the old printed copy, differs no otherwiſe from it than in its orthography and the ſlight variations inſeparable from repeated tranſcription. The ancient MS. copy of *Richard Cuer de Lion* is as long at leaſt as the old editions. But ſome MSS. copies are ſo totally different from each other, as not to have two lines in common; being tranſlations from the French by different hands. This is the caſe with reſpect to *Sir Guy*; there are two diſtinct tranſlations, both very old, one of which is line for line the ſame with the printed copy: but it will not be found that the phraſeology or ſtyle is more poliſhed, or the ſtory more amplified or intricate, in the editions than they are in the MSS. Simplicity, indeed, is a fault of which few people will have reaſon to complain in the peruſal of an old metrical romance, let its antiquity be what it may. Ritſon's *Obs.* p. 35.—*Park.*]

In 1521, Wynkyn de Worde printed a ſet of Chriſtmas Carols.[1] I have ſeen [the laſt leaf] of this book, and it preſerves the colophon. Theſe were[2] feſtal chanſons for enlivening the merriments of the Chriſtmas celebrity: and not ſuch religious ſongs as are current at this day with the common people under the ſame title, and which were ſubſtituted by thoſe enemies of innocent and uſeful mirth, the Puritans. The boar's head ſouſed was anciently the firſt diſh on Chriſtmas day, and was carried up to the principal table in the Hall with great ſtate and ſolemnity. Holinſhed ſays that, in the year 1170, upon the day of the young prince's coronation, King Henry the Firſt "ſerved his ſonne at the table as ſewer, bringing up the Bores head with trumpets before it, according to the manner."[3] For this indiſpenſable ceremony, as alſo for others of that ſeaſon, there was a Carol, which Wynkyn de Worde has given us in the miſcellany juſt mentioned, as it was ſung in his time, with the title, *A Caroll bryngyng in the bores heed:*

*Caput apri defero,*
*Reddens laudes domino.*
The bores heed in hande bring I,
With garlands gay and roſemary;
I praye you all ſynge merely,
*Qui eſtis in conuiuio.*

The bores heed I underſtande,
Is the chefe ſeruyce[4] in this lande:
Loke where euer it be fande
*Seruite cum cantico.*

Be gladde, lordes, bothe more and laſſe,
For this hath ordeyned our ſteward
To chere you all this Chriſtmaſſe,
The bores heed with muſtarde.[5]

This carol, yet with many innovations, is retained at Queen's college in Oxford. Other ancient Chriſtmas carols occur with Latin Burthens or Latin intermixtures. As thus:

*Puer nobis natus eſt de Virgine Maria.*

Be glad lordynges, be the more or leſſe,
I brynge you tydynges of gladneſſe.[6]

The Latin ſcraps were baniſhed from theſe jocund hymns, when the Reformation had eſtabliſhed an Engliſh liturgy. At length appeared ["Slatyer's *Pſalmes or Songs of Sion*, turned into the language,

[1] For many ſmall miſcellaneous pieces under the reign of Henry the Eighth the more inquiſitive reader is referred to MSS. Cott. *Veſp.* A. 25. [For the title of W. de Worde's book of Carols, 1521, ſee *Handb. of E. E. L.* 1867, v. CHRISTMAS.]

[2] [See Ritſon's *Ancient Songs*, p. 126.—*Park.*]

[3] *Chron.* vol. iii. p. 76. See alſo Polyd. Virg. *Hiſt.* p. 212, 10, ed. 1534.

[4] That is, the chief diſh ſerved at a feaſt.

[5] [Rimbault's *Little Book of Chriſtmas Carols* (*circa* 1845), laſt page. The boar's head, at Queen's College, Oxford, has long, I underſtand, degenerated into a counterfeit of the original.]

[6] MSS. *Harl.* 5396, fol. 4, fol. 18. [*Handb. of E. E. Lit.* 1867, art. CHRISTMAS, No. 5.]

and ſet to the tunes, of a ſtrange land, by W. S., intended for Chriſtmas Carols, and fitted to divers of the moſt noted and ſolemn, but common, tunes, everywhere in this land familiarly uſed and known." [*circa* 1642.] 8vo.]

It was impoſſible that the Reformation of religion could eſcape without its rhyming libels. Accordingly, among others, we have *An anſwere to a papyſtycall exhortacyon, prettendynge to avoyde falſe doctrine, under that colour to mayntayne the ſame*, printed [about] 1548, and beginning:

Every pilde pedlar
Will be a medlar.

In the year 1533 [1553], a proclamation was promulged, prohibiting evil-diſpoſed perſons to preach, either in public or private, "after their *own braine*, and by playing of enterludes, and printing of falſe fond bookes, ballades, rhymes, and other lewd treatyſes in the Engliſh tongue, concerning doctrines in matters now in queſtion and controverſie," &c.[1] But this popular mode of attack, which all underſtood, and in which the idle and unlearned could join, appears to have been more powerful than royal interdictions and parliamentary cenſures.

In the year 1540, Thomas Lord Cromwell, during the ſhort interval which Henry's haſty paſſion for Catherine Howard permitted between his commitment and execution, was inſulted in a ballad, [now conjectured to be loſt], written by a defender of the declining cauſe of popery, who certainly ſhewed more zeal than courage, in reproaching a diſgraced miniſter and a dying man. This ſatire, however unſeemly, gave riſe to a religious controverſy in verſe [between Thomas Smyth and W[illiam] G[ray?], of which the Society of Antiquaries of London appears to have a complete ſet, all printed on broadſides about 1540.[2]]

I find a poem of thirty octave ſtanzas, printed in 1546, called the *Downfal of Antichriſtes Mas*, or Maſs, in which the nameleſs ſatiriſt is unjuſtly ſevere on the diſtreſſes of that ingenious claſs of mechanics who got their living by writing and ornamenting ſervice-books for the old papiſtic worſhip, now growing into decay and diſuſe; inſinuating at the ſame time, in a ſtrain of triumph, the great blow their *craft* had received, by the diminution of the number of churches in the diſſolution of the monaſteries.[3] It is, however, certain that this

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[1] Fox, *Martyrolog.* f. 1339, edit. 1576. [This ſeems to be a miſtake on Fox's part, and, if ſo, has miſled all our modern writers. I do not ſee it noticed that Stow (*Annales*, 1615, *ſub anno* 1509), ſpeaks of the lampoons made at that time againſt the Promoters or, as they were afterwards called, Projectors; more particularly of one (which he had ſeen), written by Corniſh of the King's Chapel upon Sir Richard Empſon.]

[2] [*Handb. of E. E. Lit.* arts. ESSEX and SMYTH, and Lemon's *Catalogue of the Printed Broadſides in the Library of the Soc. of Antiq.* Lond. 1866, pp. 2 *et ſeq.*]

[3] In a roll of John Morys, warden of Wincheſter College, 1397, are large articles of diſburſement for grails [*Gradualia*], legends, and other ſervice-books for the choir of the chapel, then juſt founded. It appears that they bought the parch-

buſy and lucrative occupation was otherwiſe much injured by the invention and propagation of typography, as ſeveral Catholic rituals were printed in England: yet ſtill they continued to employ writers and illuminators for this purpoſe. The fineſt and the lateſt ſpecimen of this ſort I have ſeen, is Cardinal Wolſey's *Lectionary*, now preſerved at Chriſtchurch in Oxford, a prodigious folio on vellum, written and embelliſhed with great ſplendour and beauty by the moſt elegant artiſts, either for the uſe of his own private chapel, or for the magnificent chapel which he had projected for his college, and peculiarly characteriſtic of that prelate's predominant ideas of eccleſiaſtic pomp.

Wynkyn de Worde printed a [*Lytel Treatyſe of the Byrth and Prophecye of Marlyn* in 1510, which was reprinted by the ſame typographer in 1529.] Metrical and proſaic prophecies attributed to the magician Merlin, all originating from Geoffrey of Monmouth's hiſtorical romance, and of oriental growth, are numerous and various. Merlin's predictions were ſucceſſively accommodated by the minſtrel-poets to the politics of their own times. There are many among the Cotton manuſcripts, both in French and Engliſh, and in other libraries.[1] Laurence Minot above cited, who wrote about 13[52], and in the northern dialect, has applied ſome of them to the numerous victories of Edward the Third.[2]

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ment; and hired perſons to do the buſineſs of writing, illuminating, noting, and binding, within the walls of the college. As thus: "*Item* in xi doſeyn iiij pellibus emptis pro i legenda integra, que incipit folio ſecundo *Quia dixerunt*, continente xxxiiij quaterniones, (pret. doſeyn iiijs. vid. pret. pellis iiijd. ob.) lis. *Item* in ſcriptura ejuſdem Legende, lxxijs. Et in illuminacione et ligacione ejuſdem, xxxs. *Item* in vj. doſeyn de velym emptis pro factura vj Proceſſionalium, quorum quilibet continet xv quaterniones (pret. doſeyn iiijs. vid.), xxvijs. Et in ſcriptura, notacione, illuminacione, et ligacione eorundem, xxxiijs." The higheſt coſt of one of theſe books is *7l.* 13*s.* Vellum, for this purpoſe, made an article of *ſtaurum*, or ſtore. As "*Item* in vj doſeyn de velym emptis in ſtaurum pro aliis libris inde faciendis, xxxiiijs xjd." The books were covered with deer-ſkin. As, "*Item* in vj pellibus cervinis emptis pro libris predictis cooperiendis, xiijs. iiijd." In another roll (xix Ric. ii. A.D. 1396.) of warden John Morys above mentioned, diſburſements of diet for Scriptores enter into the quarterly account of that article. "Expenſe extraneorum ſuperveniencium, iij Scriptorum, viij ſerviencium, et x choriſtarum, ixl. iiijs. xd." The whole diet expenſes this year, for ſtrangers, writers, ſervants, and choriſters, amount to 20*l.* 19*s.* 10*d.*—"Computus magiſtri Johis Morys Cuſtodis a die Sabbati proxime poſt feſtum Annunciationis beate Marie anno regni Regis Ricardi Secundi poſt conqueſtum xvij^mo, uſque diem Veneris proxime ante feſtum ſancti Michaelis extunc proxime ſequens anno regis predicti xviij^mo, vid^lt per xxvj ſeptimanas." It is indorſed, "Computus primus poſt ingreſſum in Collegium. Anno octavo poſt inceptionem Operis."

In another roll of 1399 (Rot. Comp. Burſs. 22 Ric. ii.) writers are in commons weekly with the regular members of the ſociety.

[1] See *Geoffr. Monm.* vol. vii. p. 3. And *Rob. Glouc.* pp. 132, 133, *ſeq.* 254, 256. Of the authority of Merlin's Prophecies in England in 1216, ſee [an edit. of the *Breviat Chronicle*, printed by H. Wykes.] Merlin's Prophecies were printed in French at Paris, in 1498. And [*La Vita di Merlino*, at Venice in 1480, and often afterwards. See Brunet, *Manuel du Libraire*, 1862, art. MERLINUS.]

[2] [Minot's *Poems*, ed. 1795, p. 26.]

I have ſeen one of Merlin's *Propheſies*, probably tranſlated from the French, which begins thus:

Liſteneth now to Merlins ſaw,
And I woll tell to aw,
What he wrat for men to come,
Nother by greffe, ne by plume.[1]

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[1] I know not when this piece was written. But the word *greffe* is old French for *Graphium*, or *Stylus*. It is generally ſuppoſed, and it has been poſitively aſſerted by an able French antiquary, that the ancient Roman practice of writing with a ſtyle on waxen tablets, laſted not longer than the fifth century. Hearne alſo ſuppoſes that the pen had ſucceeded to the ſtyle long before the age of Alfred.—Lel. *Itin.* vol. vii. Pref. p. xxii. I will produce an inſtance of this practice in England ſo late as the year 1395. In the accompt-roll of Wincheſter-college, of that year, is the following diſburſement: "Et in i tabula ceranda cum viridi cera pro intitulatione capellanorum et clericorum Capelle ad miſſas et alia pſallenda, viij*d.*" This very curious and remarkable article ſignifies, that a tablet covered with green wax was kept in the chapel, for noting down with a ſtyle the reſpective courſes of daily or weekly portions of duty, alternately aſſigned to the officers of the choir. So far, indeed, from having ceaſed in the fifth century, it appears that this mode of writing continued throughout all the dark ages. Among many expreſs proofs that might be produced of the centuries after that period, Du Cange cites theſe verſes from a French metrical romance, written about the year 1376. *Lat. Gloſſ.* v. GRAPHIUM [and STYLISONUS]:

"Les uns ſe prennent a ecrire,
Des greffes* en tables de cire;
Les autres ſuivent la couſtume
De fournir lettres a la plume."

Many ample and authentic records of the royal houſehold of France, of the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries, written on waxen tablets, are ſtill preſerved. Waxen tablets were conſtantly kept in the French religious houſes, for the ſame purpoſe as at Wincheſter-college. Thus, in the Ordinary of the Priour of Saint Lo at Rouen, written about 1250: "Qui ad miſſam lectiones aut tractus dicturi ſunt, in tabula cerea primitus recitentur," p. 261. Even [much later,] ſeveral of the collegiate bodies in France, more eſpecially the chapter of the cathedral of Rouen, retain this uſage of marking the ſucceſſive rotation of the miniſters of the choir. See Le Brun's *Voyage Liturgique*, 1718, p. 275. The ſame mode of writing was uſed for regiſtering the capitular acts of the monaſteries in France. Du Cange, in reciting from an ancient manuſcript the *Signs* enjoined to the monks of the order of Saint Victor at Paris, where the rule of ſilence was rigorouſly obſerved, gives us, among others, the tacit ſignals by which they called for the ſtyle and tablet. "*Pro* SIGNO *Grafii.*—Signo metalli præmiſſo, extenſo pollice cum indice [ſimula] ſcribentem. *Pro* SIGNO *Tabularum.*—Manus ambas complica, et ita disjunge quaſi aperiens Tabulas."—*Gloſſ.* ut ſupr. v. SIGNA, tom. iii. p. 866, col. 2, edit. vet. Among the implements of writing allowed to the Carthuſians, *Tabulæ* and *Graphium* are enumerated.—*Statut. Antiq. Carthuſian.* part 2, cap. xvi. § 8. That, however, at Wincheſter-college, is the only expreſs ſpecification which I have found of the practice, in the religious houſes of England. But ſee Wanley's account of the text of S. Chad, *Catal. Codd. Anglo-Sax.* p. 289, ſeq. Yet in many of our old collegiate eſtabliſhments it ſeems to be pointed out by the implication: and the article here extracted from the roll at Wincheſter-college, explains the manner of keeping the following injunction in the Statutes of Saint Elizabeth's-college at Wincheſter, now deſtroyed, which is a direction of the ſame kind, and cannot be well underſtood without ſuppoſing a waxen tablet. Theſe ſtatutes were given in 1301. "Habeat itaque idem præcentor unam Tabulam ſemper in capella appenſam, in

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* Styles. Lat. *Graphium.*

The public pageantries of this reign are proofs of the growing familiarity and national diffuſion of claſſical learning. I will ſelect an inſtance, among others, from the ſhews exhibited with great magnificence at the coronation of Queen Anne Boleyn, in the year 1533. The proceſſion to Weſtminſter abbey began from the Tower; and the queen, in paſſing through Gracechurch-ſtreet, was entertained with a repreſentation of Mount Parnaſſus. The fountain of Helicon, by a bold fiction unknown to the bards of antiquity, ran in four ſtreams of Rheniſh wine from a baſin of white marble. On the ſummit of the mountain ſat Apollo, and at his feet Calliope. On either ſide of the declivity were arranged four of the Muſes, playing

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qua ſcribat quolibet die ſabbati poſt prandium, et ordinet, qualem Miſſam quis eorum capellanorum in ſequenti ſeptimana debeat celebrare; quis qualem lectionem in craſtino legere debeat; Et ſic de cæteris divinis officiis in prædicta capella faciendis. Et ſic cotidie poſt prandium ordinet idem præcentor de ſervicio diei ſequentis: hoc diligentius obſervando, quod capellani Miſſam, ad quam die ſabbati, ut præmittitur, intitulantur, per integram celebrent ſeptimanam."—Dugd. *Monaſt.* tom. iii.; *Eccles. Coll.* i. 10. Nothing could have been a more convenient method of temporary notation, eſpecially at a time when parchment and paper were neither cheap nor common commodities, and of carrying on an account, which was perpetually to be obliterated and renewed: for the written ſurface of the wax being eaſily ſmoothed by the round or blunt end of the ſtyle, was ſoon again prepared for the admiſſion of new characters. And among the Romans, the chief uſe of the ſtyle was for fugitive and occaſional entries. In the ſame light, we muſt view the following parallel paſſage of the ordination of Biſhop Wykeham's ſepulchral chantry, founded in Wincheſter cathedral, in the year 1404. "Die ſabbati cujuſlibet ſeptimanæ futuræ, monachi prioratus noſtri in ordine ſacerdotali conſtituti, valentes et diſpoſiti ad celebrandum, ordinentur et intitulentur in Tabula ſeriatim ad celebrandum Miſſas prædictas cotidie per ſeptimanam tunc ſequentem," &c. B. Lowth's *Wykeham*, Append. p. xxxi. edit. 1777. Without multiplying ſuperfluous citations,* I think we may fairly conclude that whenever a *Tabula* pro *Clericis intitulandis* occurs in the more ancient rituals of our eccleſiaſtical fraternities, a Pugillare or waxen tablet, and not a ſchedule of parchment or paper, is intended. The inquiſitive reader, who wiſhes to ſee more foreign evidences of this mode of writing during the courſe of the middle ages, is referred to a Memoir drawn up with great diligence and reſearch by M. l'Abbé Lebeuf.—*Mem. Litt.* tom. xx. p. 267, edit. 4to.

The reaſonings and conjectures of Wiſe and others, who have treated of the Saxon Aeſtel, more particularly of thoſe who contend that King Alfred's Style is ſtill in being at Oxford, may perhaps receive elucidation or correction from what is here caſually collected on a ſubject which needs and deſerves a full inveſtigation.

To a note already labouring with its length, I have only to add, that without ſuppoſing an alluſion to this way of writing, it will be hard to explain the following lines in Shakeſpeare's *Timon of Athens*, act i. ſc. i.:

> "My free drift
> Halts not particularly, but moves itſelf
> 'In a wide ſea of wax.'"

Why Shakeſpeare ſhould here allude to this peculiar and obſolete faſhion of writing, to expreſs a poet's deſign of deſcribing general life, will appear, if we conſider the freedom and facility with which it is executed. It is not yet, I think, diſcovered on what original Shakeſpeare formed this drama. [But ſee Dyce's ſecond edit. of *Shakeſpeare*, 1868, vol. vi. pp. 504 and 571, in the latter of which places Dyce ſeems to queſtion the accuracy of the reading *wax*.]

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* See *Statut. Eccles. Cath. Lichf.* Dugd. *Mon.* vol. iii. p. 244, col. 2, 10; p. 247, col. 2, 20; *Statut. Eccles. Collegiat. de Tonge*, ibid.; *Eccles. Coll.* p. 152, col. 2, 40

on their reſpective muſical inſtruments. Under them were written epigrams and poeſies in golden letters, in which every Muſe praiſed the queen, according to her character and office. At the Conduit in Cornhill appeared the three Graces before whom, with no great propriety, was the ſpring of grace perpetually running wine. But when a conduit came in the way, a religious alluſion was too tempting and obvious to be omitted. Before the ſpring, however, ſat a poet, deſcribing in metre the properties or functions of every grace; and then each of theſe Graces allotted in a ſhort ſpeech to the queen the virtue or accompliſhment over which ſhe ſeverally preſided. At the Conduit in Cheapſide, as my chronicler ſays, ſhe was ſaluted with "a rich pageaunt full of melodie and ſong." In this pageant were Pallas, Juno and Venus: before them ſtood Mercury, who preſented to her majeſty, in the name of the three goddeſſes, a golden ball or globe divided into three parts, ſignifying, wiſdom, riches, and felicity. At entering St. Paul's gate, an ancient portal leading into the church-yard on the eaſt, and long ſince deſtroyed, three ladies richly attired ſhowered on her head wafers, in which were contained Latin diſtichs. At the eaſtern ſide of Saint Paul's Church-yard, two hundred ſcholars of Saint Paul's School addreſſed her in choſen and appoſite paſſages from the Roman poets, tranſlated into Engliſh rhymes. On the leads of Saint Martin's church ſtood a choir of boys and men who ſung, not ſpiritual hymns, but new ballads in praiſe of her majeſty. On the conduit without Ludgate, where the arms and angels had been refreſhed, was erected a tower with four turrets, within each of which was placed a Cardinal Virtue, ſymbolically habited. Each of theſe perſonages in turn uttered an oration, promiſing to protect and accompany the queen on all occaſions.[1] Here we ſee the Pagan hiſtory and mythology predominating in thoſe ſpectacles, which were once furniſhed from the *Golden Legend*. Inſtead of ſaints, prophets, apoſtles, and confeſſors, we have Apollo, Mercury, and the Muſes. Inſtead of religious canticles and texts of ſcripture, which were uſually introduced in the courſe of theſe ceremonies, we are entertained with profane poetry, tranſlations from the claſſics, and occaſional verſes; with exhortations, not delivered by perſonified doctors of the church, but by the heathen divinities.[2]

It may not be foreign to our purpoſe, to give the reader ſome diſtinct idea of the polite amuſements of this reign, among which the maſque, already mentioned in general terms, ſeems to have held the firſt place. It chiefly conſiſted of muſic, dancing, gaming, a banquet, and a diſplay of groteſque perſonages and fantaſtic dreſſes. The performers, as I have hinted, were often the king and the chief of the

[1] Hall's *Chronicle*, fol. ccxii. Among the Orations ſpoken to the Queen, is one too curious to be omitted. At Leadenhall ſat Saint Anne with her numerous progeny, and Mary Cleophas with her four children. One of the children made "a goodlie oration to the queene, of the fruitfulnes of Saint Anne, and of her generation; truſting the like fruit ſhould come of hir."

[2] [There is a contemporary tract, giving an account of the Coronation of Anne Boleyn. See *Handb. of E. E. Lit.* art. HENRY VIII.]

nobility of both ſexes, who under proper diſguiſes executed ſome preconcerted ſtratagem, which ended in mirth and good humour. With one of theſe ſhews, in 1530, the king formed a ſcheme to ſurpriſe Cardinal Wolſey, while he was celebrating a ſplendid banquet at his palace of Whitehall.[1] At night his majeſty in a maſque, with twelve more maſquers all richly but ſtrangely dreſſed, privately landed from Weſtminſter at Whitehall ſtairs. At landing, ſeveral ſmall pieces of cannon were fired, which the King had before ordered to be placed on the ſhore near the houſe. The cardinal, who was ſeparately ſeated at the banquet in the preſence-chamber under the cloth of ſtate, a great number of ladies and lords being ſeated at the ſide-tables, was alarmed at this ſudden and unuſual noiſe: and immediately ordered Lord Sandys [or Sands, of the Vine,[2]] the king's chamberlain, who was one of the gueſts and in the ſecret, to enquire the reaſon. Lord Sands brought anſwer, that thirteen foreign noblemen of diſtinction were juſt arrived, and were then waiting in the great hall below: having been drawn thither by the report of the cardinal's magnificent banquet, and of the beautiful ladies who were preſent at it. The cardinal ordered them immediately into the banquetting-room, to which they were conducted from the hall with twenty new torches and a concert of drums and fifes. After a proper refreſhment, they requeſted in the French language to dance with the ladies, whom they kiſſed, and to play with them at mum-chance:[3] producing at the ſame time a great golden cup filled with many hundred crowns. Having played for ſome time with the ladies, they deſignedly loſt all that remained in the cup to the cardinal; whoſe ſagacity was not eaſily to be deceived, and who now began, from ſome circumſtances, to ſuſpect one of them to be the king. On finding their plot in danger, they anſwered, "If your grace can point him out, he will readily diſcover himſelf." The cardinal pointed to a maſk with a black beard, but he was miſtaken, for it was Sir Edward Nevil. At this the king could not forbear laughing aloud; and pulling off his own and Sir Edward Nevil's maſque, convinced the cardinal with much arch complaiſance, that he had for once gueſſed wrong. The king and the maſquers then retired into another apartment to change their apparel: and in the meantime the banquet was removed, and the table covered afreſh with perfumed clothes. Soon afterwards the king, with his company, returned, and took his ſeat under the cardinal's canopy of ſtate. Immediately two hundred diſhes[4] of the moſt coſtly cookery and confectionery were ſerved up; the contrivance and ſucceſs of the royal joke afforded much pleaſant conver-

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[1] It then belonged to Wolſey.

[2] [Courthope's *Hiſtoric Peerage of England*, 1857, p. 420.]

[3] A game of hazard with dice.

[4] [Can we imagine that though the cardinal was giving ſuch a magnificent entertainment, he would have had 200 coſtly diſhes in reſerve, ready to ſet on, if he had not been in the ſecret about the king's maſqued viſit? As to the miſtake about his perſon, this might be real or pretended.—*Aſhby*.]

ſation, and the night was ſpent in dancing, dice-playing, banquetting and other triumphs.[1] The chronicler Hall, a cotemporary and a curious obſerver, acquaints us, that at Greenwich, in 1512, "on the daie of the Epiphanie at night, the king with a xi. other were diſguiſed after the maner of Italie, called a maſke, a thyng not ſeen afore in Englande; thei were appareled in garmentes long and brode, wrought all with gold, with viſers and cappes of gold, and after the banket doen, theſe Maſkers came in, with ſixe gentlemen diſguiſed in ſilke, bearyng ſtaffe torches, and deſired the ladies to daunce; ſome were content, and ſome that knew the faſhion of it, refuſed, becauſe it was not a thyng commonly ſeen. And after thei daunced and communed together, as the faſhion of the Maſke is, thei tooke their leaue and departed, and ſo did the Queene, and all the ladies."[2]

I do not find that it was a part of their diverſion in theſe entertainments to diſplay humour and character.[3] Their chief aim ſeems to have been to ſurpriſe by the ridiculous and exaggerated oddity of the viſors, and by the ſingularity and ſplendour of the dreſſes. Every thing was out of nature and propriety. Frequently the Maſque was attended with an exhibition of ſome gorgeous machinery, reſembling the wonders of a modern pantomime. For inſtance, in the great hall of the palace, the uſual place of performance, a vaſt mountain covered with tall trees aroſe ſuddenly, from whoſe opening caverns iſſued hermits, pilgrims, ſhepherds, knights, damſels, and gipſies who, being regaled with ſpices and wine danced a moriſco, or morris-dance. They were then again received into the mountain, which with a ſymphony of rebecs and recorders cloſed its caverns, and tumbling to pieces, was replaced by a ſhip in full ſail, or a caſtle beſieged. To be more particular: the following device was ſhown in the hall of the palace at Greenwich. A caſtle was reared, with numerous towers, gates, and battlements; and furniſhed with every military preparation for ſuſtaining a long ſiege. On the front was inſcribed *Le fortreſſe dangerus*. From the windows looked out ſix ladies, clothed in the richeſt ruſſet ſatin, "laide all ouer with leues of Golde, and euery owde knit with laces of blewe ſilke and golde, on their heddes coyfes, and cappes all of gold." This caſtle was moved about the hall; and when the queen had viewed it for a time, the king entered the hall with five knights, in embroidered veſtments, ſpangled and plated with gold of the moſt curious and coſtly workmanſhip. They aſſaulted the caſtle; and the ſix ladies, finding them to be champions of redoubted proweſs, after a parley, yielded their perilous fortreſs, deſcended, and danced with their aſſailants. The ladies then led the knights into the caſtle which immediately vaniſhed, and the company retired.[4] Here we ſee

[1] Holinſh. *Chron.* vol. iii. p. 921, *ſeq.*

[2] *Chron.* fol. xv. [edit. 1809, p. 526.]

[3] [Of theſe there was probably about as much as would be found in a modern maſquerade, conſiſting of the king and his court, lords of the bed-chamber and maids of honour.—*Aſhby.*]

[4] Holinſh. vol. iii. p. 812. [For a much earlier example of this kind of diſplay I might refer to the *Venetian Annals of the 14th Century*, but my reference is miſlaid.]

the repreſentation of an action. But all theſe magnificent mummeries, which were their evening amuſements on feſtivals, (notwithſtanding a parley[1] which my hiſtorian calls a communication, is here mentioned,) were yet in dumb ſhew,[2] and without dialogue.

But towards the latter part of Henry's reign, much of the old cumberſome ſtate began to be laid aſide. This I collect from a ſet of new regulations given to the royal houſehold about the year 1526, by Cardinal Wolſey. In the chapter *For keeping the Hall and ordering of the Chapel*, it is recited that by the frequent interminſſion and diſuſe of the ſolemnities of dining and ſupping in the great hall of the palace, the proper officers had almoſt forgot their duty, and the manner of conducting that very long and intricate ceremonial. It is therefore ordered, that when his majeſty is not at Weſtminſter, and with regard to his palaces in the country, the formalities of the Hall, which ought not entirely to fall into deſuetude, ſhall be at leaſt obſerved when he is at Windſor, Beaulieu or Newhall[3] in Eſſex, Richmond, Hampton-court, Greenwich, Eltham, and Woodſtock. And that at theſe places only, the whole choir of the chapel ſhall attend. This attempt to revive that which had begun to ceaſe from the nature of things and from the growth of new manners, perhaps had but little or no laſting effect. And with reſpect to the chapel my record adds that when the king is on journeys or progreſſes, only ſix ſinging boys and ſix gentlemen of the choir ſhall make a part of the royal retinue; who "daylie in abſence of *the reſidue* of the chapel ſhall have a Maſſe of our Ladie bifore noon, and on Sondaies and holidaies maſſe of the day beſides our Lady-maſſe, and an anthempne in the afternoone: for which purpoſe no *great carriage* of either veſtiments or bookes ſhall require."[4] Henry never ſeems to have been ſo truly happy, as when he was engaged in one of theſe progreſſes: in other words, moving from one ſeat to another, and enjoying his eaſe and amuſements in a ſtate of royal relaxation. This we may collect from a curious paſſage in Holinſhed who had pleaſed and perhaps informed us leſs,

[1] [About the terms on which to ſurrender the fortreſs that ſix fine ladies had defended.—*Aſhby*.]

[2] But at a moſt ſumptuous Diſguiſing in 1519, in the hall at Greenwich the figure of Fame is introduced, who, "in French, declared the meaning of the trees, the rocke, and turneie." But as this ſhew was a political compliment, and many foreigners preſent, an explanation was neceſſary. See Hall, *Chron.* fol. lxvi. This was in 1512. But in the year 1509, a more rational evening-amuſement took place in the Hall of the old Weſtminſter-palace, ſeveral foreign ambaſſadors being preſent. "After ſupper, his grace [the king] with the queene, lords, and ladies, came into the White Hall, which was hanged richlie; the hall was ſcaffolded and railed on all parts. There was an Enterlude of the gentlemen of his chappell before his grace, and diverſe freſhe ſonges."—Hall, *Chron.* fol. xi. xii. [I ſuppoſe that it is what Stow intends, when (*Annales*, 1615, *ſub anno* 1510) he ſpeaks of "great banquettings, *dauncings*, and other paſtimes."]

[3] A new houſe built by Henry the Eighth. Holinſh. *Chron.* vol. iii. p. 852.

[4] "ORDENAUNCES made for the kinges houſehold and chambres." Bibl. Bodl. MSS. Laud K. 48, fol. It is the original on vellum. In it Sir Thomas More is mentioned as Chancellor of the Duchy of Lancaſter.

had he never deſerted the dignity of the hiſtorian. "From thence the whole court remooved to Windſor, then beginning his progreſſe, and exerciſing himſelfe dailie in ſhooting, ſinging, danſing, wreſtling, caſting of the barre, plaieing at the recorders, flute, virginals, in ſetting of ſonges, and making of ballades.—And when he came to Oking,[1] there were kept both juſtes and turneies."[2] I make no apology for theſe ſeeming digreſſions. The manners and the poetry of a country are ſo nearly connected, that they mutually throw light on each other.

The ſame connection ſubſiſts between the ſtate of poetry and of the arts; to which we may now recall the reader's attention with as little violation of our general ſubject.

We are taught in the mythology of the ancients, that the three Graces were produced at a birth. The meaning of the fable is, that the three moſt beautiful imitative arts were born and grew up together. Our poetry now beginning to be diveſted of its monaſtic barbariſm, and to advance towards elegance, was accompanied by proportionable improvements in painting and muſic. Henry employed many capital painters, and endeavoured to invite Raphael and Titian into England. Inſtead of allegorical tapeſtry, many of the royal apartments were adorned with hiſtorical pictures. Our familiarity with the manners of Italy, and affectation of Italian accompliſhments, influenced the tones and enriched the modulation of our muſical compoſition. Thoſe who could read the ſonnets of Petrarch muſt have reliſhed the airs of Paleſtrina. At the ſame time, Architecture, like Milton's lion pawing to get free, made frequent efforts to diſentangle itſelf from the maſſy incumbrances of the Gothic manner, and began to catch the correct graces, and to copy the true magnificence, of the Grecian and Roman models. Henry was himſelf a great builder; and his numerous edifices, although conſtructed altogether on the ancient ſyſtem, are ſometimes interſperſed with chaſte ornaments and graceful mouldings, and often marked with a legitimacy of proportion and a purity of deſign before unattempted. It was among the literary plans of Leland, one of the moſt claſſical ſcholars of this age, to write an account of Henry's palaces, in imitation of Procopius who is ſaid to have deſcribed the palaces of the Emperor Juſtinian. Frequent ſymptoms appeared, that perfection in every work of taſte was at no great diſtance. Thoſe clouds of ignorance, which yet remained, began now to be illuminated by the approach of the dawn of truth.

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[1] Woking in Surrey, near Guildford, a royal ſeat.
[2] *Chron* vol. iii. p. 806.

## SECTION XLV.

THE reformation of our church produced an alteration for a time in the general ſyſtem of ſtudy, and changed the character and ſubjects of our poetry. Every mind, both learned and unlearned, was buſied in religious ſpeculation; and every pen was employed in recommending, illuſtrating, and familiariſing the Bible, which was now laid open to the people.

The poetical annals of King Edward the Sixth, who removed thoſe chains of bigotry which his father Henry had only looſened, are marked with metrical tranſlations of various parts of the ſacred ſcripture. Of theſe the chief is the verſification of the Pſalter by Sternhold and Hopkins: a performance which has acquired an importance, and conſequently claims a place, in our ſeries not ſo much from any merit of its own, as from the circumſtances with which it is connected.

It is extraordinary, that the proteſtant churches ſhould be indebted to a country in which the reformation had never begun to make any progreſs, and even to the indulgence of a ſociety which remains to this day the grand bulwark of the Catholic theology, for a very diſtinguiſhing and eſſential part of their ritual.

About the year 15[3]0, Clement Marot, a valet of the bedchamber to King Francis the Firſt, was the favourite poet of France. This writer, having attained an unuſual elegance and facility of ſtyle, added many new embelliſhments to the rude ſtate of the French poetry. It is not the leaſt of his praiſes, that La Fontaine uſed to call him his maſter. He was the inventor of the rondeau, and the reſtorer of the madrigal: but he became chiefly eminent for his paſtorals, ballads, fables, elegies, epigrams, and tranſlations from Ovid and Petrarch.[1] At length, being tired of the vanities of profane poetry, or rather privately tinctured with the principles of Lutheraniſm, he attempted, with the aſſiſtance of his friend Theodore Beza,[2] and by the encouragement of the profeſſor of Hebrew in the univerſity of Paris, a verſion of David's Pſalms into French rhymes. This tranſlation, which did not aim at any innovation in the public worſhip, and which received the ſanction of the Sorbonne as containing nothing contrary to ſound doctrine, he dedicated to his maſter Francis

[1] [Hence was it obſerved in a poem before quoted:

"In Fraunce did Marot rayne,
And neighbour thearunto
Was Petrark marching full with Dante,
Who erſt did wonders do."—*Park.*]

[(2) See reſpecting Beza, *inter alia*, Ellis, *Or. Letters*, 3rd S. iii. 373.]

the Firſt, and to the Ladies of France.[1] In the dedication to the Ladies or *les Dames de France*, whom he had often before addreſſed in the tendereſt ſtrains of paſſion or compliment, he ſeems anxious to deprecate the raillery which the new tone of his verſification was likely to incur, and is embarraſſed how to find an apology for turning ſaint. Conſcious of his apoſtaſy from the levities of life, in a ſpirit of religious gallantry he declares that his deſign is to add to the happineſs of his fair readers, by ſubſtituting divine hymns in the place of *chanſons d'amour*, to inſpire their ſuſceptible hearts with a paſſion in which there is no torment, to baniſh that fickle and fantaſtic deity Cupid from the world, and to fill their apartments with the praiſes, not of the *little god*, but of the true Jehovah.

E voz doigts ſur les eſpinettes
Pour dire ſainctes chanſonettes.

He adds, that the golden age would now be reſtored, when we ſhould ſee the peaſant at his plough, the carman in the ſtreets, and the mechanic in his ſhop, ſolacing their toils with pſalms and canticles: and the ſhepherd and ſhepherdeſs, repoſing in the ſhade, and teaching the rocks to echo the name of the Creator.

Le Laboureur a ſa charruë,
Le Charretier parmy le ruë,
Et l'Artiſan en ſa boutique,
Avecques un Pſeaume ou Cantique,
En ſon labour ſe ſoulager.
Heureux qui orra le Berger
Et la Bergere au bois eſtans,
Fair que rochers et eſtangs,
Apres eux chantant la hauteur
Du ſainct nom de Createur.[2]

Marot's pſalms ſoon eclipſed the brilliancy of his madrigals and ſonnets. Not ſuſpecting how prejudicial the predominant rage of pſalm-ſinging might prove to the ancient religion of Europe, the Catholics themſelves adopted theſe ſacred ſongs as ſerious ballads, and as a more rational ſpecies of domeſtic merriment. They were the common accompaniments of the fiddle. They were ſold ſo rapidly, that the printers could not ſupply the public with copies. In the feſtive and ſplendid court of Francis the Firſt, of a ſudden nothing was heard but the pſalms of Clement Marot. By each of the royal family and the principal nobility of the court a pſalm was choſen, and fitted to the ballad tune which each liked beſt.[3] The dauphin Prince Henry, who delighted in hunting, was fond of *Ainſi qu'on oit le cerf bruire*, or, *Like as the Hart deſireth the water-brooks*,

[1] The firſt edition known to Brunet (*Man. du Libraire*, laſt edit. in v.) was that of 1541, but in the catalogue of the library of La Morgue, 1781, an impreſſion of 1535, according to Brunet, is noticed.]

[2] Les Oevvres de Clement Marot de Cahors, valet de chambre du roy, &c. A Lyon, 1551. 12mo. See *Ad calc. Traductions*, &c. p. 192.

[3] [This mode of adaptation may be ſeen in the Godly and Spirituall Songs, &c. printed at Edinburgh in [1578, 1600, and 1621], and [partly] reprinted there in 1801.—*Park.* But Mr. David Laing has ſince republiſhed the edition of 1578, Edinb. 1868, 8vo.]

which he conſtantly ſung in going out to the chaſe. Madame de Valentinois, between whom and the young prince there was an attachment, took *Du fond de ma penſée*, or, *From the depth of my heart, O Lord.* The queen's favourite was, *Ne vueilles pas, O Sire*, that is, *O Lord, rebuke me not in thine indignation*, which ſhe ſang to a faſhionable jig.[1] Antony King of Navarre ſung, *Revenge moy, pren le querelle*, or *Stand up, O Lord, to revenge my quarrel*, to the air of a dance of Poitou.[2] It was on very different principles that pſalmody flouriſhed in the gloomy court of Cromwell. This faſhion does not ſeem in the leaſt to have diminiſhed the gaiety and good humour of the court of Francis.

At this period John Calvin, in oppoſition to the diſcipline and doctrines of Rome, was framing his novel church at Geneva: in which the whole ſubſtance and form of divine worſhip were reduced to praying, preaching, and ſinging. In the laſt of theſe three, he choſe to depart widely from the catholic uſage; and, either becauſe he thought that novelty was ſure to ſucceed, that the practice of antiphonal chanting was ſuperſtitious, or that the people were excluded from bearing a part in the more ſolemn and elaborate performance of eccleſiaſtical muſic, or that the old papiſtic hymns were unedifying, or that verſe was better remembered than proſe, he projected, with the advice of Luther, a ſpecies of religious ſong, conſiſting of portions of the pſalms intelligibly tranſlated into the vernacular language, and adapted to plain and eaſy melodies, which all might learn, and in which all might join. This ſcheme, either by deſign or accident, was luckily ſeconded by the publication of Marot's metrical pſalms at Paris, which Calvin immediately introduced into his congregation at Geneva.[3] Being ſet to ſimple and almoſt monotonous notes by Guillaume de Franc, they were ſoon eſtabliſhed as the principal branch in that reformer's new devotion, and became a characteriſtical mark or badge of the Calviniſtic worſhip and profeſſion. Nor were they ſung only in his churches. They exhilarated the convivial aſſemblies of the Calviniſts, were commonly heard in the ſtreets, and accompanied the labours of the artificer. The

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[1] [Jig does not here ſignify a dance, but a tune.—*Park.*]

[2] See Bayle's *Dict.* v. MAROT.

[3] [Marot's French tranſlation of the Pſalms, ſaid the late Mr. Maſon, became popular in the court where it had its origin; not, as it ſeems, becauſe it was a verſion of the Pſalms, but as being a verſion in *rhyme*, and what the taſte of the time deemed good poetry. Devotion, it muſt be believed, had little to do in this matter, the verſion was faſhionable! Calvin conceived it might be turned to a pious purpoſe. The verſes were eaſy and proſaic enough to be intelligible to the meaneſt capacity. The melodies to which they were ſet rivalled the words in plainneſs and ſimplicity. They who could read the one would find little difficulty in learning to ſing the other. As, therefore, it was the Proteſtant father's aim to open the Scriptures entirely which had been ſo long ſhut up in a dead language, nothing would come more opportune than this verſion of the Pſalter; which, united with prayer in their own tongue, would enable his congregation to underſtand and join in the one, and become choriſters of the other. *Eſſays, &c., on Engliſh Church Muſic.*—*Park.*]

weavers and woollen manufacturers of Flanders, many of whom left the loom and entered into the miniſtry, are ſaid to have been the capital performers in this ſcience. At length Marot's pſalms formed an appendix to the catechiſm of Geneva, and were interdicted to the Catholics under the moſt ſevere penalties. In the language of the orthodox, pſalm-ſinging and hereſy were ſynonimous terms.

It was Calvin's ſyſtem of reformation, not only to ſtrip religion of its ſuperſtitious and oſtenſible pageantries, of crucifixes, images, tapers, ſuperb veſtments, and ſplendid proceſſions, but of all that was eſtimable in the ſight of the people, and even of every ſimple ornament, every ſignificant ſymbol and decent ceremony; in a word, to baniſh every thing from his church which attracted or employed the ſenſes, or which might tend to mar the purity of an abſtracted adoration, and of a mental intercourſe with the Deity. It is hard to determine, how Calvin could reconcile the uſe of ſinging, even when purged from the corruptions and abuſes of popery, to ſo philoſophical a plan of worſhip. On a parallel principle, and if any artificial aids to devotion were to be allowed, he might at leaſt have retained the uſe of pictures in the church. But a new ſect always draws its converts from the multitude and the meaneſt of the people, who can have no reliſh for the more elegant externals. Calvin well knew that the manufacturers of Germany were no judges of pictures. At the ſame time, it was neceſſary that his congregation ſhould be kept in good humour by ſome kind of pleaſurable gratification and allurement, which might qualify and enliven the attendance on the more rigid duties of praying and preaching. Calvin, therefore, intent as he was to form a new church on a ſevere model, had yet too much ſagacity to exclude every auxiliary to devotion. Under this idea, he permitted an exerciſe which might engage the affections, without violating the ſimplicity of his worſhip; and ſenſible that his chief reſources were in the rabble of a republic, and availing himſelf of that natural propenſity which prompts even vulgar minds to expreſs their more animated feelings in rhyme and muſic, he conceived a mode of univerſal pſalmody, not too refined for common capacities, and fitted to pleaſe the populace. The rapid propagation of Calvin's religion, and his numerous proſelytes, are a ſtrong proof of his addreſs in planning ſuch a ſort of ſervice. France and Germany were inſtantly infatuated with a love of pſalm-ſinging which, being admirably calculated to kindle and diffuſe the flame of fanaticiſm, was peculiarly ſerviceable to the purpoſes of faction, and frequently ſerved as the trumpet to rebellion. Theſe energetic hymns of Geneva, under the conduct of the Calviniſtic preachers, excited and ſupported a variety of popular inſurrections; they filled the moſt flouriſhing cities of the Low Countries with ſedition and tumult, and fomented the fury which defaced many of the moſt beautiful and venerable churches of Flanders.

This infectious frenzy of ſacred ſong ſoon reached England, at the very critical point of time when it had juſt embraced the reformation: and the new pſalmody was obtruded on the new Engliſh

liturgy by ſome few officious zealots, who favoured the diſcipline of Geneva, and who wiſhed to aboliſh, not only the choral mode of worſhip in general, but more particularly to ſuppreſs the *Te Deum*, *Benedictus*, *Magnificat*, *Jubilate*, *Nunc dimittis*, and the reſt of the liturgic hymns, which were ſuppoſed to be contaminated by their long and ancient connection with the Roman miſſal, or at leaſt in their proſaic form to be unſuitable to the new ſyſtem of worſhip.

Although Wyat and Surrey had before made tranſlations of the Pſalms into metre, Thomas Sternhold was the firſt whoſe metrical verſion of the Pſalms was uſed in the Church of England. Sternhold was a native of Hampſhire, and probably educated at Wincheſter college. Having paſſed ſome time at Oxford, he became groom of the robes to King Henry the Eighth. In this department, either his diligent ſervices or his knack at rhyming ſo pleaſed the king, that his majeſty bequeathed him a legacy of one hundred marks. He continued in the ſame office under Edward the Sixth, and is ſaid to have acquired ſome degree of reputation about the court for his poetry. Being of a ſerious diſpoſition, and an enthuſiaſt to reformation, he was much offended at the laſcivious ballads which prevailed among the courtiers, and with a laudable deſign to check theſe indecencies, undertook a metrical verſion of the Pſalter, "thinking thereby," ſays Antony Wood, "that the courtiers would ſing them inſtead of their ſonnets, *but did not*, only ſome few excepted."[1] Here was the zeal, if not the ſucceſs, of his fellow labourer Clement Marot. A ſingular coincidence of circumſtances is, notwithſtanding, to be remarked on this occaſion. Vernacular verſions, for general uſe, of the Pſalter, were firſt publiſhed both in France and England by laymen, by court poets, and by ſervants of the court. Nor were the reſpective tranſlations entirely completed by themſelves: and yet they tranſlated nearly an equal number of pſalms, Marot having verſified fifty, and Sternhold fifty-one.[2] Sternhold

[1] *Ath. Oxon.* i. 76.

[2] ["Henry the Eighth," ſays Brathwaite, "for a few pſalmes of David tranſlated and turned into Engliſh meetre by Sternhold, made him groom of his privie chamber."—*Engliſh Gentleman*, p. 191, 1630. Againſt George Wither of Lincoln's Inn, who had publiſhed *Hymnes and Songs of the Church*, by royal licence in 1623, it was alleged that he had "indecently obtruded upon the divine calling;" to which he indignantly replied, "I wonder what *divine calling* Hopkins and Sternhold had, more than I have, that *their* metricall Pſalmes may be allowed of rather than my Hymnes. Surely, yf to have been *groomes of the privie-chamber* were ſufficient to qualify them, that profeſſion [the law] which I am of, may as well fitt me for what I have undertaken."—*Schollers Purgatory*, [1625,] p. 40. Wither proceeds to ſay: "Excuſe me, if I ſeeme a little too playne in diſcovering the faultineſs of *that* whereof ſo many are overweening: for I do it not to diſparage the pious endeavours of thoſe who tooke paynes in that tranſlation; but rather, commending their laborious and Chriſtian intention, do acknowledge that (conſidering the tymes they lived in, and of what *quality* they were), they made ſo worthye an attempt, as may juſtly ſhame us who came after, to ſee it no better ſeconded, during all the flouriſhing tymes which have followed their troubleſome age: eſpecially ſeeing howe curiouſly our language and expreſſions are refined in our triviall diſcourſes." Yet Wither, like his predeceſſors, profeſſes to have uſed

died in the year 1549. [During his life-time, at leaſt two impreſſions of a partial tranſlation from his pen ſaw the light. Both are undated, and from the ſame preſs. The firſt contained only nineteen Pſalms as a ſpecimen. But there is another edition of the book in 4to (the preceding two having been in duodecimo) purporting to have appeared during the author's life, and compriſing fifty-one Pſalms. In 1549 the work was republiſhed, and from that time forth its editions were very numerous.] He probably lived to prepare the three earlieſt editions for the preſs; the firſt is dedicated by himſelf to King Edward the Sixth.

Cotemporary with Sternhold and his coadjutor was John Hopkins, of whoſe life nothing more is known than that he was a clergyman and a ſchoolmaſter of Suffolk, and perhaps a graduate at Oxford about the year 1544. Of his abilities as a teacher of the claſſics, he has left a ſpecimen in ſome Latin ſtanzas prefixed to Fox's *Martyrology*. He is rather a better Engliſh poet than Sternhold, and tranſlated fifty-eight of the Pſalms, diſtinguiſhed by the initials of his name.

Of the reſt of the contributors to this undertaking the chief, at leaſt in point of rank and learning, was William Whyttingham, promoted by Robert Earl of Leiceſter to the deanery of Durham, yet not without a ſtrong reluctance to comply with the uſe of the canonical habiliments. Among our religious exiles in the reign of Mary, he was Calvin's principal favourite, from whom he received ordination. So pure was his faith, that he was thought worthy to ſucceed to the congregation of Geneva, ſuperintended by Knox, the Scotch reformer who, from a deteſtation of idols, proceeded to demoliſh the churches in which they were contained. It was one of the natural conſequences of Whyttingham's tranſlation from Knox's paſtorſhip at Geneva to an Engliſh deanery, that he deſtroyed or removed many beautiful and harmleſs monuments of ancient art in his cathedral. To a man, who had ſo highly ſpiritualiſed his religious conceptions, as to be convinced that a field, a ſtreet, or a barn, were fully ſufficient for all the operations of Chriſtian worſhip, the venerable ſtructures raiſed by the magnificent piety of our anceſtors could convey no ideas of ſolemnity, and had no other charms than their ample endowments. Beſides the Pſalms he tranſlated,[1] all of which bear his initials, by way of innovating ſtill further on our eſtabliſhed formulary, he verſified the Decalogue, the Nicene, Apoſtolic and Athanaſian Creeds, the Lord's Prayer, the Te Deum, the Song of

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that "ſimplicity of ſpeech which beſt becometh the ſubject," and to have as naturally and as plainly expreſſed the ſenſe of Scripture, as moſt proſe tranſlations have done. Few things, perhaps, are more difficult in metrical compoſition, than to unite ſimplicity with gracefulneſs. Some of our moſt diſtinguiſhed modern poets have failed to produce ſuch union.—*Park.* Of late years, the tendency ſeems to have been towards an eclectic or *variorum* tranſlation of the Pſalms; and there is no queſtion that by taking the beſt part from each verſion, a fair reſult might be obtained in ſubſtitution for the wretched doggerel of the old verſion.]

[1] Among them is the hundredth, and the hundred and nineteenth.

the three Children, with other hymns which follow the book of pſalmody. How the Ten Commandments and the Athanaſian Creed, to ſay nothing of ſome of the reſt, ſhould become more edifying and better ſuited to common uſe, or how they could receive improvement in any reſpect or degree, by being reduced into rhyme, it is not eaſy to perceive. But the real deſign was, to render that more tolerable which could not be entirely removed, to accommodate every part of the ſervice to the pſalmodic tone, and to clothe our whole liturgy in the garb of Geneva. All theſe, for he was a lover of muſic, were ſung in Whyttingham's church of Durham under his own directions. Heylin ſays, that from vicinity of ſituation he was enabled to lend conſiderable aſſiſtance to his friend Knox in the introduction of the Preſbyterian hierarchy into Scotland. I muſt indulge the reader with a ſtanza or two of this dignified fanatic's divine poetry from his Creeds and the Decalogue. From the Athanaſian Creed:

The Father God is, God the Son,
God Holy Ghoſt *alſo*,
Yet are there not three Gods *in all*,
But one God and *no mo*.

From the Apoſtolic Creed:

From thence ſhall he come for to judge
All men both dead and quick;
I in the holy ghoſt believe,
And church that's catholick.

The Ten Commandments are thus cloſed:

Nor his man-ſervant, nor his maid,
Nor oxe, nor aſſe *of his;*
Nor any other thing that *to*
Thy neighbour *proper is.*

Theſe were alſo verſified by Clement Marot.

Twenty-[eight] of the Pſalms were turned into metre by Thomas Norton.[1] He was [born in 1532 at Sharpenhoe, in the pariſh of Streatley, co. Bedford, and was bred to the law. In 1565, he entered at Pembroke Hall, Oxford, and during his ſtay there, and afterwards, occupied himſelf with the compoſition of ſeveral pamphlets[2] on ſubjects of the day. In the opinion] and phraſeology of the Oxford biographer, [he was] a bold and buſy Calviniſt about the beginning of the reign of Queen Elizabeth. He was patroniſed by the Protector Somerſet, at whoſe deſire he tranſlated [when a youth of eighteen]

[1] Marked N. [Mr. Haſlewood, who took great pains to examine the diſtinct claims of the ſeveral contributors to this collective verſion of the Pſalms, has apportioned 28 to Norton, 25 to Kethe, 16 to Whyttingham, 43 to Sternhold, and 56 to Hopkins. John Pullain contributed two, Robert Wiſdom one, and T. C. [Thomas Churchyard?] a different verſion of the 136th; D. Cox ſupplied a verſion of the Lord's Prayer, and likewiſe a grace before and after meat, in ſixteen lines each of alternate rhyme, in *A Manuel of Chriſtian Prayers*, by Abr. Flemming, 1594. Initials occur before other ſpecimens, which with their conjectural appropriations may be ſeen in *Cens. Lit.* vol. x. p. 7.—*Park.* Compare Mr. W. D. Cooper's edit. of *Ralph Roiſter Doiſter* and *Gorboduc*, 1847, Introduc. xxxviii.

[2] [See the full titles in Herbert's *Ames*.]

an epiſtle, addreſſed by Peter Martyr to Somerſet, into Engliſh.[1] He tranſlated alſo Calvin's *Inſtitutes* [at the requeſt of his dear friends Reginald Wolfe and Edward Whitchurche, the printers, "that ſo great a jewel might be made moſt beneficial, that is to ſay, applied to moſt common uſe."[2] The tranſlation was executed at Whitchurch's houſe.]

Robert Wiſdom, a Proteſtant fugitive in the calamitous reign of Queen Mary, afterwards archdeacon of Ely,[3] and who had been nominated to an Iriſh biſhopric by King Edward the Sixth, rendered the twenty-fifth pſalm of this verſion.[4] But he is chiefly memorable for his metrical prayer, intended to be ſung in the church, againſt the Pope and the Turk, of whom he ſeems to have conceived the moſt alarming apprehenſions. It is probable that he thought Popery and Mahometaniſm were equally dangerous to Chriſtianity, at leaſt the moſt powerful and the ſole enemies of our religion. This is the firſt ſtanza:

Preſerve us, Lord, by thy dear word,
From Pope and Turk defend us, Lord![5]
*Which both would thruſt out of thy throne*
Our Lord Jeſus Chriſt, thy dear Son!

Happily we have hitherto ſurvived theſe two formidable evils! Among other orthodox wits, the facetious Biſhop Corbet has ridiculed theſe lines. He ſuppoſes himſelf ſeized with a ſudden impulſe to hear or to pen a puritanical hymn, and invokes the ghoſt of Robert Wiſdom, as the moſt ſkilful poet in this mode of compoſition, to come and aſſiſt. But he adviſes Wiſdom to ſteal back again to his tomb, which was in Carfax Church at Oxford, ſilent and unperceived, for fear of being detected and intercepted by the Pope or the Turk. But I will produce Corbet's epigram, more eſpecially as it contains a criticiſm written in the reign of Charles the Firſt on the ſtyle of this ſort of poetry:

*To the Ghoſt of Robert Wiſdome.*

Thou once a body, now but aire,
Arch-botcher of a pſalme or prayer,
From Carfax come!
And patch mee up a zealous lay

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[1] [Printed in October, 1550, 8vo.]

[2] [Norton died at Sharpenhoe, March 10, 1582-3.]

[3] [After holding the rectory of Settrington, in Yorkſhire, he was preſented to this archdeaconry by Queen Elizabeth in 1559-60. In Biſhop Cox's Certificatorium (MS. Benet Coll. Lib.) he was returned as a prieſt and B.D., uſually reſiding upon his living at Wilberton, appropriated to the archdeaconry of Ely, as qualified for preaching, and licenſed thereunto by the Queen's Majeſty. See Mr. Gilchriſt's complete edition of Corbet's poems, p. 228.—*Park.*]

[4] See Strype's *Cranmer*, pp. 274, 276, 277. Pſalms 70, 104, 112, 122, 125, and 134, are marked with W[illiam] K[ethe], Pſalm 136 with T[homas] C[hurchyard?]

[5] [Wither, in a tract quoted above, thus glances at this church ſoleciſm: "My booke of hymnes being allowed by authority, are as fitt, I truſt, to keepe company with Davids Pſalmes as Robert Wiſdomes Turke and Pope and thoſe other apocryphal ſongs and praiſes which the Stationers add to the Pſalme Booke for their more advantage."—*Schol. Purg.* p. 35. "From Turke and Pope" is uſed by Wither to deſignate a certain pſalm tune. See Table to his *Lyric Verſion*, p. 300.—*Park.*]

With an old *ever and for ay*,[1]
Or, *all and ſome.*

Or ſuch a ſpirit lend mee,
As may a hymne downe ſend mee
To purge my braine:
So, Robert, looke behind thee,
Left Turk or Pope doe find thee,
And goe to bed againe.[2]

The entire verſion of the pſalter was at length publiſhed in 1562, attached for the firſt time to the common prayer, and entitled, *The whole Booke of Pſalmes collected into Engliſh metre by T. Sternhold, J. Hopkins, and others, conferred with the Ebrue, with apt Notes to ſing them withall.* Calvin's muſic was intended to correſpond with the general parſimonious ſpirit of his worſhip: not to captivate the paſſions and ſeduce the mind by a levity, a variety or a richneſs of modulation, but to infuſe the more ſober and unraviſhing ecſtaſies. The muſic he permitted, although ſometimes it had wonderful effects, was to be without grace, elegance and elevation. Theſe apt notes were about forty tunes of one part only and in one uniſonous key, remarkable for a certain uniform ſtrain of ſombrous gravity, and applicable to all the pſalms in their turns, as the ſtanza and ſenſe might allow. They alſo appear in the ſubſequent impreſſions, particularly of 1564 and 1577. They are believed to contain ſome of the original melodies, compoſed by French and German muſicians. Many of them, particularly the celebrated one of the hundredth pſalm, are the tunes of Goudimel and Le Jeune, who are among the firſt compoſers of Marot's French pſalms.[3] Not a few were probably imported by the Proteſtant manufacturers of cloth of Flanders and the Low Countries, who fled into England from the perſecution of the Duke de Alva, and ſettled in thoſe counties where their art now chiefly flouriſhes. It is not, however, unlikely that ſome of our own muſicians who lived about the year 1562, and who could always tune their harps to the religion of the times, ſuch as Marbeck, Tallis, Tye, and Parſons, were employed on this occaſion, yet under the reſtriction of conforming to the jejune and unadorned movements of the foreign compoſers. I preſume much of the primitive harmony of all theſe ancient tunes is now loſt by additions, variations, and tranſpoſitions.

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[1] [This patching or ekeing out of Wiſdom's pſalmody is thus glanced at in Jordan's *Piety and Poeſy contra[c]ted*, under *A Fancy upon Words*:

"If long he to that idol pray
His ſight by Love's inflaming ray
Is loſt *for ever and for* ay."—*Rob. Wiſdom.*

Overbury, in his *Characters*, makes a preciſian declare—He "had rather heare one of Robert Wiſdomes Pſalms then the beſt hymne a cherubin can ſing:" and Sir J. Birkenhead ſarcaſtically obſerves, in his *Aſſembly-man*, "When Rous ſtood forth for his trial, Robin Wiſdom was found the better poet."—*Park.*]

[2] *Poems* [edit. 1807, p. 229].

[3] See this matter traced with great ſkill and accuracy by Hawkins, *Hiſt. Mus.* iii. p. 518.

This verſion is ſaid to be *conferred with the Ebrue.* But I am inclined to think that the tranſlation was altogether made from the vulgate text, either in Latin or Engliſh.

It is evident that the proſe pſalms of our Liturgy were chiefly conſulted and copied, by the perpetual aſſumption of their words and combinations: many of the ſtanzas are literally nothing more than the proſe-verſes put into rhyme, as,

Thus were they ſtained with the workes
Of their owne filthie way;
And with their owne inventions did
A whoring go aſtray.[1]

Whyttingham, however, who had travelled to acquire the literature then taught in the foreign univerſities, and who joined in the tranſlation of Coverdale's Bible, was undoubtedly a ſcholar and an adept in the Hebrew language.

It is certain that every attempt to clothe the ſacred Scripture in verſe will have the effect of miſrepreſenting and debaſing the dignity of the original.[2] But this general inconvenience, ariſing from the nature of things, was not the only difficulty which our verſifiers of the Pſalter had to encounter, in common with all other writers employed in a ſimilar taſk. Allowing for the ſtate of our language in the middle of the ſixteenth century, they appear to have been but little qualified either by genius or accompliſhments for poetical compoſition. It is for this reaſon that they have produced a tranſlation entirely deſtitute of elegance, ſpirit and propriety.[3] The truth is, that they undertook this work, not ſo much from an ambition of literary fame or a conſciouſneſs of abilities, as from motives of piety, and in compliance with the caſt of the times. I preſume I am communicating no very new criticiſm when I obſerve, that in every part of this tranſlation we are diſguſted with a languor of verſification and a want of common proſody. The moſt exalted effuſions of thankſgiving, and the moſt ſublime imageries of the divine majeſty, are lowered by a coldneſs of conception, weakened by frigid interpolations, and disfigured by a poverty of phraſeology. John Hopkins expoſtulates with the deity in theſe ludicrous, at leaſt trivial, expreſſions:

Why dooſt withdrawe thy hand aback,
And hide it in thy lappe?

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[1] *Pſalm* cvi. 38.

[2] [Dr. Johnſon, in his *Life of Waller*, opined that "poetical devotions cannot often pleaſe," and aſſigned ſtrong reaſons for ſuch opinion: but theſe (as Mr. Dunſter obſerved) are not irrefragable. The obſerver's own feelings, indeed, furniſhed a ſtrong confutation, when with the hymns of Addiſon before him he declared that "ſuch devotional poetry muſt always pleaſe." And in truth the dogma of Dr. Johnſon, that "contemplative piety cannot be poetical," is completely refuted by the Taſk of Cowper, inaſmuch as contemplative piety forms one of the moſt powerful charms by which that devout and Chriſtian poet accompliſhes his poetical enchantment. See Hayley's *Life.*—*Park.*]

[3] ["But had they been better poets," ſaid Mr. Warton in his MSS. memoranda, "their performances had been leſs popular."—*Park.*]

O plucke it out, and be not ſlack
To give thy foes a rappe![1]

What writer who wiſhed to diminiſh the might of the ſupreme Being, and to expoſe the ſtyle and ſentiments of Scripture, could have done it more ſkilfully, than by making David call upon God not to conſume his enemies by an irreſiſtible blow, but to give them a rap? Although ſome ſhadow of an apology may be ſuggeſted for the word rap, that it had not then acquired its preſent burleſque acceptation or the idea of a petty ſtroke, the vulgarity of the following phraſe, in which the practice or profeſſion of religion, or more particularly God's covenant with the Jews, is degraded to a trade, cannot eaſily be vindicated on any conſideration of the fluctuating ſenſe of words:[2]

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[1] Ps. lxxiv. 12. Perhaps this verſe is not much improved in the tranſlation of King James the Firſt, who ſeems to have reſted entirely on the image of, Why withdraweſt thou not thine hand? which he has expreſſed in Hopkins's manner:

"Why doſt thou thus withdraw thy hand,
Even thy right hand reſtraine?
Out of thy boſom, for our good,
Drawe backe the ſame againe!"

In another ſtanza he has preſerved Hopkins's rhymes and expletives, and, if poſſible, lowered his language and cadences. Ps. lxxiv. 1.

"Oh why, our God, for evermore
Haſt thou neglected us?
Why ſmoaks thy wrath againſt the ſheep
Of thine own paſture thus?"

Here he has chiefly diſplayed the ſmoking of God's wrath, which kindles in Hopkins. The particle *thus* was never ſo diſtinguiſhed and dignified. And it is hard to ſay, why his majeſty ſhould chooſe to make the divine indignation ſmoke, rather than burn, which is ſuggeſted by the original.

[George Wither, who printed in the Netherlands, 1632, a lyric verſion of the Pſalms, ſays he was commanded to perfect that tranſlation by King James, and finiſhed the ſame about the time of that monarch's tranſlation to a better kingdom, viz. about March 1625. It was deſigned, he tells us, to be brief, plain and ſignificant, and to combine the fulneſs of the ſenſe with the reliſh of the Scripture phraſe. In ſome of his efforts he aſſuredly has been ſucceſsful. I will cite two verſes from the firſt Pſalm:

"Bleſt is he who neither ſtraies
Where the godleſs man miſguideth,
Neither ſtands in ſinners waies,
Nor in ſcorners chair abideth;
But in Gods pure lawe delights,
Thereon muſing daies and nights.

"Like a tree, ſett near the ſprings,
He doth alway freſhlie floriſh;
Still his fruits he timely brings,
And his leaf ſhall never periſh:
Ev'rie thing ſhall proſper too,
Which he undertakes to do, &c."—*Park.*

But Wither left behind him a MS. copy of his verſion of the Pſalms, with an altered title and a reviſed text. See *Handb. of E. E. Lit.* 1867, art. WITHER.]

[2] ["In the whole book of Pſalms," ſays Dr. Brown, "as they are verſified by

For why, their hearts were nothing bent,
To him nor to his trade.[1]

Nor is there greater delicacy or conſiſtency in the following ſtanza:

Confound them that apply
And ſeeke to worke my ſhame;
And at my harme do laugh, and cry,
So, So, there goeth the game.[2]

The pſalmiſt ſays, that God has placed the ſun in the heavens, "which cometh forth as a bridegroom out of his chamber." Here is a compariſon of the ſun riſing to a bridegroom who, according to the Jewiſh cuſtom, was uſhered from his chamber at midnight with great ſtate, preceded by torches and muſic. Sternhold has thus metrified the paſſage:[3]

In them the Lord made for the ſun
A place of great renown,
Who like a bridegroom ready trimm'd
Doth from his chamber come.

The tranſlator had better have ſpared his epithet to the bridegroom: which, even in the ſenſe of ready-dreſſed, is derogatory to the idea of the compariſon. But ready-trimm'd, in the language of that time, was nothing more than freſh-ſhaved. Sternhold as often impairs a ſplendid deſcription by an impotent redundancy, as by an omiſſion or contraction of the moſt important circumſtances.

The miraculous march of Jehovah before the Iſraelites through the wilderneſs in their departure from Egypt, with other marks of his omnipotence, is thus imaged by the inſpired pſalmiſt. "O God, when thou wenteſt forth before the people, when thou wenteſt through the wilderneſs: the earth ſhook, and the heavens dropped at the preſence of God; even as Sinai alſo was moved at the preſence of God, who is the God of Iſrael. Thou, O God, ſenteſt a gracious rain upon thine inheritance, and refreſhedſt it when it was weary. The chariots of God are twenty thouſand, even thouſands of angels; and the Lord is among them, as in the holy place of Sinai." Sternhold has thus repreſented theſe great ideas:

When thou didſt march before thy folk
The Egyptians from among,
And brought them from the wildernes,
Which was both wide and long:

The earth did quake, the raine pourde downe,
Heard were great claps of thunder;
The mount Sinai ſhooke in ſuch ſorte,
As it would cleave in ſunder.

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Sternhold and his companions, there are few ſtanzas which do not preſent expreſſions to excite the ridicule of ſome part of every congregation. This might well be aboliſhed, as it expoſeth one of the nobleſt parts of divine ſervice to contempt." *Diſs. on Poetry and Muſic*, p. 213.—*Park.*]

[1] Ps. lxviii. 37.

[2] Ps. lxx. 3. [This ſeems to have been a technical expreſſion.—*Park.*]

[3] Ps. xix. 4.

Thy heritage with drops of rain
Abundantly was waſht,
And if ſo be it barren was,
By thee it was refreſht.

God's army is two millions,
Of warriours good and ſtrong,
The Lord alſo in Sinai
Is preſent them among.[1]

If there be here any merit, it ariſes ſolely from preſerving the expreſſions of the proſe verſion. And the tranſlator would have done better had he preſerved more, and had given us no feeble or foreign enlargements of his own. He has ſhewn no independent ſkill or energy. When once he attempts to add or dilate, his weakneſs appears. It is this circumſtance alone, which ſupports the two following well-known ſtanzas:[2]

The Lord deſcended from above,
And bowde the heavens high;
And underneath his feet he caſt
The darkneſſe of the ſkie.

On Cherubs and on Cherubims
Full roiallie he rode;
And on the winges of all the windes[3]
Came flying all abrode.

Almoſt the entire contexture of the proſe is here literally tranſferred, unbroken and without tranſpoſition, allowing for the ſmall deviations neceſſarily occaſioned by the metre and rhyme. It may be ſaid, that the tranſlator has teſtified his judgment in retaining ſo much of the original, and proved he was ſenſible the paſſage needed not any adventitious ornament. But what may ſeem here to be judgment or even taſte, I fear, was want of expreſſion in himſelf. He only adopted what was almoſt ready done to his hand.

To the diſgrace of ſacred muſic, ſacred poetry, and our eſtabliſhed worſhip, theſe Pſalms ſtill continue to be ſung in the Church of England. It is certain, had they been more poetically tranſlated, they would not have been acceptable to the common people. Yet however they may be allowed to ſerve the purpoſes of private edification, in adminiſtering ſpiritual conſolation to the manufacturer and mechanic: as they are extrinſic to the frame of our liturgy and incompatible with the genius of our ſervice, there is, perhaps, no impropriety in wiſhing that they were remitted and reſtrained to that church in which they ſprang, and with whoſe character and conſtitution they ſeem ſo aptly to correſpond. Whatever eſtimation in point of compoſition they might have attracted at their firſt appearance in a ruder age, and however inſtrumental they might have been at the infancy of the Reformation in weaning the minds of

[1] Ps. lxviii. 7, *ſeq.* [2] Ps. xviii. 9, 10.

[3] [Dryden honoured theſe verſes with high commendation, and conferred additional honour by an imitation of them in his *Annus Mirabilis*:

"On wings of all the winds to combat flies." St. 55.—*Park.*]

men from the papiſtic ritual, all theſe conſiderations can now no longer ſupport even a ſpecious argument for their being retained. From the circumſtances of the times, and the growing refinements of literature, of courſe they become obſolete and contemptible. A work grave, ſerious, and even reſpectable for its poetry, in the reign of Edward the Sixth, at length in a cultivated age has contracted the air of an abſolute traveſtie. Voltaire obſerves, that in proportion as good taſte improved, the Pſalms of Clement Marot inſpired only diſguſt; and that, although they charmed the court of Francis the Firſt, they ſeemed only to be calculated for the populace in the reign of Louis the Fourteenth.[1]

To obviate theſe objections, attempts have been made from time to time to modernize this ancient metrical verſion, and to render it more tolerable and intelligible by the ſubſtitution of more familiar modes of diction. But, to ſay nothing of the unſkilfulneſs with which theſe arbitrary corrections have been conducted, by changing obſolete for known words, the texture and integrity of the original ſtyle, ſuch as it was, have been deſtroyed; and many ſtanzas, before too naked and weak, like a plain old Gothic edifice ſtripped of its few ſignatures of antiquity, have loſt that little and almoſt only ſtrength and ſupport which they derived from ancient phraſes. Such alterations, even if executed with prudence and judgment, only corrupt what they endeavour to explain, and exhibit a motley performance belonging to no character of writing, and which contains more improprieties than thoſe which it profeſſes to remove. Hearne is highly offended at theſe unwarrantable and incongruous emendations, which he pronounces to be abominable in any book, "much more in a ſacred work;" and is confident, that were Sternhold and Hopkins "now living, they would be ſo far from owning what is aſcribed to them, that they would proceed againſt the innovators as cheats."[2] It is certain that this tranſlation in its genuine and unſophiſticated ſtate, by aſcertaining the ſignification of many radical words now, perhaps, undeſervedly diſuſed, and by diſplaying original modes of the Engliſh language, may juſtly be deemed no inconſiderable monument of our ancient literature, if not of our ancient poetry.[3] In condemning the practice of adulterating this primitive verſion, I would not be underſtood to recommend another in its place, entirely new. I reprobate any verſion at all, more eſpecially if intended for the uſe of the church.[4]

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[1] *Hiſt. Mod.* ch. ccvii.

[2] *Gloſſ. Rob. Gl.* p. 699. [Hearne complains alſo that theſe innovators have in ſeveral places changed the very initial letters that were to repreſent the ſeveral parts of the Pſalms that every one turned into metre.—*Park.*]

[3] [Sir John Hawkins obſerves, that the early tranſlation of the Pſalms into metre "was the work of men as well qualified for the undertaking as any that the times they lived in could furniſh; and he deemed Fuller had not greatly erred in ſaying that 'match theſe verſes for their ages, they ſhall go abreaſt with the beſt poems of thoſe times.'" *Hiſt. of Muſic*, vol. iii. p. 512.—*Park.*]

[4] [Dr. Huntingford, Biſhop of Glouceſter, repreſented Mr. Warton as ſtrongly

In the mean time, not to inſiſt any longer on the incompatibility of theſe metrical Pſalms with the ſpirit of our liturgy, and the barbariſm of their ſtyle, it ſhould be remembered that they were never admitted into our church by lawful authority. They were firſt introduced by the Puritans, and afterwards continued by connivance. But they never received any royal approbation or parliamentary ſanction,[1] notwithſtanding it is ſaid in their title-page, that they are "ſet forth and allowed to be ſung in all churches of all the people together before and after evening prayer, and alſo before and after ſermons: and moreover in private houſes for their godly ſolace and comfort, laying apart all ungodly ſongs and ballads, which tend only to the nouriſhing of vice and the corrupting of youth." At the beginning of the reign of Queen Elizabeth, when our eccleſiaſtical reformation began to be placed on a ſolid and durable eſtabliſhment, thoſe Engliſh divines who had fled from the ſuperſtitions of Queen Mary to Frankfort and Geneva, where they had learned to embrace the oppoſite extreme, and where, from an abhorrence of Catholic ceremonies, they had contracted a diſlike to the decent appendages of divine worſhip, endeavoured in conjunction with ſome of the principal courtiers to effect an abrogation of our ſolemn church ſervice, which they pronounced to be antichriſtian and unevangelical. They contended that the metrical Pſalms of David, ſet to plain and popular muſic, were more ſuitable to the ſimplicity of the Goſpel, and abundantly adequate to all the purpoſes of edification: and this propoſal they reſted on the authority and practice of Calvin, between whom and the Church of England the breach was not then ſo wide as at preſent. But the queen and thoſe biſhops to whom ſhe had delegated the buſineſs of ſuperviſing the liturgy, among which was the learned and liberal Archbiſhop Parker, objected that too much attention had already been paid to the German theology. She declared that the foreign reformers had before interpoſed, on ſimilar deliberations, with unbecoming forwardneſs: and that the Common Prayer of her brother Edward had been once altered to quiet the ſcruples, and to gratify the cavils, of Calvin, Bucer and Fagius.

attached to the Church of England in all the offices of her liturgy. "This attachment," ſays Mr. Mant, "mixed with a decided antipathy to Calviniſtic doctrine and diſcipline, may have diſpoſed our hiſtorian not only to regard choral ſervice with fondneſs, but to have reprobated ſomewhat too ſeverely the practice of popular pſalmody in our churches." *Life of Warton*, p. cvi.—*Park.*]

[1] [This is humorouſly atteſted by Sir John Birkenhead in his witty character of an Aſſembly-man or Independent, who is made to tear the liturgy, and burn the book of Common Prayer: yet he has mercy (he adds) on Hopkins and Sternhold, becauſe their metres are ſung *without authority* (no ſtatute, canon, or injunction at all)—only like himſelf, firſt crept into private houſes, and then into churches. Wither gravely confirms the ſame in the following paragraph from his *Schollers Purgatory*, before quoted: "By what publicke example did we ſing Davids Pſalms in Engliſh meeter before the raigne of King Edward the Sixth? or by what *command* of the church do we ſing them as they are now in uſe? Verily by none. But tyme and Chriſtian devotion having firſt brought forth that practice, and cuſtome ripening it, long toleration hath in a manner fully authorized the ſame."—*Park.*]

She was therefore invariably determined to make no more conceſſions to the importunate partiſans of Geneva, and peremptorily decreed that the choral formalities ſhould ſtill be continued in the celebration of the ſacred offices.[1]

## SECTION XLVI.

THE ſpirit of verſifying the pſalms and other parts of the Bible, at the beginning of the Reformation, was almoſt as epidemic as pſalm-ſinging. William Hunnis, a gentleman of the chapel under Edward the Sixth, and afterwards chapel-maſter to Queen Elizabeth, rendered into rhyme many ſelect pſalms,[2] which had not the good fortune to be reſcued from oblivion by being incorporated into Hopkins's collection, nor to be ſung in the royal chapel. They were printed in 1550 with this title, *Certayne Pſalmes Choſen out of the Pſalter of David, and drawen furth into Englyſh meter by William Hunnis ſervant to the ryght honourable ſyr William Harberd knight. Newly collected and imprinted.*[3]

[In 1581, was licenſed to Henry Denham the ſtationer, *vij Steppes to heauen, alias the vij [penitential] pſalmes reduced into meter by Will. Hunnys: the Honny ſuccles, and the Wydoes myte.* This was at leaſt reprinted in 1585, under the title of *Seuen Sobs of a Sorrowfull Soule for Sinne*, &c. and often after. [Theſe poems] are dedicated to Frances Counteſs of Suſſex,[4] whoſe attachment to the goſpel he much extols,[5] and who was afterwards the foundreſs of Sydney college in Cambridge. Hunnis alſo, under the happy title of a *Handful of Honeyſuckles*, publiſhed *Bleſſings out of Deuteronimie, Prayers to Chriſt, Athanaſius's Creed, and Meditations,*[6] *in metre with muſical notes.* But his

[1] See *Canons and Injunctions*, A.D. 1559, Num. xlix.

[2] [On the back of the title to a copy of Sir Thomas More's works, 1557, (preſented to the library of Trin. Coll. Oxon, by John Gibbon, 1630,) the following lines occur, which bear the ſignature of our poet in a coëval hand :

" MY LAST WILL AND TESTAMENT.
To God my ſoule I do bequeathe, becauſe it is his owen,
My body to be layd in grave, where to my frends beſt knowen :
Executors I wyll none make, thereby great ſtryffe may grow;
Becauſe the goods that I ſhall leave, wyll not pay all I owe.
W : Hvnnys."—*Park.*]

[3] [See for a liſt of the works of W. Hunnis, *Handb. of E. E. Lit.* art. HUNNIS.] I have alſo ſeen Hunnis's *Abridgement or brief meditation on certaine of the Pſalmes in Engliſh metre*," printed by R. Wier, 4to. [8vo. ſays Biſhop Tanner.—*Park.*]

[4] [The love of alliteration had before produced *a Surge of Sorrowing Sobs*, in the " gorgeous gallery of gallant inventions," 1578.—*Park.*]

[5] [Her ladyſhip's virtue and courteſie are extolled; but godlie fear, firm faith, &c. are only enumerated among the dedicator's wiſhes.—*Park.*]

[6] [To theſe were added *the poore Widowes mite, Comfortable Dialogs betweene Chriſt and a Sinner*, a *Lamentation of youths follies*, a *pſalme of rejoiſing*, and a *praier for the good eſtate of Queen Elizabeth.* The laſt being the ſhorteſt is here given : for Hunnis was rather a proſaic penman :

ſpiritual noſegays are numerous. To ſay nothing of his *Recreations on Adams Baniſhment, Chriſt his Cribb and the Loſt Sheep*, [firſt printed in 1588,] he tranſlated into Engliſh rhyme the whole book of Geneſis, which he calls a *Hive full of Honey* [1578, 4to.][1] But his honey-ſuckles and his honey are now no longer delicious. He was a contributor to the *Paradiſe of Dainty Deviſes*, [1576, to the *Princelie Pleaſures at Kenilworth*, 1575,[2] and to *Englands Helicon*, 1600.]

In the year 1550, John Hall, a ſurgeon of Maidſtone in Kent, and author of [a tranſlation of Lanfranc's *Chirurgerie*, 1565, to which he appended an original tract againſt the abuſes of phyſic and ſurgery, publiſhed] *Certayne chapters taken out of the proverbes of Solomon, with other chapters of the holy Scripture, and certayne Pſalmes of David tranſlated into Engliſh metre by John Hall.*[3] By the remainder of the title it appears, that the proverbs had been in a former impreſſion unfairly attributed to Thomas Sternhold. The other chapters of Scripture are from Eccleſiaſticus and Saint Paul's Epiſtles. We muſt not confound this John Hall with his cotemporary Eliſeus Hall, who pretended to be a miſſionary from heaven to the queen, propheſied in the ſtreets, and wrote a ſet of metrical viſions.[4] Metre was now become the vehicle of enthuſiaſm, and the Puritans ſeem to have appropriated it to themſelves, in oppoſition to our ſervice which was in proſe.[5]

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" Thou God that guidſt both heaven and earth,
On whom we all depend;
Preſerve our Queene in perfect health,
And hir from harme defend.
Conſerve hir life, in peace to reigne,
Augment hir joyes withall:
Increaſe hir friends, maintaine hir cauſe,
And heare us when we call.
So ſhall all we that faithfull be
Rejoiſe and praiſe thy name:
O God, ô Chriſt, ô Holie-Ghoſt,
Give eare, and grant the ſame. Amen."—*Park.*]

[1] [It is inſcribed to Robert Dudley, Earl of Leiceſter, in an acroſtic on his name which is followed by another on the verſifiers "to the friendlye reader." Thos. Newton has verſes prefixed "in commendation of this his Frendes travayle," which was written, as it ſeems, "in the winter of his age." He names as previous productions of Hunnis, *Enterludes and gallant layes, and rondeletts and ſongs, his Noſegay and his Widowes Myte, with other fancies of his forge.* And he tells us, that in the prime of youth his pen "had depainćted *Sonets Sweete.*" This probably is alluſive to his contributions in the *Paradiſe of Daintie Deviſes.* Wood calls Hunnis a crony of Thomas Newton, the Latin poet. *Ath. Oxon.* i. 152.—*Park.*]

[2] [Gaſcoigne's *Poems*, Roxburghe Library edit. 1869-70, ii. 92 *et alibi.*]

[3] [Lond. 1549, 8vo.] The edition in quarto dedicated to King Edward the Sixth has this title, *The Pſalmes of David tranſlated into Engliſh metre by T. Sternhold, Sir T. Wyat, and William Hunnis, with certaine chapters of the Proverbes and ſelećt Pſalms by John Hall.* Hall has a copy of verſes prefixed to Gale's *Enchiridion of Surgery*, 1563. See John Reade's Preface to his tranſlation of F. Arcaeus's *Anatomy.*

[4] Strype, *Ann.* i. p. 291, ch. xxv. ed. 1725.

[5] [I ſuppoſe that church ſervice of chant and anthem is here meant; otherwiſe, their preaching and praying was at leaſt as bad proſe as ours.—*Aſhby.*]

[Hall alſo publiſhed a verſion of the entire *Book of Wiſdom*, with a ſelection from the Pſalms, in 8vo. This book he inſcribed to "Mayſter John Bricket, of Eltham, Eſquyre." He is the author of the *Court of Virtue*, a reply to the *Court of Venus*, which had given great offence by the licentiouſneſs of its contents, Lond. 1565, 12mo; and of *A Poſie in forme of a Viſion*, directed againſt the necromancers and other practitioners of the occult ſciences, Lond. 1563, 12mo.]

William Baldwin, of whom more will be ſaid when we come to the *Mirrour for Magiſtrates*, publiſhed [*The Canticles or Balades of Salaman, phraſelyke declared in Englyſhe metres*, Lond. 1549, 4to.] It is dedicated to Edward the Sixth. Baldwin, in the dedication to his royal patron, expreſſes a pious wiſh that theſe ſweet and myſtical ſongs may drive out of office "the baudy balades of lecherous love," which were indited and ſung by idle courtiers in the houſes of princes and noblemen. To forward the ſame purpoſe, he tells us his Majeſty [Edward VI.] had given a notable example, "in cauſyng the Pſalmes, brought into fine Englyſh meter, by his godly diſpoſed ſervaunt Thomas Sternholde, to be ſong openly before his grace, in the hearyng of all his ſubjectes." Baldwin's metrical paraphraſe of the *Song of Solomon* exhibits a greater facility of verſification than the pſalmody of his predeceſſor, and the lyrical varieties of his metre render it far more pleaſing. I extract a few ſhort ſpecimens from different parts of the volume:

Loe, thou my love art fayer;
Myſelfe have made thee ſo:
Yea, thou art fayer, in dede,
Wherefore thou ſhalt not nede
In beautie to diſpayer:
For I accept thee, lo,
For fayer.

For fayer, becauſe thyne eyes
Are like the culvers, whyte;
Whoſe ſimplenes in dede
All others do excede:
Thy judgement wholly lyes
In true ſence of [the] ſpryte,
Moſte wyſe.[1]

In wyſedome of the fleſh, my bed,
Finde truſte in wurkes of mannes deviſe,
By nyght, in darkenes of the dead,
I ſought for Chriſte, as one unwyſe,
Whome my ſoule loveth.

I ſought hym long, but founde him not,
Becauſe I ſought hym not aryght;
I ſought in wurkes, but now, I wot,
He is found by fayth, not in the nyght,
Whome my ſoule loveth.[2]

Ye faythfull, would ye know
As full what one he is?
My wit and learnyng is too low
To ſhew that ſhape of his.

[1] Sign. B 3, b.

[2] Sign. E 1, a.

My love is ſuche a gem,
My frende alſo is he:
Ye daughters of Jeruſalem
Suche is my love to me.[1]

A fantaſtical and almoſt unintelligible pamphlet was printed in [1561, according to Ritſon,] but at all events in 1570 and 1584, called *Beware the Cat*, and was attributed to one Stremer: but in the library of the Society of Antiquaries a black letter copy of verſes is preſerved, which aſcribes the production peremptorily to the pen of Baldwin in theſe cryer-like lines:—

Wheras ther is a boke called Beware the Cat,
The verie truth is ſo that Stremer made not that:
Nor no ſuche falſe fabels fell ever from his pen,
Nor from his hart or mouth, as knoe mani honeſt men.
But wil ye gladli knoe who made that boke in dede,
One Wylliam Baldewine: God graunt him wel to ſpede.

Nineteen of the pſalms are extant in rhyme by Francis Seagar,[2] printed in 1553 with muſical notes, and dedicated to Lord Ruſſel.[3]

[Seager publiſhed in 1557 or earlier (for the edition of 1557 is evidently not the firſt) a tract called *The Schoole of Vertue and booke of good Nourture for children*, of which there were ſeveral later impreſſions, with additions from other hands. This is a tranſlation into metre of many of the leſs exceptional Latin hymns anciently uſed by the Catholics, and ſtill continuing to retain among the Proteſtants a degree of popularity. One of theſe begins, *Jam lucis orto ſydere*. At the end are prayers and graces in rhyme. This book, which in Wood's time had been degraded to the ſtall of the ballad-ſinger, and is now only to be found on the ſhelf of the antiquary, was intended to ſuperſede or aboliſh the original Latin hymns, which were only offenſive becauſe they were in Latin, and which were the recreation of ſcholars in our univerſities after dinner on feſtival days. At an archiepiſcopal viſitation of Merton College in Oxford, in the year 1562, it was a matter of enquiry whether the *ſuperſtitious* hymns, appointed to be ſung in the Hall on holidays, were changed for the pſalms in metre: and one of the fellows is accuſed of having attempted to prevent the ſinging of the metrical Te Deum in the refectory on All-ſaints day.[4]

A more brief and much more proſaic verſion of Solomon's *Canticum Canticorum* was publiſhed, in [1575] by [Jud Smith, in] *A miſticall deviſe of the ſpirituall and godly love betweene Chriſt the ſpouſe and the Church or Congregation*. A ſingle ſtanza may ſuffice:

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[1] Sign. H 3, a.

[2] [Sir Thomas Smith, the learned ſecretary to Edward VI. and to his ſiſter Elizabeth, while a priſoner in the Tower in 1549, tranſlated eleven of David's pſalms into Engliſh metre, and compoſed three metrical prayers, which are now in the Britiſh Muſeum, MSS. Reg. 17, A. xvii.—*Park.* Specimens of this verſion may be ſeen in Brydges' *Reſtituta*, iv. 185-90.]

[3] At the end is a poem entitled, *A diſcription of the lyfe of man, the worlde, and vanities therof.* Princ. "Who on earth can juſtly rejoyce?"

[4] Strype's *Parker*, B. xi. ch. ii. pp. 116, 117. Compare *Life of Sir Thomas Pope*, 2nd edit. p. 354.

Come, wend unto my garden gay,
My ſiſter and my ſpowſe:
For I have gathered mirre with ſpice,
And other goodly bowes.

Archbiſhop Parker alſo verſified the Pſalter; not from any oppoſition to our liturgy, but either for the private amuſement and exerciſe of his religious exile, or that the people, whoſe predilection for pſalmody could not be ſuppreſſed, might at leaſt be furniſhed with a rational and proper tranſlation. It was finiſhed in 1557, [and publiſhed, or at leaſt printed, about 1560, 4to.] with this title: *The whole Pſalter tranſlated into Engliſh metre, which contayneth an hundreth and fifty pſalmes. The firſt Quinquagene.*[1] In the metrical preface prefixed, he tries to remove the objections of thoſe who cenſured verſifications of Scripture; he pleads the comforts of ſuch an employment to the perſecuted theologiſt who ſuffers voluntary baniſhment, and thus diſplays the power of ſacred muſic:

The pſalmiſt ſtayde with tuned ſonge
The rage of myndes agaſt,
As David did with harpe among
To Saule in fury caſt.

With golden ſtringes ſuch harmonie
His harpe ſo ſweete did wreſt,
That he relievd his phreneſie
Whom wicked ſprites poſſeſt.[2]

Whatever might at firſt have been his deſign, it is certain that his verſion, although printed, was never publiſhed; and notwithſtanding the formality of his metrical preface above mentioned, which was profeſſedly written to ſhew the ſpiritual efficacy or virtue of the pſalms in metre, and in which he directs a diſtinct and audible mode of congregational ſinging, he probably ſuppreſſed it becauſe he ſaw that the practice had been abuſed to the purpoſes of fanaticiſm, and adopted by the Puritans in contradiction to the national worſhip; or at leaſt that ſuch a publication, whatever his private ſentiments might be, would not ſuit the nature and dignity of his high office in the church. Some of our muſical antiquaries, however, have juſtly conjectured that the archbiſhop, who was ſkilled in muſic, and had formerly founded a muſic-ſchool in his college of Stoke Clare,[3] intended theſe pſalms, which are adapted to compli-

[1] The ſecond quinquagene follows, fol. 146. The third and laſt, fol. 280. Among the prefaces are four lines from Lord Surrey's *Eccleſiaſtes*. Attached to every pſalm is a proſe collect. At the end of the pſalms are verſions of *Te Deum*, *Benedictus*, *Quicunque vult*, &c.

[2] He thus remonſtrates againſt the ſecular ballads:

"Ye ſonges ſo nice, ye ſonnets all,
Of lothly lovers layes,
Ye worke mens myndes but bitter gall
By phanſies peeviſh playes."

[3] [In the county of Suffolk. From the ſtatutes of which college, as framed by Dr. Parker, Sir John Hawkins has given the following curious extract: "Item to be found in the college, henceforth a number of quiriſters, to the number of eight or

cated tunes of four parts, probably conſtructed by himſelf, and here given in ſcore, for the uſe of cathedrals, at a time when compoſitions in counterpoint were uncommon in the church, and when that part of our choir-ſervice called the motet or anthem, which admits a more artificial diſplay of harmony, and which is recommended and allowed in Queen Elizabeth's earlieſt eccleſiaſtical injunctions, was yet almoſt unknown, or but in a very imperfect ſtate. Accordingly, although the direction is not quite comprehenſible, he orders many of them to be ſung by the *rector chori* or chantor, and the *quier* or choir, alternately. That at leaſt he had a taſte for muſic, we may conclude from the following not inelegant ſcale[1] of modulation, prefixed to his eight tunes above mentioned:

"*The Nature of the Eyght Tunes.*

The firſt is meke, devout to ſee,
The ſecond ſad, in maieſty:
The third doth rage, and roughly brayth,
The fourth doth fawne, and flattry playth:
The fifth deligth, and laugheth the more,
The ſixt bewayleth, it wepeth full ſore.
The ſeventh tredeth ſtoute in froward race,
The eyghte goeth milde in modeſt pace."

What follows is another proof that he had propoſed to introduce theſe pſalms into the choir-ſervice. "The tenor of theſe partes be for the people when they will ſyng alone, the other partes put for the greater quiers, or to ſuche as will ſyng or play them privately."[2]

How far this memorable prelate, perhaps the moſt accompliſhed

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ten or more, as may be borne conveniently of the ſtock, to have ſufficient meat, drink, broth, and learning. Of which ſaid quiriſters, after their breaſts (*i. e.* voices) be changed, we will the moſt apt of wit and capacity be helpen with exhibition of forty ſhillings, four marks, or three pounds apiece, to be ſtudents in ſome college in Cambridge." *Hiſt. of Muſic*, iii. 508.—*Park.*]

[1] ["This ſcale, however elegant," ſays Mr. Aſhby, "will not alone prove Archbiſhop Parker's right to this verſion of the pſalms; becauſe it is not only likely in general, that the tranſlator would be a lover of muſic, but it ſo happens that the other claimant, John Keeper, had ſtudied muſic and poetry at Wells." I preſume that the following extract from the archbiſhop's diary will eſtabliſh his claim to the performance: "This 6 Auguſt (his birth-day), Ann. Dom. 1557, I perſiſt in the ſame conſtancy, upholden by the grace and goodneſs of my Lord and Saviour Jeſus Chriſt, by whoſe inſpiration I have finiſhed the Book of Pſalms, turned into vulgar verſe." (Strype's *Life of Archbiſhop Parker.*)]

[2] As the ſinging-pſalms were never a part of our liturgy, no rubrical directions are anywhere given for the manner of performing them. In one of the Prefaces, written about 1550, it is ordered, "Whereas heretofore there hath been great diverſitie of ſaying and ſinging in churches within this realm, ſome following Saliſbury uſe, ſome Hereford uſe, ſome the uſe of Bangor, ſome of York, ſome of Lincoln; now from henceforth all the whole realm ſhall have but one uſe." But this is ſaid in reference to the chants, reſponds, ſuffrages, verſicles, introites, kyrie-eleeyſons, doxologies, and other melodies of the Book of Common Prayer, then newly publiſhed under lawful authority, with muſical notes by Marbeck, and which are ſtill uſed; that no arbitrary variations ſhould be made in the manner of ſinging theſe melodies, as had been lately the caſe with the Roman miſſal, in performing which ſome cathedrals affected a manner of their own. The Saliſbury miſſal was moſt famous and chiefly followed.

ſcholar that had yet filled the Archbiſhopric of Canterbury, has ſucceeded in producing a tranſlation of the pſalter preferable to the common one, the reader may judge from theſe ſtanzas of a pſalm highly poetical, in which I have exactly preſerved the tranſlator's peculiar uſe of the hemiſtic punctuation:

To feede my neede: he will me leade
To paſtures greene and fat:
He forth brought me: in libertie,
To waters delicate.

My ſoule and hart: he did convart,
To me he ſhewth the path:
Of right wiſneſs: in holineſs,
His name ſuch vertue hath.

Yea though I go: through Death his wo
His vale and ſhadow wyde:
I feare no dart: with me thou art
With rod and ſtaffe to guide.

Thou ſhalt provyde: a table wyde,
For me againſt theyr ſpite:
With oyle my head: thou haſt beſpred,
My cup is fully dight.

I add, in the more ſublime character, a part of the eighteenth pſalm, in which Sternhold is ſuppoſed to have exerted his powers moſt ſucceſsfully, and without the interruptions of the pointing, which perhaps was deſigned for ſome regulations of the muſic, now unknown:

The earth did ſhake, for feare did quake,
The hils theyr baſes ſhooke;
Removed they were, in place moſt fayre,
At Gods ryght fearfull looke.

Darke ſmoke roſe to hys face therefro,
Hys mouthe as fire conſumde,
That coales as it were kyndled bright
When he in anger fumde.

The heavens full lowe he made to bowe,
And downe dyd he enſue;
And darkneſs great was underſete
His feete in clowdy hue.

He rode on hye, and dyd ſo flye,
Upon the Cherubins;
He came in ſight, and made his flight
Upon the wyng of wyndes.

The Lorde from heaven ſent downe his leaven
And thundred thence in ire;
He thunder caſt in wondrous blaſt
With hayle and coales of fyre.[1]

Here is ſome degree of ſpirit, and a choice of phraſeology. But on the whole, and eſpecially for this ſpecies of ſtanza, Parker will be found to want facility, and in general to have been unpractiſed in writing Engliſh verſes. His abilities were deſtined to other ſtudies, and adapted to employments of a more archiepiſcopal nature.

[1] Fol. 35.

The induſtrious Strype, Parker's biographer, after a diligent ſearch, never could gain a ſight of this tranſlation.[1] In Mr. Weſt's library there was a ſuperb copy, once belonging to Biſhop Kennet, who has remarked in a blank page, that the archbiſhop permitted his wife, Dame Margaret, to preſent the book to ſome of the nobility. It is certainly at this time extremely ſcarce, and would be deſervedly deemed a fortunate acquiſition to thoſe capricious ſtudents who labour only to collect a library of rarities. Yet it is not generally known, that there are two copies in the Bodleian library of this anonymous verſion, which have hitherto been given to an obſcure poet by the name of John Keeper. One of them, in 1643, appears to have been the property of Biſhop Barlow: and on the oppoſite ſide of the title, in ſomewhat of an ancient hand, is this manuſcript inſertion: "The auctor of this booke is one John Keeper,[2] who was brought upp in the cloſe of Wells." [In the Lambeth library is a beautiful copy of this edition of the Pſalms, on

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[1] [Mr. Todd deſcribes a copy very curiouſly bound in the church library of Canterbury. See his *Milton*, vol. vi. p. 116.—*Park.*]

[2] [John Keeper, or Kepyer, occurs in the *Arbor of Amitie*] by Thomas Howell. Lond. 1568, 8vo.; and he is alſo the tranſlator of Romei's *Courtiers Academie*, n. d. 4to. Among the recommendatory copies of verſes is one ſigned "John Keeper, ſtudent." See alſo "J. K. to his friend H.," fol. 27 a; and "H. to K.," *ibid.* Again, fol. 33 b, 34 a, 38, 39, &c.

Howell [likewiſe wrote] *Deviſes for his owne exerciſe and his Friends pleaſure*, 1581, [a copy of which, bought at Pearſon's ſale in 1788 by Malone, is now in the Bodleian. The *Arbor of Amitie* is alſo there,] and denotes him to have had a contraction of metrical ſpirit, which fitly adapts itſelf to poſies for rings; *ex. gr.*

"As flowres freſhe to-day,
To-morrow in decay;
Such is th' uncertaine ſtay,
That man hath here alway."

The following lines from a poem wherein a lover "deſcribes his loſs of liberty and craves return of love," are the very beſt I could trace in the volume, which is deemed unique, and therefore claimed an entire peruſal:

"When firſt I caſt my careleſſe eye
Upon thy hue, that drew the dart,
I little thought thou ſhouldeſt lye
So deepe ſunck downe in my poore hart;
I would full faine forgo my holde,
My free eſtate by wit to folde.

"As birde alurde in winters ſore,
On limed twigges that often bee,
Thinkes he is free as late before
Untill he 'ſayes his flight to flee:
He cries, he flies, in vaine he tries,
On twigge in bondage there he lies.

"So I, by lure of thy good grace,
That thought my hart at libertie,
Was wrapt unwares by featurde face,
With moſt extreme captivitie:
A Beautie hath me bondman made,
By love ſincere, that ſhall not vade." Fol. 2.—*Park.*

See *Handb. of E. E. Lit.* art. HOWELL.]

the back of the title of which is written: "To the right vertuouſe and honorable Ladye the Counteſſe of Shrewſburye, from your lovinge frende, Margaret Parker." This is written in the hand of the time when ſhe lived; and the binding of the book, which is richly gilded, ſeems alſo of the ſame date.][1]

A conſiderable contributor to the metrical theology was Robert Crowley, educated in Magdalen college at Oxford, where he obtained a fellowſhip in 1542. In the reign of Edward the Sixth, he commenced printer and preacher in London. He lived in Ely-rents in Holborn, "where," ſays Wood, "he ſold books, and at leiſure times exerciſed the gift of preaching in the great city and elſewhere."[2] In 1550 he printed the firſt edition of *Pierce Plowmans Viſion*, but with the ideas of a controverſialiſt, and with the view of helping forward the Reformation by the revival of a book which expoſed the abſurdities of Popery in ſtrong ſatire, and which at preſent is only valuable or uſeful, as it ſerves to gratify the harmleſs reſearches of thoſe peaceable philoſophers who ſtudy the progreſſion of ancient literature. His pulpit and his preſs, thoſe two prolific ſources of faction, happily co-operated in propagating his principles of predeſtination: and his ſhop and his ſermons were alike frequented. Poſſeſſed of thoſe talents which qualified him for captivating the attention and moving the paſſions of the multitude, under Queen Elizabeth he held many dignities in a church, whoſe doctrines and polity his undiſcerning zeal had a tendency to deſtroy. He tranſlated into popular rhyme, not only the Pſalter, but the litany, with hymns, all which he printed together in 1549. In the [following] year, and in the ſame meaſure, he publiſhed *The Voice of the laſt Trumpet blown by the ſeventh angel.* This piece contains twelve ſeveral leſſons, for the inſtruction or amendment of thoſe who ſeemed at that time chiefly to need advice; and among whom he enumerates *lewd* prieſts, ſcholars, phyſicians, beggars, yeomen, gentlemen, magiſtrates, and women. He alſo attacked the abuſes of his age in thirty-one *Epigrams*, firſt printed in 155[0]. The ſubjects are placed alphabetically. In his firſt alphabet are *Abbayes*, *Alehouſes*, *Alleys*, and *Almeſhouſes*. The ſecond, *Bailiffs*, *Bawds*, *Beggars*, *Bear-bayting*, and *Brawlers*. They diſplay, but without ſpirit or humour, the reprehenſible practices and licentious manners which then prevailed. He publiſhed in 1551 a kind of metrical ſermon, [entitled:

*Pleaſure and Payne, Heauen and Hell:*
*Remembre theſe foure, and all ſhall be well.*

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[1] There is a metrical Engliſh verſion of the Pſalms among the Cotton manuſcripts about the year 1320, which has merit. [Mr. E. A. Bond, Keeper of the MSS. in the Britiſh Muſeum, writes: "The Cotton Pſalter in Engliſh, referred to by Warton, is probably *Veſpaſian D.* vii., a MS. not ſo early as 1320, but probably of the middle or latter part of the century. You will find another Engliſh Pſalter in Harley MS., 1770, fol. 156, of the middle of the 14th century; and ſtill another in Egerton MS. 614, of about the ſame age. All theſe are in verſe."]

[2] *Ath. Oxon.* vol. i. p. 235.

*Compyled by Roberte Crowley. Anno Domini*, MDLI. Some] of theſe, to ſay nothing of his controverſial tracts in proſe, had repeated editions, and from his own preſs. But one of his treatiſes, to prove that Lent is a human invention and a ſuperſtitious inſtitution, deſerves notice for its plan: it is a Dialogue between Lent and Liberty. The perſonification of Lent is a bold and a perfectly new proſopopeia. In [*The Examination of the maſſe*, a proſe dialogue],[1] againſt the papiſts, written by Doctor William Turner, the Maſs or Miſtreſs Miſſa is perſonified, who, arrayed in all her meretricious trappings, muſt at leaſt have been a more theatrical figure.[2]

It will not be foreign to our purpoſe to remark here, that when Doctor Coſins, prebendary of Durham, afterwards biſhop, was cited before the Parliament in 1640 for reviving or ſupporting papiſtic uſages in his cathedral, it was alleged againſt him, that he had worn an embroidered cope, had repaired ſome ruinous cherubims, had uſed a conſecrated knife for dividing the ſacramental bread, had renovated the blue cap and golden beard of a little image of Chriſt on Biſhop Hatfield's tomb, had placed two lighted tapers on the altar which was decorated with emblematic ſculpture, and had forbidden the Pſalms of Sternhold and Hopkins to be ſung in the choir.[3]

## SECTION XLVII.

BUT among the theological verſifiers of theſe times, the moſt notable is Chriſtopher Tye, a doctor of muſic at Cambridge in 1545, and muſical preceptor to Prince Edward and probably to his ſiſters the Princeſſes Mary and Elizabeth. In the reign of Elizabeth he was organiſt of the royal chapel, in which he had been educated. To his profeſſion of muſic he joined ſome knowledge of Engliſh literature; and having been taught to believe that rhyme and edification were cloſely connected, and being perſuaded that every part of the Scripture would be more inſtructive and better received if reduced into verſe, he projected a tranſlation of the *Acts of the Apoſtles* into familiar metre. It appears that the *Book of Kings*, which for many reaſons was more capable of ſhining under the hands of a tranſlator, had before been verſified. But the moſt ſplendid hiſtorical book, I

[1] The ſpeakers are: "Maſtres Miſſa, Maſter Knowledge, Maſter Fremouth, Maſter Juſtice of the peace; Peter Preco, the Cryer; Palemon, the Judge; Doctor Porphyry; Sir Philip Philargirye."—*Park.*]

[2] See Strype, *Eccl. Mem.* vol. ii. p. 138. See the ſpeakers in Ochin's *Dialogue againſt the Pope*, Engliſhed by Poynet, printed in 1549. Strype, ibid. p. 198.

[3] Neale's *Hiſt. Purit.* vol. ii. ch. vii. p. 387, edit. 1733; Nalſon's *Collections*, vol. i. p. 789.

mean the moſt ſuſceptible of poetic ornament, in the Old or New Teſtament, would have become ridiculous when clothed in the faſhionable eccleſiaſtical ſtanza. Perhaps the plan of ſetting a narrative of this kind to muſic, was ſtill more prepoſterous and exceptionable. However, he completed only the firſt fourteen chapters, and they were printed in 1553 [8vo.].[1] It is dedicated in Sternhold's ſtanza, "To the Vertuous and Godlye learned Prynce, Edwarde the vi." As this ſingular dedication contains, not only anecdotes of the author and his work, but of his majeſty's eminent attention to the ſtudy of the Scripture, and of his ſkill in playing on the lute, I need not apologiſe for tranſcribing a few dull ſtanzas; eſpecially as they will alſo ſerve as a ſpecimen of the poet's native ſtyle and manner, unconfined by the fetters of tranſlation.

Youre grace may note, from tyme to tyme
That ſome doth vnder take:
Upon the Pſalmes to wryte in ryme,
The verſe pleaſaunt to make.

And ſome doth take in hande to wryte
Out of the booke of Kynges;
Becauſe they ſe your Grace delyte
In ſuche like Godlye thynges.[2]

And laſt of all, I youre poore man
Whoſe doinges are full baſe,
Yet glad to do the beſt I can
To geue vnto your grace,

Haue thought it good nowe to recyte
The ſtoryes of the Actes
Euen of the Twelue, as Luke doth wryte
Of all their worthy factes.

Unto the text I do not ad,
Nor nothynge take awaye;
And though my ſtyle be groſſe and bad,
The truth perceyue you maye.

* * * * * *

My callynge is another waye,
Your grace ſhall here in fynde
By notes ſet forth to ſynge or playe,
To recreate the mynde.

And thoughe they be not curious,[3]
But for the letter mete:
Ye ſhall them fynde harmonious,
And eke pleaſaunt and ſwete.

A young monarch ſinging the *Acts of the Apoſtles* in verſe to his lute, is a royal character of which we have ſeldom heard. But he proceeds,

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[1] [*Handb. of E. E. Lit.* Art. Tye. There are two editions.]

[2] Strype ſays, that "Sternhold compoſed ſeveral pſalms at firſt for his own ſolace. For he ſet and ſung them to his organ. Which muſic King Edward vi. ſometime hearing, for he was a Gentleman of the privy-chamber, was much delighted with them. Which occaſioned his publication and dedication of them to the ſaid king." *Eccles. Memor.* B. i. ch. 2, p. 86.

[3] That is, they are plain and uniſonous; the eſtabliſhed character of this ſort of muſic.

That ſuch good thinges your grace might moue
Your lute when ye aſſaye,
In ſtede of ſonges of wanton loue,
Theſe ſtories then to playe.

So ſhall your grace pleaſe God the Lorde
In walkynge in hys waye,
His lawes and ſtatutes to recorde
In your heart nyght and daye.

And eke your realme ſhall floryſh ſtyll,
No good thynge ſhall decaye,
Your ſubiectes ſhal with right good wyll,
Theſe wordes recorde and ſaye:

"Thy lyfe, O kynge, to us doth ſhyne,
As Gods boke doth thee teache;
Thou doſt vs fede with ſuche doctrine
As Chriſtes elect dyd preache."

From this ſample of his original vein, my reader will not perhaps haſtily predetermine, that our author has communicated any conſiderable decorations to his *Acts of the Apoſtles* in Engliſh verſe. There is as much elegance and animation in the two following initial ſtanzas of the fourteenth chapter, as in any of the whole performance, which I ſhall therefore exhibit.

It chaunced in Iconium,
As they[1] oft tymes dyd uſe,
Together they into dyd cum
The Sinagoge of Jewes.

Where they dyd Preache and only ſeke
Gods grace them to atcheue;
That they ſo ſpake to Jewe and Greke
That many dyd byleue.

Doctor Tye's *Acts of the Apoſtles* were ſung for a time in the royal chapel of Edward the Sixth. But they never became popular.[2] The impropriety of the deſign, and the impotency of the execution, ſeem to have been perceived even by his own prejudiced and undiſcerning age. This circumſtance, however, had probably the fortunate and ſeaſonable effect of turning Tye's muſical ſtudies to another and a more rational ſyſtem: to the compoſition of words judiciouſly ſelected from the proſe pſalms in four or five parts. Before the middle of the reign of Elizabeth, at a time when the more ornamental and intricate muſic was wanted in our ſervice, he concurred with the celebrated Tallis and a few others in ſetting ſeveral anthems, which are not only juſtly ſuppoſed to retain much of the original ſtrain of our ancient choral melody before the reformation, but in reſpect of harmony, expreſſion, contrivance, and general effect, are allowed to be perfect models of the genuine eccleſiaſtic ſtyle. Fuller informs us, that Tye was the chief reſtorer of the loſs which the muſic of the church had ſuſtained by the deſtruction of the monaſteries.[3]

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[1] Apoſtles.

[2] [Naſh ſaid, in 1596, "Dr. Tye was a famous muſitian ſome few years ſince." See *Have with you to Saffron Walden.*—Park.]

[3] *Worthies*, vol. ii. p. 244. Tallis here mentioned, at the beginning of the reign of

It is not my intention to purſue any further the mob of religious rhymers who, from principles of the moſt unfeigned piety, devoutly laboured to darken the luſtre, and enervate the force, of the divine pages.[1] And perhaps I have been already too prolix in examining a ſpecies of poetry, if it may be ſo called, which even impoveriſhes proſe, or rather by mixing the ſtyle of proſe with verſe, and of verſe with proſe, deſtroys the character and effect of both. But in ſurveying the general courſe of a ſpecies of literature, abſurdities as well as excellencies, the weakneſs and the vigour of the human mind, muſt have their hiſtorian. Nor is it unpleaſing to trace and to contemplate thoſe ſtrange incongruities, and falſe ideas of perfection, which at various times either affectation, or caprice, or faſhion, or opinion, or prejudice, or ignorance, or enthuſiaſm preſent to the conceptions of men, in the ſhape of truth.

I muſt not, however, forget, that King Edward the Sixth is to be ranked among the religious poets of his own reign. Fox has publiſhed his metrical inſtructions concerning the euchariſt, addreſſed to Sir Antony Saint Leger. Bale alſo mentions his comedy called the *Whore of Babylon* which Holland the heroologiſt, who [almoſt certainly] had never ſeen it, and knew not whether it was a play or a ballad, in verſe or proſe, pronounces to be a moſt elegant performance.[2] Its elegance with ſome will not perhaps apologiſe or atone for it ſubject: and it may ſeem ſtrange that controverſial ribaldry ſhould have been ſuffered to enter into the education of a great monarch. But the genius, habits, and ſituation of his age ſhould be conſidered. The Reformation was the great political topic of Edward's court. Intricate diſcuſſions in divinity were no longer confined to the ſchools or the clergy. The new religion, from its novelty as well as importance, intereſted every mind, and was almoſt the ſole object of the general attention. Men emancipated from the ſeverities of a ſpiritual tyranny reflected with horror on the ſlavery they had ſo long ſuffered, and with exultation on the triumph they had obtained.

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Elizabeth, and by proper authority enriched the muſic of Marbeck's liturgy. He ſet to muſic the *Te Deum, Benedictus, Magnificat, Nunc Dimittis* and other offices, to which Marbeck had given only the *canto firmo*, or plain chant. He compoſed a new Litany ſtill in uſe, and improved the ſimpler modulation of Marbeck's Suffrages, Kyries after the Commandments, and other verſicles, as they are ſung at preſent. There are two chants of Tallis, one to the *Venite Exultemus*, and another to the Athanaſian Creed.

[1] I had almoſt forgotten to obſerve, that John Mardiley, clerk of the king's Mint, called Suffolk-houſe, in Southwark, tranſlated twenty-four of David's Pſalms into Engliſh verſe, about 1550. He wrote alſo *Religious Hymns*. Bale, par. poſt. p. 106. See another of his pieces on [the real preſence] and in rhyme, preſented and dedicated to Queen Elizabeth, MSS. Reg. 17 B. xxxvii. The Protector Somerſet was his patron. [For three other books or tracts by Mardley, ſee *Handb. of E. E. Lit.* It is uncertain, on what authority Warton ſtates that he tranſlated ſome of the Pſalms.]

[2] *Heroolog.* p. 27. [This treatiſe, which ſeems to have been a diſquiſition in proſe, was entitled, according to Bale, quoted by Nichols (*Literary Remains of Edward VI.* 1857, i. xvii.), *De Meretrice Babylonica*, and conſiſted only of book the firſt. It is no longer known. Bale gives the exordium: "Quid deplorandum magis eſt mortal[ibus]?"]

Theſe feelings were often expreſſed in a ſtrain of enthuſiaſm. The ſpirit of innovation which had ſeized the times often tranſgreſſed the bounds of truth. Every change of religion is attended with thoſe ebullitions, which growing more moderate by degrees afterwards appear eccentric and ridiculous.

We who live at a diſtance from this great and national ſtruggle between Popery and Proteſtantiſm, when our church has been long and peaceably eſtabliſhed, and in an age of good ſenſe, of politeneſs and philoſophy, are apt to view theſe effuſions of royal piety as weak and unworthy the character of a king. But an oſtentation of zeal and example in the young Edward, as it was natural, ſo it was neceſſary, while the Reformation was yet immature. It was the duty of his preceptors to impreſs on his tender years an abhorrence of the principles of Rome and a predilection to that happy ſyſtem which now ſeemed likely to prevail. His early diligence, his inclination to letters, and his ſerioufneſs of diſpoſition ſeconded their active endeavours to cultivate and to bias his mind in favour of the new theology, which was now become the faſhionable knowledge. Theſe and other amiable virtues his contemporaries have given young Edward in an eminent degree. But it may be preſumed that the partiality which youth always commands, the ſpecious proſpects excited by expectation, and the flattering promiſes of religious liberty ſecured to a diſtant poſterity, have had ſome ſmall ſhare in dictating his panegyric.[1]

The new ſettlement of religion, by counteracting inveterate prejudices of the moſt intereſting nature, by throwing the clergy into a ſtate of contention, and by diſſeminating theological opinions among the people, excited ſo general a ferment, that even the popular ballads and the ſtage were made the vehicles of the controverſy between the Papal and Proteſtant communions.[2]

The *Ballad of Luther, the Pope, a Cardinal, and a Huſbandman*, written in 1550 in defence of the Reformation, has ſome ſpirit, and ſupports a degree of character in the ſpeakers.[3] There is another written about the ſame time, which is a lively ſatire on the Engliſh Bible, the vernacular liturgy, and the book of homilies. The meaſure of the laſt is that of *Pierce Plowman*, with the addition of rhyme: a ſort of verſification which now was not uncommon.

Strype has printed a poem called [*A Pore Helpe*, originally printed abroad, and from the character of the type and the ornaments on the title-page probably by Hans Lufft at Marbech about 1540.[4]] It is

[1] [The beſt account of Edward's literary performances will be found in the Introduc. to Nichols's edition of his *Literary Remains*, 1857, 4to.]

[2] See inſtances already given, before the Reformation had actually taken place.

[3] [Printed from a broadſide in the Pepyſian by Percy (*Reliques*, ed. 1812, vol. 123).]

[4] [It may ſuffice to extract the paſſage relating to Miles Hoggard:

"And alſo maiſter huggarde
Doth ſhewe hym ſelfe no ſluggarde,
Nor yet no dronken druggarde,
But ſharpeth vp hys wyt
And frameth it ſo fyt

a lampoon againſt the new preachers or goſpellers, not very elegant in its alluſions, and in Skelton's ſtyle. The anonymous ſatiriſt mentions with applauſe *Maiſter Huggarde*, or Miles Hoggard, a ſhoemaker [or, according to Wood, a hoſier] of London, who wrote ſeveral virulent pamphlets againſt the Reformation, which were made important by extorting laboured anſwers from ſeveral eminent divines.[1] He alſo mentions a *nobler clarke*, whoſe learned *Balad* in defence of the *holy Kyrke* had triumphed over all the raillery of its numerous opponents.[2] The ſame induſtrious annaliſt has alſo preſerved *A ſong on Biſhop Latimer*, in the octave rhyme, by a poet of the ſame perſuaſion.[3] And in the catalogue of modern Engliſh prohibited books delivered in [1531 and] 1542 to the pariſh prieſts, to the intent that their authors might be diſcovered and puniſhed, there is the *Burying of the Maſs in Engliſh rithme*:[4] this is no other than William Roy's celebrated ſatire againſt Wolſey, entitled

Rede me, and be not wrothe,
For I ſpeke no thynge but trothe,

firſt printed, as it is ſuppoſed, at Worms in 1526, and republiſhed at Weſell twenty years later, with ſome of the paſſages ſomewhat ſoftened.] But it is not my intention to make a full and formal collection of theſe fugitive religious paſquinades, which died with their reſpective controverſies.

In the year 1547, a proclamation was publiſhed to prohibit preaching. This was a temporary expedient to ſuppreſs the turbulent harangues of the Catholic miniſters, who ſtill compoſed no ſmall part of the parochial clergy: for the Court of Augmentations took care perpetually to ſupply the vacant benefices with the diſincorporated monks, in order to exonerate the exchequer from the payment of their annuities. Theſe men, both from inclination and intereſt, and hoping to reſtore the church to its ancient orthodoxy and opulence, exerted all their powers of declamation in combating the doctrines of Proteſtantiſm, and in alienating the minds of the people from the new doctrines and reformed rites of worſhip. Being ſilenced

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Theſe yonkers for to hyt
And wyll not them permyt
In errour ſtyll to ſyt,
As it maye well apeare
By his clarkely anſwere
The whiche intitled is
Agaynſt what meaneth this."—*Park.*

The piece is reprinted entire in *Remains of the Early Popular Poetry of England*, vol. ii.]

[1] [In 1549, Miles Huggard wrote, but did not publiſh, a tract in verſe called the *Aſſault of the Sacrament of the Altar*, being an attack on thoſe who had written or ſpoken againſt the Sacrament. This appears to have been circulated in MS., and to have produced a controverſy between Huggard and Robert Crowley, the poetical printer and preacher. See *Handb. of E. E. Lit.* arts. CROWLEY and HUGGARD.]

[2] Strype, *Eccl. Mem.* ii. Append. i. p. 34.

[3] Ibid. vol. i. Append. xliv. p. 121.

[4] Burnet, *Hiſt. Ref.* vol. i. *Rec.* Num. xxvi. p. 257.

by authority, they had recourſe to the ſtage; and from the pulpit removed their polemics to the play-houſe. Their farces became more ſucceſsful than their ſermons. The people flocked eagerly to the play-houſe, when deprived not only of their ancient pageantries, but of their paſtoral diſcourſes, in the church. Archbiſhop Cranmer and the protector Somerſet were the chief objects of theſe dramatic invectives.[1] At length the ſame authority, which had checked the preachers found it expedient to control the players: and a new proclamation was promulgated in the following terms.[2] The inquiſitive reader will obſerve, that from this inſtrument plays appear to have been long before a general and familiar ſpecies of entertainment, that they were acted not only in London but in the great towns, that the profeſſion of a player, even in our preſent ſenſe, was common and eſtabliſhed; and that theſe ſatirical interludes were forbidden only in the Engliſh tongue: "For aſmuche as a greate number of thoſe that be common plaiers of Enterludes and Plaies, as well within the citie of London as elſwhere within the realme, do for the moſte part plaie ſuche Interludes as contain matter tendyng to ſedition and contempnyng of ſundery good orders and lawes; where upon are growen and daily are like to growe and enſue, muche diſquiet, diviſion, tumultes and uproares in this realme:[3] the Kynges maieſtie, by the adviſe and conſent of his dereſt Uncle Edward Duke of Somerſet, Governour of his perſone, and Protector of his realmes, dominions, and ſubiectes, and the reſt of his highnes privie Counſall, ſtraightly chargeth and commaundeth al and every his Maieſties ſubjects, of what ſoever ſtate, order, or degree thei bee, that from the ix. day of this preſent moneth of Auguſt untill the feaſt of all Sainctes nexte commyng, thei ne any of them, openly or ſecretly plaie in the Engliſh tongue, any kynde of Interlude, Plaie, Dialogue, or other matter ſet furth in forme of Plaie, in any place publique or private within this realme, upon pain that whoſoever ſhall plaie in Engliſhe any ſuch Play, Interlude or other matter, ſhall ſuffre impriſonment, and other puniſhment at the pleaſure of his Maieſtie."[4] But when the ſhort date of this proclamation expired, the reformers, availing themſelves of the ſtratagems of an enemy, attacked the papiſts with their own weapons; [at leaſt two] of the comedies on the ſide of reformation ſtill remain.[5] [Of one] the writer, while his own religion from its ſimple and impalpable form was much leſs expoſed to the ridicule of ſcenic exhibition, has not taken advantage of that opportunity which the papiſtic ceremonies ſo obviouſly afforded to burleſque and drollery from their viſible pomp, their number and their abſurdities:

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[1] Fuller, *Ch. Hiſt.* B. vii. Cent. xvi. p. 390.

[2] Dat. 3 Edward vi. Aug. 8. [*Engliſh Drama and Stage*, Roxburghe Library, 1869, p. 8.]

[3] It ſhould, however, be remarked that the reformers had themſelves ſhewn the way to this ſort of abuſe long before.

[4] Fuller, *ibid.* p. 391. See alſo [*Engl. Drama and Stage*, ut ſupra, pp. 3-7,] Stat. 2, 3, Edw. VI., A.D. 1548. Gibs. *Cod.* i. p. 261, edit. 1761.

[5] Gibs. *Cod.* i. p. 191, edit. 1761.

nor did he perceive an effect which he might have turned to his own use, suggested by the practice of his Catholic antagonists in the drama, who, by way of recommending their own superstitious solemnities, often made them contemptible by theatrical representation.

This piece is [Wever's] *Lusty Juventus: lively describing the Frailtie of youth: of Nature prone to Vyce: by Grace and Good Councell traynable to vertue.*[1] Hypocrisy, who is its best character, laments the loss of her superstitions to the devil, and recites a long catalogue of the trumpery of the Popish worship in the metre and manner of Skelton.[2] The chapter and verse of Scripture are often announced: and in one scene, a personage, called God's mercyfull Promises, cites Ezekiel as from the pulpit:

> The Lord by his prophet Ezekiel sayeth in this wise playnlye,
> As in the xxiii. chapter it doth appere:
> Be converted, O ye children, &c.

From this interlude we learn that the young men, which was natural, were eager to embrace the new religion, and that the old were unwilling to give up those doctrines and modes of worship, to which they had been habitually attached, and had paid the most implicit and reverential obedience from their childhood. To this circumstance the devil, who is made to represent the Scripture as a novelty, attributes the destruction of his spiritual kingdom.

> The old people would beleve stil in my lawes,
> But the yonger sort lead them a contrary way;
> They wyll not beleve, they playnly say,
> In old traditions as made by men,
> But they wyll lyve as the Scripture teacheth them [3]

The devil then, in order to recover his interest, applies to his son Hypocrisy, who attempts to convert a young man to the ancient faith, and says that the Scripture can teach no more than that God is a good man,[4] a phrase which Shakespeare with great humour has put into the mouth of Dogberry.[5] But he adds an argument in jest, which the Papists sometimes seriously used against the Protestants, and which, if we consider the poet's ultimate intention, had better have been suppressed.

> The world was never mery,
> Since children were so bolde:
> Now every boy will be a teacher,
> The father a foole, and the chyld a preacher.[6]

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[1] See Hawkins's *Old Plays*, i. p. 135.

[2] From Bale's *Three Lawes* [edit. 1562,] Sign. B. v.

> "Here have I pratye gynnes,
> Both brouches, beades, and pynnes,
> With soch as the people wynnes
> Unto idolatrye," &c.

[3] *Ibid.* p. 133.

[4] *Ibid.* p. 141. [This phrase is from *Lusty Juventus*, and might even be a popular expression prior to that play.—*Ashby.*]

[5] [*Much Ado about Nothing*, iii. 5, Dyce's edit. 1868, ii. 117.]

[6] Bale's *Three Lawes*, p. 143.

It was among the reproaches of Proteſtantiſm, that the inexperienced and the unlearned thought themſelves at liberty to explain the Scriptures, and to debate the moſt abſtruſe and metaphyſical topics of theological ſpeculation. The two ſongs in the character of Youth at the opening and cloſe of this interlude, are flowery and not inelegant.[1]

[Another dramatic production, compoſed with the ſame object as *Luſty Juventus*, is the interlude of *New Cuſtome*, not printed till 1573, but written many years before.[2]]

The Proteſtants continued their plays in Mary's reign: for Strype has exhibited a remonſtrance from the Privy-council to the Lord Preſident of the North, repreſenting, that "certain lewd [ignorant[3]] perſons, to the number of ſix or ſeven in a company, naming themſelves to be ſervants of Sir Francis Lake, and wearing his livery or badge on their ſleeves, have wandered about thoſe north parts, and repreſenting certain Plays and Enterludes," reflecting on her majeſty and King Philip, and the formalities of the maſs.[4] Theſe were family-minſtrels or players, who were conſtantly diſtinguiſhed by their maſter's livery or badge.

When the Engliſh liturgy was reſtored at the acceſſion of Elizabeth, after its ſuppreſſion under Mary, the Papiſts renewed their hoſtilities from the ſtage, and again tried the intelligible mode of attack by ballads, farces, and interludes. A new injunction was then neceſſary, and it was again enacted [May 16,] 1559, [that "they (Lieutenants of Counties, Juſtices, &c.) permyt none to be played, wherin either matters of religion or of the governance of the eſtate of the commōweale ſhalbe handled or treated."[5]] But under Henry the Eighth, ſo early as the year 1542, before the reformation was fixed or even intended on its preſent liberal eſtabliſhment, yet when men had begun to diſcern and to reprobate many of the impoſtures of Popery, it became an object of the legiſlature to curb the bold and ſeditious ſpirit of popular poetry. No ſooner were the Scriptures tranſlated and permitted in Engliſh, than they were brought upon the ſtage: they were not only miſinterpreted and miſunderſtood

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[1] Bale's *Three Lawes*, p. 121. 153.

[2] [This drama will be found reprinted in Dodſley's *Old Plays*, ed. 1825, i.]

[3] [So in Puttenham's *Arte of Poeſie*, "making the lewd well learned."—*Park.*]

[4] [*The Engliſh Drama and Stage*, ut ſupr. p. 19.] *Eccl. Mem.* iii. *Append.* lii. p. 185. Dat. 1556. Sir Francis Lake is ordered to correct his ſervants ſo offending.

Henry Nicholas, a native of Amſterdam, who imported his own tranſlations of many enthuſiaſtic German books into England, about the year 1550, tranſlated and publiſhed "*Comoedia*, a worke in rhyme, conteyning an interlude of Myndes witneſſing mans fall from God and Cryſt, ſet forth by H. N. and by him newly peruſed and amended. Tranſlated out of baſe Almayne into Englyſh." Without date, in duodecimo. It ſeems to have been printed abroad, [and is ſaid to be "newly peruſed and amended" in the only copy I have ſeen. It is to be preſumed therefore that there was an earlier impreſſion, unleſs Nicholas ſimply meant that he had made additions, &c. to his Low-German original.] Our author was the founder of one of the numerous offsets of Calviniſtic fanaticiſm, called the Family of Love.

[5] Ann. i. Eliz.

by the multitude, but profaned or burleſqued in comedies and mummeries. Effectually to reſtrain theſe abuſes, Henry, who loved to create a ſubject for perſecution, who commonly proceeded to diſannul what he had juſt confirmed, and who found that a freedom of enquiry tended to ſhake his eccleſiaſtical ſupremacy, framed a law, that not only Tyndale's *Engliſh Bible*, and all the printed Engliſh commentaries, expoſitions, annotations, defences, replies, and ſermons, whether orthodox or heretical, which it had occaſioned, ſhould be utterly aboliſhed, but that the kingdom ſhould alſo be purged and cleanſed of all religious plays, interludes, rhymes, ballads, and ſongs, which are equally "peſtiferous and noyſome" to the peace of the church.[1]

Henry appears to have been piqued as an author and a theologiſt in adding the clauſe concerning his own *Inſtitution of a Chriſtian man*, which had been treated with the ſame ſort of ridicule. Yet, under the general injunction of ſuppreſſing all Engliſh books on religious ſubjects, he formally excepts, among others, ſome not properly belonging to that claſs, ſuch as the *Canterbury Tales*, the works of Chaucer and Gower, *Cronicles*, and *Stories of mens lives*.[2] There is alſo an exception added about plays, and thoſe only are allowed which were called Moralities, or perhaps interludes of real character and action, "for the rebuking and reproaching of vices and the ſetting forth of virtue." Myſteries are totally rejected.[3] The reſervations which follow, concerning the uſe of a corrected Engliſh Bible which was permitted, are curious for their quaint partiality, and they ſhew the embarraſſment of adminiſtration, in the difficult buſineſs of confining that benefit to a few, from which all might reap advantage, but which threatened to become a general evil without ſome degrees of reſtriction. It is abſolutely forbidden to be read or expounded in the church. The Lord Chancellor, the Speaker of the Houſe of Commons, "captaines of the wars," juſtices of the peace, and recorders of cities, may quote paſſages to enforce their public harangues, as has been accuſtomed. A nobleman or gentleman may read it, in his houſe, orchards, or garden, yet quietly and without diſturbance "of good order." A merchant alſo may read it to himſelf privately. But the common people, who had already abuſed this liberty to the purpoſe of diviſion and diſſenſions, and under the denomination of women, artificers, apprentices, journeymen, and ſervingmen, are to be puniſhed with one month's impriſonment, as often as they are detected in reading the Bible either privately or openly.

It ſhould be obſerved, that few of theſe had now learned to read. But ſuch was the privilege of peerage, that ladies of quality might read "to themſelves alone and not to others" any chapter either in the Old or New Teſtament.[4] This has the air of a ſumptuary law, which indulges the nobility with many ſuperb articles of finery, that

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[1] *Stat. Ann.* 34, 35 Henr. the Eighth, cap. i. [2] *Ibid.* Artic. vii.
[3] *Ibid.* Artic. ix. [4] *Ibid.* Artic. x. *ſeq.*

are interdicted to thoſe of inferior degree.[1] Undoubtedly the ducheſſes and counteſſes of this age, if not from principles of piety, at leaſt from motives of curioſity, became eager to read a book which was made inacceſſible to three parts of the nation. But the partial diſtribution of a treaſure to which all had a right could not long remain. This was a *manna* to be gathered by every man. The claim of the people was too powerful to be overruled by the bigotry, the prejudice, or the caprice of Henry.

I muſt add here, in reference to my general ſubject, that the tranſlation of the Bible, which in the reign of Edward the Sixth was admitted into the churches, is ſuppoſed to have fixed our language. It certainly has tranſmitted and perpetuated many ancient words which would otherwiſe have been obſolete or unintelligible. I have never ſeen it remarked, that at the ſame time this tranſlation contributed to enrich our native Engliſh at an early period, by importing and familiariſing many Latin words.[2]

Theſe were ſuggeſted by the Latin vulgate, which was uſed as a medium by the tranſlators. Some of theſe, however, now interwoven into our common ſpeech, could not have been underſtood by many readers even above the rank of the vulgar, when the Bible firſt appeared in Engliſh. Biſhop Gardiner had, therefore, much leſs reaſon than we now imagine for complaining of the too great clearneſs of the tranſlation when, with an inſidious view of keeping the people in their ancient ignorance, he propoſed that inſtead of always uſing Engliſh phraſes, many Latin words ſhould ſtill be preſerved, becauſe they contained an inherent ſignificance and a genuine dignity, to which the common tongue afforded no correſpondent expreſſions of ſufficient energy.[3]

To the reign of Edward the Sixth belongs Arthur Kelton, a

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[1] [There is] an old *Dietarie for the Clergy*, I think by Archbiſhop Cranmer, in which an archbiſhop is allowed to have two ſwans or capons in a diſh, a biſhop two. An archbiſhop ſix blackbirds at once, a biſhop five, a dean four, an archdeacon two. If a dean has four diſhes in his firſt courſe, he is not afterwards to have cuſtards or fritters. An archbiſhop may have ſix ſnipes, an archdeacon only two. Rabbits, larks, pheaſants, and partridges, are allowed in theſe proportions. A canon reſidentiary is to have a ſwan only on a Sunday. A rector of ſixteen marks, only three blackbirds in a week. See a ſimilar inſtrument, Strype's *Parker*, Append., p. 65.

In the Britiſh Muſeum there is a beautiful manuſcript on vellum of a French tranſlation of the Bible, which was found in the tent of John, King of France, after the battle of Poictiers. Perhaps his majeſty poſſeſſed this book on the plan of an excluſive royal right. [As, perhaps, there were few ſuch copies in that great kingdom, and very little ſpirit of reading in the laity.—*Aſhby.*]

[2] More particularly in the Latin derivative ſubſtantives, ſuch as *divination, perdition, adoption, manifeſtation, conſolation, contribution, adminiſtration, conſummation, reconciliation, operation, communication, retribution, preparation, immortality, principality*, &c. &c. And in other words, *fruſtrate, inexcuſable, tranſigure, concupiſcence*, &c. &c.

[3] Such as *Idololatria, contritus, holocauſta, ſacramentum, elementia, humilitas, ſatisfactio, ceremonia, abſolutio, myſterium, penitentia*, &c. See Gardiner's propoſals in Burnet, *Hiſt. Ref.* vol. i. b. iii. p. 315; and Fuller, *Ch. Hiſt.* b. v. Cent. xvi. p. 238.

native of Shropſhire or Wales. He wrote *A Cronycle with a genealogie declaryng that the Brittons and Welſhmen are lineallye dyſcended from Brute*, in verſe.[1]] It is dedicated to the young king, who ſeems to have been the general patron, and was printed in 1547, [16mo.] Wood allows that he was an able antiquary; but laments that he, "being withall poetically given, muſt forſooth write and publiſh his lucubrations in verſe; whereby, for rime's ſake, many material matters and the due timing of them are omitted, and ſo conſequently rejected by hiſtorians and antiquarians."[2] Yet he has not ſupplied his want of genealogical and hiſtorical preciſion with thoſe ſtrokes of poetry which his ſubject ſuggeſted; nor has his imagination been any impediment to his accuracy. At the end of his *Chronicle* is the *Genealogy of the Brutes*, in which the pedigree of King Edward the Sixth is lineally drawn, through thirty-two generations, from Oſiris the firſt King of Egypt. Here, too, Wood reproaches our author for his ignorance in genealogy. But in an heraldic inquiry, ſo difficult and ſo new, many miſtakes are pardonable. It is extraordinary that a Welſhman ſhould have carried his genealogical reſearches into Egypt, or rather ſhould have wiſhed to prove that Edward was deſcended from Oſiris: but this was with a deſign to ſhow that the Egyptian monarch was the original progenitor of Brutus, the undoubted founder of Edward's family. Bale ſays that he wrote, and dedicated to Sir William Herbert, afterwards Earl of Pembroke, a moſt elegant poetical panegyric on the Cambro-Britons.[3] But Bale's praiſes and cenſures are always regulated according to the religion of his authors.

The firſt *Chanſon à boire*, or *Drinking ballad*, of any merit in our language, appeared in [the comedy of *Gammer Gurton's Needle*, uſually aſſigned to 1566, and to the pen of Biſhop Still. But Mr. Dyce has pointed out a verſion of this ſong conſiderably older than the date of the play, ſhowing that the dramatiſt merely adopted a popular production, which was ready at hand. The older form of the com-

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[1] Pr. "In the golden time when all things." [Margaret and Jane Seymour, the daughters of the Duke of Somerſet, penned in this reign ſome verſes on Margaret of Valois. See *Letters of R. and Ill. Ladies*, vol. iii. p. 199.] ["It appears to have been written (Herbert ſtates) in the time of King Henry VIII., but he dying before it was printed, the author then dedicated it to K. Edward VI."—*Typ. Ant.* vol. i. p. 523. Arthur Kelton's work opens with a perſonal invective againſt Buchanan for his rejection of the Brute tradition, proceeds with an affected diviſion of his ſubject into three portions, which he terms Anthropology, Chronology, and Topography; and concludes with three ſarcaſtic "ſuppoſes of a ſtudent concerning Hiſtorie." The tract is pompous, pedantic, and ſilly. Warner, in his *Albions England*, 1586, traces the genealogy of Brute (the conqueror of this iſland, which from him "had Brutaine unto name") through all the wild fictions of mythology and allegory up to antediluvian origin, making him at once the grandſon of Æneas, and calculating his deſcent to be thrice five degrees from Noah, and four times ſix from Adam. Warner's Chronicle is in metre, except an addition to his ſecond book, which contains a breviate of the hiſtory of Æneas to the birth of his grandſon Brutus. I do not obſerve, however, that any reference is made by him to Arthur Kelton.—*Park.*]

[2] *Ath. Oxon.* vol. i. p. 73.

[3] Bale, vol. xi. p. 97.

poſition may be ſeen in Mr. Dyce's edition of Skelton. Warton's tranſcript has been left as it ſtood.] It has a vein of eaſe and humour, which we ſhould not expect to have been inſpired by the ſimple beverage of thoſe times. I believe I ſhall not tire my reader by giving it at length, and am only afraid that in this ſpecimen the tranſition will be thought too violent, from the poetry of the Puritans to a convivial and *ungodly* ballad:

I cannot eat but little meat,
My ſtomach is not good;
But ſure I think, that I can drink
With him that wears a hood.
Though I go bare, take ye no care,
I nothing am a colde;
I ſtuffe my ſkin ſo full within,
Of joly goode ale and olde.
*Backe and ſide go bare, go bare,*
*Booth foot and hand go colde;*
*But, belly, God ſend thee good ale inoughe,*
*Whether it be new or olde!*

I love no roſt, but a nut-browne toſte,
And a crab laid in the fire;
A little bread ſhall do me ſtead,
Moche bread I noght deſire.
No froſt, no ſnow, no winde, I trowe,
Can hurt me if I wolde,
I am ſo wrapt, and throwly lapt
Of joly good ale and olde.
*Backe and ſide*, &c.

And Tib my wife, that as her life
Loveth well good ale to ſeeke,
Full oft drinkes ſhee, till ye may ſee
The teares run downe her cheeke.
Then doth ſhe trowle to me the bowle
Even as a mault-worm ſholde;
And,[1] ſaith, Sweet heart, I tooke my part
Of this joly good ale and olde.
*Backe and ſide*, &c.

Now let them drinke, till they nod and winke,
Even as good fellows ſhould do:
They ſhall not miſſe to have the bliſſe
Good ale doth bringe men to.
And al goode ſowles that have ſcoured bowles,
Or have them luſtely trolde,
God ſave the lives, of them and their wives,
Whether they be yong or olde!
*Backe and ſide*, &c.

This ſong opens the ſecond act of *Gammer Gurton's Needle* [which, as has been already ſtated, was about 1566] acted at Chriſt's College in Cambridge. In the title of the old edition it is ſaid to have been written "by Mr. S.,[2] maſter of artes," a member of

[1] Having drank, ſhe ſays.

[2] [*i. e.* Still, afterwards Biſhop of Bath and Wells: from an original head of whom at Cambridge Mr. Steevens had a plate engraved which, after a few impreſſions were taken off, he deſtroyed.—*Park.*]

that ſociety. This is the [ſecond] comedy in our language: that is, the [ſecond] play which was neither Myſtery nor Morality, and which handled a comic ſtory with ſome diſpoſition of plot, and ſome diſcrimination of character. The writer has a degree of jocularity which ſometimes riſes above buffoonery, but is often diſgraced by lowneſs of incident.[1] Yet in a more poliſhed age he would have choſen, nor would he perhaps have diſgraced, a better ſubject. It has been thought ſurpriſing that a learned audience could have endured ſome of theſe indelicate ſcenes. But the eſtabliſhed feſtivities of ſcholars were groſs, and agreeable to their general habits; nor was learning in that age always accompanied by gentleneſs of manners. When the ſermons of Hugh Latimer were in vogue at court, the univerſity might be juſtified in applauding *Gammer Gurton's Needle.*[2]

## SECTION XLVIII.

TRUE genius, unſeduced by the cabals and unalarmed by the dangers of faction, defies or neglects thoſe events which deſtroy the peace of mankind, and often exerts its operations amidſt the moſt violent commotions of a ſtate. Without patronage and without readers, I may add without models, the earlier Italian writers, while their country was ſhaken by the inteſtine tumults of the Guelfs and Ghibellines, continued to produce original compoſitions both in proſe and verſe, which yet ſtand unrivalled. The age of Pericles and of the Peloponeſian war was the ſame. Careleſs of thoſe who governed or diſturbed the world, and ſuperior to the calamities of a quarrel in which two mighty leaders contended for the prize of univerſal dominion, Lucretius wrote his ſublime didactic poem on the ſyſtem of nature, Virgil his bucolics, and Cicero his books of philoſophy. The proſcriptions of Auguſtus did not prevent the progreſs of the Roman literature.

In the turbulent and unpropitious reign of Queen Mary,[3] when

[1] [Perhaps, as they were in general graver at Cambridge than at the inns of court, when they did unbend, they were more apt to exceed.—*Aſhby.*]

[2] [Warton's eſtimate of Latimer as a preacher ſeems to be altogether unjuſt. That eminent divine, at a period when familiarity of alluſion and a popular treatment of ſubjects were almoſt unknown, endeavoured by ſtriking points and attractive anecdotes to force attention to prevailing abuſes; the court of Edward the Sixth liſtened with reſpect and admiration to his diſcourſes; and the latter will never ceaſe to be valued and quoted, recommending themſelves by the picturesqueneſs and vivacity of their ſtyle, their graceful, yet weighty diction, and their richneſs in illuſtrations of manners and ideas.]

[3] [See a Proteſtant poem addreſſed to Q. Mary, Oct. 1, 1553, in *Letters of R. and Ill. Ladies*, vol. iii. pp. 282-3.]

controverſy was no longer confined to ſpeculation, and a ſpiritual warfare polluted every part of England with murders more atrocious than the ſlaughters of the moſt bloody civil conteſt, a poem was planned, although not fully completed, which illuminates with no common luſtre that interval of darkneſs which occupies the annals of Engliſh poetry from Surrey to Spenſer: entitled, *A Mirror for Magiſtrates.*[1]

More writers than one were concerned in the execution of this piece; but its primary inventor and moſt diſtinguiſhed contributor was Thomas Sackville, the firſt Lord Buckhurſt and firſt Earl of Dorſet. Much about the ſame period the ſame author wrote the firſt genuine Engliſh tragedy, which I ſhall conſider in its proper place.

Sackville was born at Buckhurſt, a principal ſeat of his ancient and illuſtrious family in the pariſh of Wit[hy]am in Suſſex. [He was the ſon of Sir Richard Sackville, by Winifred, daughter of Sir John Brydges, a member of a collateral branch of the Chandos Brydges; and according to an inquiſition, taken after the death of his father in 1556, he was born about 1527.][2] Diſcovering a vigorous underſtanding in his childhood, from a domeſtic tuition he was removed, as it may reaſonably be conjectured, to Hart-hall, now Hertford College, in Oxford. But he appears to have been a Maſter of Arts at Cambridge.[3] At both univerſities he became celebrated as a Latin and Engliſh poet; and he carried his love of poetry, which he ſeems to have almoſt ſolely cultivated, to the Inner Temple. It was now faſhionable for every young man of fortune, before he began his travels, or was admitted into Parliament, to be initiated in the ſtudy of the law. But inſtead of purſuing a ſcience which could not be his profeſſion, and which was unaccommodated to the bias of his genius, he betrayed his predilection to a more pleaſing ſpecies of literature, by compoſing the tragedy juſt mentioned for the entertainment and honour of his fellow-ſtudents. His high birth, however, and ample patrimony ſoon advanced him to more important ſituations and employments. His eminent accompliſhments and abilities having acquired the confidence and eſteem of Queen Elizabeth, the poet was ſoon loſt in the ſtateſman, and negotiations and embaſſies extinguiſhed the milder ambitions of the ingenuous Muſe. Yet it ſhould be remembered, that he was uncorrupted amidſt the intrigues of an artful court, that in the character of a

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[1] A new edition of the *Mirror for Magiſtrates*, printed from that of 1587, and collated with thoſe of 1559, 63, 71, 75, 78, and 1610, appeared in 1815 under the editorſhip of Mr. Haſlewood.—*Price.*]

[2] [Brydges' *Memoirs of the Peers of England during the reign of James I.*, p. 443; *Works of Sackville*, ed. 1859, Introd.] Archbiſhop Abbot, in Sackville's *Funeral Sermon*, ſays he was aged 72 when he died, in the year 1608. [But the archbiſhop was probably miſtaken.]

[3] Wood, *Ath. Oxon.* vol. i. f. 767. ["He was educated both at Oxford and Cambridge, and according to tradition was a member of Hart Hall in the former univerſity, and at S. John's College here."—Cooper's *Athenæ Cantab.*, vol. ii. p. 484.]

firſt miniſter he preſerved the integrity of a private man, and that his family refuſed the offer of an apology to his memory, when it was inſulted by the malicious inſinuations of a rival party. Nor is it foreign to our purpoſe to remark, that his original elegance and brilliancy of mind ſometimes broke forth in the exerciſe of his more formal political functions. He was frequently diſguſted at the pedantry and official barbarity of ſtyle with which the public letters and inſtruments were uſually framed: and Naunton relates that his "ſecretaries had difficulty to pleaſe him, he was ſo *facete* and choice in his phraſe and ſtile."[1] Even in the deciſions and pleadings of that rigid tribunal the Star Chamber, which was never eſteemed the ſchool of rhetoric, he practiſed and encouraged an unaccuſtomed ſtrain of eloquent and graceful oratory: on which account, ſays Lloyd, "ſo flowing was his invention, that he was called the ſtar-chamber bell."[2] After he was made a peer [in 1567] by the title of Lord Buckhurſt, and had ſucceeded to a moſt extenſive inheritance, and was now diſcharging the buſineſs of an envoy to Paris, he found time to prefix a Latin epiſtle to Clerke's Latin tranſlation of Caſtilio[gne]'s *Courtier*, printed in 1571, which is not an unworthy recommendation of a treatiſe remarkable for its polite Latinity.[3] It was either becauſe his miſtreſs Elizabeth paid a ſincere compliment to his ſingular learning and fidelity, or becauſe ſhe was willing to indulge an affected fit of indignation againſt the object of her capricious paſſion, that when Sackville, in 1591, was a candidate for the chancellorſhip of the Univerſity of Oxford, ſhe condeſcended earneſtly to ſolicit the univerſity in his favour, and in oppoſition to his competitor, the Earl of Eſſex. At leaſt ſhe appears to have approved the choice, for her majeſty ſoon afterwards viſited Oxford, where ſhe was entertained by the new chancellor with ſplendid banquets and much ſolid erudition. It is neither my deſign nor my province to develop the profound policy with which he conducted a peace with Spain, the addreſs with which he penetrated or baffled the machinations of Eſſex, and the circumſpection and ſucceſs with which he managed the treaſury of two opulent ſovereigns. I return to Sackville as a poet, and to the hiſtory of the *Mirror of Magiſtrates*.[4]

About the year 1557, he formed the plan of a poem, in which all the illuſtrious but unfortunate characters of the Engliſh hiſtory, from the conqueſt to the end of the fourteenth century, were to paſs in review before the poet, who deſcends like Dante into the infernal region, and is conducted by Sorrow. Although a deſcent into hell had been ſuggeſted by other poets, the application of ſuch a fiction

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[1] *Fragm. Regal.* p. 70.

[2] Lloyd's *Worthies*, p. 678.

[3] [Warton does not mention that he has a ſonnet before Hoby's Engliſh verſion of the *Cortegiano*, 1561.]

[4] Many of his Letters are in the *Cabala*, [and eleven are inſerted in the edit. of his *Works*, 1859, xxvii.-xlvi.] In the univerſity regiſter at Oxford (Mar. 21, 1591), ſee his Letter about the Habits. See alſo Howard's *Coll.* p. 297.

to the preſent deſign is a conſpicuous proof of genius and even of invention. Every perſonage was to recite his own misfortunes in a ſeparate ſoliloquy.[1] But Sackville had leiſure only to finiſh a poetical preface called an *Induction*, and one legend, which is the *Life of Henry Stafford Duke of Buckingham*. Relinquiſhing therefore the deſign abruptly, and haſtily adapting the cloſe of his *Induction* to the appearance of Buckingham, the only ſtory he had yet written, and which was to have been the laſt in his ſeries, he recommended the completion of the whole to [William] Baldwin and George Ferrers.

Baldwin ſeems to have been graduated at Oxford about the year 1532. He was an eccleſiaſtic, and engaged in the education of youth.[2] I have already mentioned his metrical verſion of *Solomon's Song*, dedicated to King Edward the Sixth. His patron was Henry Lord Stafford.[3]

George Ferrers, a man of ſuperior rank, was born at St. Albans, educated at Oxford, and a ſtudent of Lincoln's Inn. Leland, who has given him a place in his *Encomia*, informs us that he was patroniſed by Lord Cromwell.[4] He was in parliament under Henry the Eighth, and in 1542 impriſoned by that whimſical tyrant, perhaps very unjuſtly, and for ſome cabal now not exactly known. About the ſame time, in his juridical capacity, he tranſlated the *Magna Charta* from French into Latin and Engliſh, with ſome other ſtatutes of England.[5] In William Patten's [account of the Protector Somerſet's *Expedition to Scotland*, printed in 1548],[6] and partly incorporated into Holinſhed's hiſtory, it appears from the following paſſage that he was of the ſuite of the protector Somerſet. "George Ferrers a gentleman of my lord Protectors, and one of the commiſſioners of the carriage of this army." He is ſaid [by Stow] to have compiled the hiſtory of Queen Mary's reign, which makes a part of [what is known as] Grafton's *Chronicle*.[7] He was a compoſer, almoſt by profeſſion, of occaſional interludes for the diverſion of the court; and in 1553, being then a member of Lincoln's Inn, he bore the office of

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[1] [And Sackville was to have written "all the Tragedies" in this metrical mirror, from William the Conqueror to the Duke of Buckingham. See fol. 107 in edit. 1575, and fol. 205 in edit. 1587.—*Park.*]

[2] [He further appears to have been one of thoſe ſcholars who followed printing, in order to forward the Reformation, and in 1549 ſtiled himſelf "*ſervaunt* with Edward Whitchurch." Herbert, however, who thinks he aſſumed that modeſt appellation as corrector of the preſs, ſays, "He appears afterwards to have qualified himſelf for a compoſitor." *Typog. Ant.* p. 551.—*Park.*]

[3] [He alſo wrote *A treatyſe of morall phyloſophie*, 1547, 12mo. which was often republiſhed between that date and 1631. It is a curious work, interſperſed with poetry.] [He was appointed to "*ſet forth a play* before the king in the year 1552-3." See Mr. Chalmers's *Apology for the Believers in the Shakeſpeare papers.*—Price.]

[4] Fol. 66.

[5] [By] Robert Redman. No date. [Before or in] 1540. [See Herbert's *Ames*, i. 395.] At the end he is called George Ferrerz.

[6] Dedicated to Sir William Paget. [And reprinted at Edinburgh in 1798, in a quarto volume entitled *Fragments of Scotiſh Hiſtory.*—Price.] Compare Leland, *ut ſupr.* fol. 66.

[7] [Stow's *Annales*, edit. 1631, fol. 632.]

Lord of Miſrule at the royal palace of Greenwich during the twelve days of Chriſtmas. Stow ſays, "George Ferrers gentleman of Lincolns Inne, being lord of the merry diſportes all the 12 dayes [of Chriſtmas anno 1553,[1] at Greenwich:] who ſo pleaſantly & wiſely behaued himſelfe, y^t^ the K[ing] had great delight in his paſtimes."[2] No common talents were required for theſe feſtivities. Bale ſays that he wrote ſome rhymes, *rythmos aliquot*.[3] He died at Flamſtead in Hertfordſhire in 1579. Our author wrote the epitaph of his friend Thomas Phaer, the old tranſlator of the *Eneid* into Engliſh verſe, who died in 1560, and is buried in the church of Kilgarran in Pembrokeſhire.[4]

Baldwin and Ferrers, perhaps deterred by the greatneſs of the attempt, did not attend to the ſeries preſcribed by Sackville; but inviting ſome others to their aſſiſtance, among which are Churchyard and Phaer, choſe ſuch lives from the chronicle of Fabian and [that of Hall juſt publiſhed] as ſeemed to diſplay the moſt affecting cataſtrophes, and which very probably were pointed out by Sackville. The civil wars [and eventual union] of York and Lancaſter, which Hall had compiled with a laborious inveſtigation of the ſubject, appear to have been their chief reſource.

Theſe legends with their authors, including Sackville's part, are as follow. Robert Treſilian, Chief Juſtice of England, in 1388, by Ferrers. The two Mortimers, ſurnamed Roger, in 1329 and 1387, by [Cavyll]. Thomas of Woodſtock, Duke of Glouceſter, uncle to Richard the Second, murdered in 1397, by Ferrers. Lord Mowbray, preferred and baniſhed by the ſame king in 1398, by [Chaloner]. King Richard the Second, depoſed in 1399, by [Ferrers]. Owen Glendour, the pretended Prince of Wales, ſtarved to death in 1401, by Phaer. Henry Percy, Earl of Northumberland, executed at York in 1407: Richard Plantagenet, Earl of Cambridge, executed at Southampton in 1415: Thomas Montague, Earl of Saliſbury, in 1428: James the Firſt of Scotland: William de la Poole, Duke of Suffolk, baniſhed for deſtroying Humphry, Duke of Glouceſter, in 1450: Jack Cade the rebel, in 1450: Richard Plantagenet, Duke of York, and his ſon, the Earl of Rutland, killed in 1460: Lord Clifford, in 1461: Tiptoft, Earl of Worceſter, in 1470: Richard Nevil, Earl of Warwick, and his brother John Lord Montacute, killed in the battle of Barnet, 1471: King Henry the Sixth, murdered in the Tower of London, in 1471: George Plantagenet, third ſon of the Duke of York, murdered by his brother Richard, in 1478: [all by

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[1] Holinſhed ſays 1552, fol. 1067. [2] [Stow, *ut ſupr.* fol. 608-9.]

[3] P. 108, *Script. Noſtr. Temp.*

[4] [Puttenham (*Arte of Engliſh Poeſie*, lib. i. ch. 31), who is followed by Phillips (*Theatr. Poet.* 1675, edit. 1824, xi.), ſeems to have confounded Ferrers with a certain *Edward Ferris*, of whoſe plays he ſays that they "gaue the king ſo much good recreation, as he had thereby many good rewardes." This Ferris] died, and was buried in the church of Bardeſley-Clinton in Warwickſhire, 1564. He was of Warwickſhire, and educated at Oxford.

Baldwin.] Edward the Fourth, who died ſuddenly in 1483, by Skelton.[1] Sir Anthony Woodville, Lord Rivers and Scales, governor of Prince Edward, murdered with his nephew Lord Grey in 1483, by Baldwin.[2] Lord Haſtings, betrayed by Cateſby, and murdered in the Tower by Richard, Duke of Glouceſter, in 1483.[3] Sackville's *Induction.* Sackville's *Duke of Buckingham.* Collingbourne, *cruelly executed for making a fooliſh rhyme*, by Baldwin.[4] Richard Duke of Glouceſter, ſlain at Boſworth in 1485, by Francis Seager. Jane Shore, by Churchyard.[5] Edmund, Duke of Somerſet, killed in the firſt battle of Saint Albans in 1454, by Ferrers. Michael Joſeph the blackſmith and Lord Audely, in 1496, by Cavyl.

It was injudicious to chooſe ſo many ſtories which were then recent. Moſt of theſe events were at that time too well known to become the proper ſubject of poetry, and muſt have loſt much of their ſolemnity by their notoriety. But Shakeſpeare has been guilty of the ſame fault. The objection, however, is now worn away, and age has given a dignity to familiar circumſtances.

This collection, or ſet of poems, was printed in 1559 with the following title: "*A Myrrovre for Magiſtrates*, Wherein may be ſeen by example of other, with howe greuous plages vices are puniſhed, and howe frayle vnſtable worldly proſperitie is founde, even of thoſe whom Fortvne ſeemeth moſt highly to fauour. *Felix quem faciunt*," &c. Anno 1559. A *Mirror* was a favourite title of a book, eſpecially among the old French writers.[6] Some anecdotes of the publication

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[1] [Originally publiſhed among *Certayne bokes cõpyled by Mayſter Skelton*, of which there are three old editions, all undated.]

[2] Higins's portion begins with this Life.

[3] Subſcribed in Niccols's edition, "Maſter D." that is, John Dolman. It was intended to introduce here The two Princes murdered in the Tower, "by the lord Vaulx, who undertooke to penne it, ſays Baldwin, but what he hath done therein I am not certaine." fol. cxiiii. b. Dolman above mentioned was of the Middle Temple. He tranſlated into Engliſh Tully's *Tuſculane Queſtions*, dedicated to Jewel, Biſhop of Saliſbury, and printed in 1561.

[4] [Mention is made by Leigh, in his *Choice Obſervations*, of a perſon of the name of Collingborne, who in the time of Richard III., compoſed a ſatirical couplet, alluſively to Richard's eſcutcheon of the *White Boar*, and to his myrmidons, Cateſby, Ratcliffe, and Lovell:

"The Cat, the Rat, and Lovell the Dog,
Rule all England under *the Hog*."

See Ellis's *Orig. Letters*, 2nd Series, ii. 161.]

[5] In the Prologue which follows, Baldwin ſays, he was "exhorted to procure Maiſter Churchyarde to undertake and to penne as many more of the remaynder, as myght be attayned," &c. fol. clvi. a.

[6] Of the early uſe in the middle ages of the word Speculum, as the title of a book, ſee Joh. Finnaeus's *Diſſertatio-Hiſtorica-Litteraria*, prefixed to the *Kongs-Kugg-Sio*, or *Royal Mirrour*, an ancient proſe work in Norwegian, written about 1170, printed in 1768, fol. xviii. [There occur—

*Le Mirouer* des Pecheurs (circa 1495).
*Miroir* de la Redemption humaine, 1478.
*Miroir* de l'Ame pechereſſe, 1484.
*Miroir Hiſtorial* de France (1520).

The *Speculum Humanæ Salvationis* was one of the earlieſt productions of the print-

may be collected from Baldwin's *Dedication to the Nobilitie*, prefixed. "The wurke was begun and parte of it prynted in Queene Maries tyme, but hyndred by the Lord Chauncellour [Heath] that then was: nevertheles, through the meanes of my lord Stafford,[1] the fyrſt parte was licenced, and imprynted the fyrſt yeare of the raygne of this our moſt noble and vertuous Queene,[2] and dedicate then to your honours wyth this Preface. Since whyche time, although I have bene called to an other trade of lyfe, yet my Good lorde Stafforde hath not ceaſſed to call vpon me to publyſhe ſo much as I had gotte̅ at other mens hands, ſo that through his Lordſhyppes earneſt meanes I have nowe alſo ſet furth an other parte, conteynyng as litle of myne owne as the fyrſt parte doth of other mens."[3]

The plan was confeſſedly borrowed from Boccaccio, *De Caſibus Virorum Illuſtrium*, a book tranſlated, as we have ſeen, by Lydgate, but which was [leſs] popular, becauſe it had no Engliſh examples. But Baldwin's ſcope and conduct, with reſpect to this and other circumſtances, will beſt appear from his Preface,[4] which I ſhall inſert at large: "Whan the Printer had purpoſed with himſelfe to printe Lidgates booke of the *Fall of Princes*, & had made pryuye thereto many both honourable & worſhipfull, he was counſailed by dyuers of them, to procure to haue the ſtorye contynewed from where as Bochas left, vnto this preſe̅t time, chiefly of ſuch as Fortune had dalyed with here in this ylande: which might be as a myrrour for al me̅ as well nobles as others, to ſhewe y^e^ ſlypery deceytes of the waueryng lady, and the due rewarde of al kinde of vices: Which aduyſe lyked him ſo well, y^t^ he requyred me to take paines therin: but becauſe it was a matter paſſyng my wit and ſkyll, and more thankles tha̅ gaineful to meddle in, I refuſed vtterly to vndertake it, except I might haue y^e^ help of ſuch, as in wit were apte, in learnyng allowed, and in iudgemente & eſtymacyon able to wield & furnyſh ſo weighty an enterpryſe, thinkyng euen ſo to ſhift my handes. But he, earneſt & diligent in his affayres, procured Athlas to ſet vnder his ſhoulder: for ſhortly after divers learned me̅ whoſe manye giftes nede fewe prayſes, conſented to take vpon them parte of the trauayle. And when certaine of them, to the numbre of ſeuen, were through a general aſſent at an appoynted time and place gathered together to deuyſe thereupon,

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ing preſs, and ſeveral ſpecimens of it exiſt, executed before moveable types were introduced. Mr. Berjeau has reproduced one of theſe block-books. A tranſlation of the *Speculum* into Engliſh verſe is in a folio MS. of the 15th century on paper, without the name of the author, in the library of Mr. Henry Huth.]

[1] Henry Lord Stafford, ſon and heir of Edward, laſt Duke of Buckingham, a ſcholar and a writer. See Wood, *Ath. Oxon.* i. 108. One of his books is dedicated to the Protector Somerſet. Aubrey gives us a rhyming epitaph in Howard's chapel in Lambeth church, written by this nobleman to his ſiſter the Ducheſs of Norfolk. *Surrey*, vol. v. p. 236. It is ſubſcribed "by thy moſt bounden brother Henry lord Stafford."—[See *Letters of R. and Ill. Ladies*, iii. 189.] Bale ſays that he was "vir multarum rerum ac diſciplinarum notitia ornatus," and that he died in 1558; par. poſt. 112.

[2] Elizabeth. [3] [Edit. 1563, ſign. C 4.]

[4] [*Willyam Baldwyn to the Reader.* Edit. 1563, ſign. A i.]

I reſorted unto thē, bearing with me the booke of Bochas tranſlated by Dan Lidgate, for the better obſeruacion of his order: which although we liked wel, yet would it not cumly ſerue, ſeing that both Bochas & Lidgate were dead; neither were there any aliue y^t^ medled with like argumēt, to whom the vnfortunate might make their mone. To make therfore a ſtate mete for the matter, they all agreed that I ſhould vſurpe Bochas rowme, and the wretched princes complayne vnto me: and toke vpon them ſelues euery man for his parte to be ſundry perſonages, and in their behalfes to bewaile vnto me their greuous chances, heauye deſtinies, and wofull misfortunes. This done, we opened ſuch bookes of Cronicles as we had there preſent, and maiſter Ferrers, after he had found where Bochas left, which was about the ende of king Edward the Thirdes raigne, to begin the matter ſayd thus.

"'I maruayle what Bochas meaneth, to forget among his miſerable princes ſuch as wer of our naciō, whoſe numbre is as great, as their aduentures wunderfull. For to let paſſe all, both Britons, Danes, & Saxons, and to cum to the laſt conqueſt, what a ſorte are they,[1] and ſome euen in his [Boccaccio's] owne time! As for example, king Richard the fyrſt, ſlayne with a quarle[2] in his chyefe proſperitye, alſo kyng John hys brother, as ſum ſay, poyſoned: are not their hyſtories rufull, & of rare example? But as it ſhould appeare, he being an Italiā, mynded moſt the Roman & Italyke ſtory, or els perhaps he wanted our country cronicles. It wer therfore a goodly and a notable matter, to ſearch and diſcourſe our whole ſtory from the fyrſt beginning of y^e^ inhabiting of the yle. But ſeing the prynters mind is to haue vs follow wher Lidgate left, we wyl leaue that great labour to other that may entend it, & (as blind bayard is alway boldeſt) I wil beginne at the time of Rychard the ſecōd, a time as vnfortunate as the ruler therin. And foraſmuch, frend Baldwin, as it ſhalbe your charge to note & pen orderly the whole proces, I wil ſo far as my memorye and iudgement ſerueth, ſumwhat further you in the truth of y^e^ ſtory. And therefore omittinge the ruffle made by Jacke Strawe and his meyney,[3] and the murder of many notable men whych therby happened, for Jacke as ye know was but a poore prince; I will begin with a notable exāple which within a while after enſued. And although he be no great prince, yet ſythens hee had a pryncely offyce, I wyl take vpon me the miſerable perſō of ſyr Robert Treſilian chiefe iuſtyce of England, and of other which ſuffred with him: therby to warne all of hys auctho[ryt]ye and profeſſion, to take heede of wrong iudgements, miſconſtruyng of lawes, or wreſting y^e^ ſame to ſerue y^e^ princes turnes, whych ryghtfully brought them to a miſerable ende, which they may iuſtly lament in maner enſuing.'"[4] Then follows Sir Robert Treſilian's legend or hiſtory, ſuppoſed to be ſpoken by himſelf, and addreſſed to Baldwin.

[1] How many they are. [2] Quarell, the bolt of a croſs-bow. [3] Multitude, crew.
[4] *Signat.* A ii. [edit. 1563. In all the former editions of Warton, this extract, while purporting to come from the 4to of 1563, was printed with a degree of inaccuracy almoſt inconceivable.]

Here we ſee that a company was feigned to be aſſembled, each of which, one excepted, by turns perſonates a character of one of the great Unfortunate: and that the ſtories were all connected, by being related to the ſilent perſon of the aſſembly, who is like the chorus in the Greek tragedies, or the Hoſt in Chaucer's *Canterbury Tales*. The whole was to form a ſort of dramatic interlude, including a ſeries of independent ſoliloquies. A continuity to this imagined repreſentation is preſerved by the introduction, after every ſoliloquy, of a proſe epilogue, which alſo ſerves as a prologue to the ſucceeding piece, and has the air of a ſtage direction. Boccaccio had done this before. We have this interpoſition, which I give as a ſpecimen, and which explains the method of the recital, between the tragedies of *Richard the Second* and *Owen Glendour*. "Whan he had ended this ſo wofull a tragedye, and to all Princes a right worthy inſtruction, we pauſed: hauyng paſſed through a miſerable tyme, full of pyteous tragedyes. And ſeyng the reygne of Henry the fourth enſued, a man more ware and proſperous in hys doynges, although not vntroubled with warres both of outforthe and inward enemyes, we began to ſerch what Pyers [peers] were fallen therin, wherof the number was not ſmall: and yet becauſe theyr examples were not muche to be noted for our pourpoſe, we paſſed ouer all the Maſkers, of whom Kynge Rychardes brother was chiefe: whych were all ſlayne and put to death for theyr trayterous attempt. And fyndyng Owen Glendoure next one of Fortunes owne whelpes, and the Percyes hys confederates, I thought them vnmete to be over paſſed, and therfore ſayde thus to the ſylent cumpany: what, my mayſters, is every man at once in a browne ſtudy, hath no man affection to any of theſe ſtoryes: you mynd ſo much ſum other belyke, that theſe do not move you. And to ſay the trouth, there is no ſpecial cauſe why they ſhould. How be yt Owen Glendour, becaus he was one of Fortunes darlynges, rather than he ſhould be forgotten, I will tel hys tale for him, vnder the pryuelidge of Martine hundred: whiche Owen, cumming out of the wilde mountains lyke the Image of death in all pointes (his dart onely excepted), ſo ſore hath famyne and hunger conſumed hym, may lament his folly after this maner."[1] This proceſs was a departure from Sackville's idea: who ſuppoſes, as I have hinted, the ſcene laid in hell, and that the unfortunate princes appeared to him in ſucceſſion, and uttered their reſpective complaints, at the gates of Elyſium, under the guidance of Sorrow.

Many ſtanzas in the legends written by Baldwin[2] and Ferrers, and their friends, have conſiderable merit, and often ſhew a command of language and verſification.[3] But their performances have not the

[1] [Edit. 1563, fol. xviii. *verſo*.]

[2] That is, Baldwin had previouſly prepared and written his legend or monologue, and one of the company was to act his part, and aſſume this appearance. Fol. xviii. b.

[3] Theſe lines in Collingbourne's legend are remarkable, fol. cxliv. a:

"Like Pegaſus a Poet muſt have wynges,
To flye to heaven, or where him liketh beſt;

pathos which the ſubject ſo naturally ſuggeſts. They give us, yet often with no common degree of elegance and perſpicuity, the chronicles of Hall and Fabian in verſe. I ſhall therefore, in examining this part of the *Mirror for Magiſtrates*, confine my criticiſm to Sackville's *Induction* and *Legend of Buckingham.*

## SECTION XLIX.

SACKVILLE'S Induction, which was to have been placed at the head of our Engliſh tragical ſtory, and which loſes much of its dignity and propriety by being prefixed to a ſingle life, and that of no hiſtorical importance, is opened with the following poetical landſcape of winter:[1]

The wrathfull winter, prochinge on a pace,
With bluſtring blaſtes had al ybared the treen;
And olde Saturnus with his froſty face
With chilling colde had pearſt the tender green;
The mantels rent, wherein enwrapped been
The gladſom groves, that nowe laye ouerthrowen,
The tapets torne, and euery tree[2] downe blowen.

The ſoyle that earſt ſo ſeemely was to ſeen,
Was all deſpoyled of her beauties hewe;
And ſoot freſhe flowers (wherwith the ſommers queen
Had clad the earth) now Boreas blaſtes downe blewe;
And ſmall fowles flocking in theyr ſong did rewe
The winters wrath, wherwith eche thing defaſte
In wofull wiſe bewayld the ſommer paſt.

Hawthorne had loſt his motley lyverye,
The naked twigges were ſhivering all for colde;
And dropping downe the teares abundantly,
Eche thing (me thought) with weping eye me tolde
The cruell ſeaſon, bidding me withholde
Myſelfe within: for I was gotten out
Into the feldes where as I walkte about,

When loe the night, with miſtie mantels ſpred,
Gan darke the daye, and dim the azure ſkyes, &c.

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He muſt have knoweledge of eternal thynges,
Almightie Jove muſt harber in his breſt."

[Mr. Haſlewood ſtates the reference in this note to agree with the edition of 1563, and that the extract accords with an improved reading which firſt appeared in 1571.—*Price.* In the ſecond line, for "— or where him liketh beſt," the 4to of 1563 reads: "— thereto to feede and reſt."]

[1] Fol. cxvi. edit. 1563.

[2] So the editions of 1563 and 1587. The edit. of 1610 ſubſtitutes bloom, preſumably without any authority. Mr. Price remarks: Sir Egerton Brydges objects to the reading of the ſeventh line [in edit. 1610], becauſe "*bloom* applies to ſpring, not autumn." Have we then no autumnal flowers? It may be queſtioned whether the modern abſtract idea of "bloom" was current in Sackville's day.]

The altered ſcene of things, the flowers and verdure of ſummer deformed by the froſts and ſtorms of winter, and the day ſuddenly overſpread with darkneſs, remind the poet of the uncertainties of human life, the tranſient ſtate of honour, and the inſtability of proſperity:

And ſorowing I to ſee the ſommer flowers,
The liuely greene, the luſty leas forlorne,
The ſturdy trees ſo ſhattered with the ſhowers,
The fieldes ſo fade that flooriſht ſo beforne;
It taught me wel all earthly thinges be borne
To dye the death, for nought long time may laſt:
The ſommers beauty yeeldes to winters blaſt.

Then looking vpward to the heauens leams,
With nightes ſtarres thicke powdred euery where,
Which erſt ſo gliſtened with the golden ſtreames
That chearefull Phebus ſpred downe from his ſphere,
Beholding darke oppreſſing day ſo neare;
The ſodayne ſight reduced to my minde
The ſundry chaunges that in earth we fynde.

Immediately the figure of Sorrow ſuddenly appears, which ſhews the poet in a new and bolder mode of compoſition:

And ſtrayt forth ſtalking with redoubled pace,
For that I ſawe the night drewe on ſo faſt,
In blacke all clad there fell before my face
A piteous wight, whom woe had al forewaſte;
Furth from her iyen the criſtall teares outbraſt,
And ſyghing ſore her handes ſhe wrong and folde,
Tare al her heare that ruth was to beholde.

Her body ſmall, forwithered and foreſpent,
As is the ſtalke that ſommers drought oppreſt;
Her wealked face with woful teares beſprent,
Her colour pale, and (as it ſeemd her beſt,)
In woe and playnt repoſed was her reſt:
And as the ſtone that droppes of water weares,
So dented were her cheekes with fall of teares.

I ſtoode agaſt, beholding all her plight,
Tweene dread and dolour ſo diſtreynd in hart,
That while my heares vpſtarted with the ſight,
The teares out ſtreamde for ſorowe of her ſmart:
But when I ſawe no ende that could aparte
The deadly dewle which ſhe ſo ſore dyd make,
With dolefull voice then thus to her I ſpake.

Unwrap thy woes, what euer wight thou be!
And ſtint betime to ſpill thy ſelfe wyth playnt,
Tell what thou art, and whence, for well I ſee
Thou canſt not dure wyth ſorowe thus attaynt.
And with that worde, of ſorrowe all forfaynt,
She looked vp, and proſtrate as ſhe laye,
With piteous ſound, loe thus ſhe gan to ſaye.

Alas, I wretche, whom thus thou ſeeſt diſtreyned
With waſting woes that neuer ſhall aſſlake,
Sorrowe I am, in endeles tormentes payned,
Among the furies in the infernall lake;
Where Pluto god of Hel ſo grieſly blacke
Doth holde his throne, and Letheus deadly taſte
Doth reiue remembraunce of eche thyng forepaſt.

Whence come I am, the drery deſtinie
And luckeles lot for to bemone of thoſe,
Whom Fortune in this maze of miſerie,
Of wretched chaunce moſt wofull myrrours choſe:
That when thou ſeeſt how lightly they did loſe
Theyr pōpe, theyr power, & that they thought moſt ſure,
Thou mayeſt ſoone deeme no earthly ioye may dure.

Sorrow then conducts the poet to the claſſical hell, to the place of torments and the place of happineſs:

I ſhal the guyde firſt to the grieſly lake,
And thence vnto the blisfull place of reſt:
Where thou ſhalt ſee and heare the playnt they make,
That whilom here bare ſwinge[1] among the beſt.
This ſhalt thou ſee, but great is the vnreſt
That thou muſt byde, before thou canſt attayne
Vnto the dreadfull place where theſe remayne.

And with theſe wordes as I vprayſed ſtood
And gan to folowe her that ſtrayght furth paced,
Eare I was ware, into a deſert wood
We nowe were cum: where hand in hand imbraced,
She led the way, and through the thicke ſo traced
As but I had beene guyded by her might,
It was no waye for any mortall wight.

But loe, while thus amid the deſert darke
We paſſed on with ſteppes and pace vnmete,
A rumbling roar confuſde with howle and barke
Of Dogs, ſhoke all the ground vnder our feete,
And ſtroke the din within our eares ſo deepe,
As halfe diſtraught vnto the ground I fell,
Beſought returne, and not to viſite hell.

An hydeous hole al vaſte, withouten ſhape,
Of endles depth, ore-whelmde with ragged ſtone,
Wyth oughly mouth and griſly Jawes doth gape,
And to our ſight confounds it ſelfe in one.
Here entred we, and yeding[2] forth, anone
An horrible lothly lake we might diſcerne,
As blacke as pitche, that cleped[3] is Auerne.

A deadly gulfe where nought but rubbiſhe growes,
With fowle blacke ſwelth in thickned lumpes yᵗ lyes,
Which vp in the ayer ſuch ſtinking vapors throwes,
That ouer there may flye no fowle but dyes,
Choakt with the peſtilent ſavours that aryſe.
Hither we cum, whence forth we ſtill dyd pace,
In dreadful feare amid the dreadfull place.

Our author appears to have felt and to have conceived with true taſte that very romantic part of Virgil's *Eneid* which he has here happily copied and heightened. The imaginary beings which ſate within the porch of hell are all his own. I muſt not omit a ſingle figure of this dreadful group, nor one compartment of the portraitures which are feigned to be ſculptured or painted on the *Shield of War*, indented "with gaſhes depe and wyde."

And firſt within the portche and iawes of Hell
Sate deepe Remorſe of Conſcience, al beſprent

[1] Sway. [2] Going. [3] Called.

With teares; and to her ſelfe oft would ſhe tell
Her wretchednes, and curſing neuer ſtent
To ſob and ſigh, but euer thus lament
With thoughtful care, as ſhe that all in vayne
Would weare and waſte continually in payne.

Her iyes vnſtedfaſt, rolling here and there,
Whirld on eche place, as place that vengeauns brought,
So was her minde continually in feare,
Toſte and tormented with the tedious thought
Of thoſe deteſted crymes which ſhe had wrought;
With dreadful cheare, and lookes throwen to the ſkye,
Wyſhyng for death, and yet ſhe could not dye.

Next ſawe we Dread, al tremblyng how he ſhooke,
With foote uncertayne, profered here and there:
Benumbde with ſpeache; and with a gaſtly looke
Searcht euery place al pale and dead for feare,
His cap borne vp with ſtaring of his heare;
Stoynde and amazde at his owne ſhade for dreed,
And fearing greater daungers than was need.

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And next within the entry of this lake
Sate fell Reuenge, gnaſhing her teeth for yre;
Deuyſing meanes howe ſhe may vengeaunce take;
Neuer in reſt tyll ſhe haue her deſire;
But frets within ſo farforth with the fyer
Of wreaking flames, that nowe determines ſhe
To dye by death, or vengde by death to be.

When fell Reuēge, with bloudy foule pretence,
Had ſhowed her ſelfe, as next in order ſet,
With trembling limmes we ſoftly parted thence,
Tyll in our iyes another ſight we met;
When fro my heart a ſigh forthwith I fet,
Rewing, alas, vpon the wofull plight
Of Miſerie, that next appered in ſight:

His face was leane, and ſumdeale pyned away,
And eke his handes conſumed to the bone,
But what his body was I can not ſay,
For on his carkas rayment had he none
Saue cloutes & patches pieced one by one;
With ſtaffe in hand, and ſkrip on ſhoulders caſt,
His chiefe defence agaynſt the winters blaſt:

His food for moſt was wylde fruytes of the tree,
Vnles ſumtime ſum crumme fell to his ſhare,
Which in his wallet long, God wote, kept he,
As on the which full dayntlye would he fare;
His drinke the running ſtreame, his cup the bare
Of his palme cloſed; his bed the hard colde grounde:
To this poore life was Miſerie ybound.

Whoſe wretched ſtate when we had well behelde,
With tender ruth on him, and on his feres,
In thoughtful cares furth then our pace we helde;
And by and by, an other ſhape apperes
Of Greedy Care, ſtil bruſhing vp the breres;
His knuckles knobd, his fleſhe deepe dented in,
With tawed handes, and hard ytanned ſkyn.

The morrowe graye no ſooner hath begunne
To ſpreade his light euen peping in our iyes,
When he is vp, and to his worke yrunne;

But let the nightes blacke miſtye mantels riſe,
And with fowle darke neuer ſo much diſguiſe
The fayre bright day, yet ceaſſeth he no whyle,
But hath his candels to prolong his toyle.

By him lay Heauy ſlepe, the coſin of death,
Flat on the ground, and ſtil as any ſtone,
A very corps, ſaue yelding forth a breath;
Small kepe tooke he, whom Fortune frowned on,
Or whom ſhe lifted vp into the trone
Of high renowne, but as a living death
So dead alive, of lyef he drewe the breath:

The bodyes reſt, the quyete of the hart,
The travayles eaſe, the ſtill nights feer was he,
And of our life in earth the better part,
Reuer of ſight, and yet in whom we ſee
Thinges oft that tide, and oft that neuer bee.
Without reſpect, eſteming equally
King Creſus' pompe and Irus pouertie.

And next in order ſad Olde age we found:
His beard al hoare, his iyes hollow and blynde;
With drouping chere ſtill poring on the ground,
As on the place where nature him aſſinde
To reſt, when that the ſiſters had vntwynde
His vitall threde, and ended with theyr knyfe
The fleting courſe of faſt declining life.

There heard we him with broken and hollow playnt
Rewe with him ſelfe his ende approching faſt,
And all for nought his wretched minde torment
With ſwete remembraunce of his pleaſures paſt
And freſhe delites of luſty youth forwaſte;
Recounting which, how would he ſob & ſhrike,
And to be yong againe of Joue beſeke!

But and the cruell fates ſo fixed be
That time forepaſt can not retourne agayne,
This one requeſt of Joue yet prayed he:
That in ſuch wither'd plight and wretched paine
As elde (accompanied with his lothſom trayne)
Had brought on him, all were it woe and griefe,
He myght a while yet linger forth his lief.

And not ſo ſoon deſcend into the pit;
Where death, when he the mortal corps hath ſlayne,
With retcheles hande in grave doth couer it;
Thereafter neuer to enioye agayne
The gladſome light, but in the ground ylayne,
In depth of darkenes waſte and weare to nought,
As he had neuer into the world been brought.

But who had ſeene him ſobbing howe he ſtoode
Vnto him ſelfe, and howe he would bemone
His youth forepaſt, as though it wrought hym good
To talke of youth, al wer his youth foregone,
He would haue muſed, & meruayld muche whereon
This wretched age ſhould life deſyre ſo fayne,
And knowes ful wel life doth but length his payne.

Crookebackt he was, toothſhaken and blere iyed,
Went on three feete, and ſometime crept on fower,
With olde lame bones, that ratled by his ſyde;
His ſkalpe all pylde, & he with elde forlore,

His withered fiſt ſtil knocking at deathes dore;
Fumbling and driueling as he drawes his breth;
For briefe, the ſhape and meſſenger of death.

And faſt by him pale Maladie was plaſte:
Sore ſicke in bed, her colour al forgone;
Bereft of ſtomake, ſavor, and of taſte,
Ne could ſhe brooke no meat but brothes alone;
Her breath corrupt, her kepers euery one
Abhorring her; her ſickenes paſt recure,
Deteſting phiſicke, and all phiſickes cure.

But oh the doleful ſight that then we ſee,
We turnde our looke, and on the other ſide
A griſely ſhape of Famine mought we ſee:
With greedy lookes and gaping mouth that cryed
And roard for meat as ſhe ſhould there have dyed;
Her body thin and bare as any bone,
Wherto was left nought but the caſe alone.

And that, alas, was knawen on euery where,
All full of holes, that I ne mought refrayne
From teares, to ſe how ſhe her armes could teare,
And with her teeth gnaſhe on the bones in vayne,
When all for nought ſhe fayne would ſo ſuſtayne
Her ſtarven corps, that rather ſeemde a ſhade
Then any ſubſtaunce of a creature made.

Great was her force: whom ſtone wall could not ſtay:
Her tearyng nayles ſnatching at all ſhe ſawe;
With gaping Iawes, that by no meanes ymay
Be ſatisfyed from hunger of her mawe,
But eates her ſelfe as ſhe that hath no lawe;
Gnawing alas her carkas all in vayne,
Where you may count eche ſinow, bone, and vayne.

On her while we thus firmely fix'd our iyes,
That bled for ruth of ſuch a drery ſight,
Loe ſodaynelye ſhe ſhryght in ſo huge wyſe
As made hell gates to ſhyver with the might;
Wherewith a darte we ſawe howe it did lyght
Ryght on her breſt, and therewithal pale death
Enthryllyng it to reve her of her breath:

And by and by a dum dead corps we ſawe,
Heauy and colde, the ſhape of death aryght,
That dauntes all earthly creatures to his lawe,
Agaynſt whoſe force in vayne it is to fyght;
Ne piers, ne princes, nor no mortall wyght,
No townes, ne realmes, cities, ne ſtrongeſt towre,
But al perforce muſt yeeld vnto his power.

His Dart anon out of the corps he tooke,
And in his hand (a dreadfull ſight to ſee)
With great triumphe eftſones the ſame he ſhooke,
That moſt of all my feares affrayed me:
His bodie dight with nought but bones pardye;
The naked ſhape of man there ſawe I playne,
All ſave the fleſhe, the ſynowe, and the vayne.

Laſtly ſtoode Warre, in glitterying armes yclad,
With viſage grym, ſterne lookes and blackely hewed:
In his right hand a naked ſworde he had,
That to the hiltes was al with blud embrewed;
And in his left (that kinges and kingdomes rewed)

Famine and fyer he held, and therewythall
He razed townes, and threwe downe towers and all.

Cities he ſakt, and realmes that whilom flowred
In honor, glory, and rule above the beſt
He overwhelmde, and all theyr fame deuowred,
Conſumed, deſtroyed, waſted, and neuer ceaſt,
Tyll he theyr wealth, theyr name, and all oppreſt.
His face forhewed with woundes; and by his ſide
There hung his targe with gaſhes depe and wyde.

In mids of which depainted there we founde
Deadly debate, al ful of ſnaky heare,
That with a blouddy fillet was ybound,
Outbrething nought but diſcord euery where:
And round about were pourtrayd here and there
The hugie hoſtes; Darius and his power,
His kynges, his prynces, his pieres, and all his flowe r.

Xerxes the Percian kyng yet ſawe I there,
With his huge hoſte that dranke the riuers drye,
Diſmounted hilles, and made the vales vprere;
His hoſte and all yet ſawe I ſlayne perdye.
Thebes I ſawe all razde howe it dyd lye
In heapes of ſtones; and Tyrus put to ſpoyle,
With walles and towers flat euened with the ſoyl.

But Troy alas (me thought) aboue them all,
It made mine iyes in very teares conſume;
When I beheld the wofull word befall,
That by the wrathfull wyl of Gods was come:
And Joves unmooved ſentence and foredoome
On Priam kyng and on his towne ſo bent,
I could not lyn but I muſt there lament;

And that the more, ſith deſtinie was ſo ſterne,
As force perforce there might no force auayle,
But ſhe muſt fall: and by her fall we learne
That cities, towres, wealth, world, and al ſhall quayle;
No manhoode, might, nor nothing mought preuayle:
Al were there preſt: ful many a prynce and piere,
And many a knight that ſolde his death full deere.

Not worthy Hector, worthyeſt of them all,
Her hope, her ioye: his force is nowe for nought:
O Troy, Troy, there is no boote but bale:
The hugie horſe within thy walles is brought;
Thy turrets fall; thy knightes that whilom fought
In armes amyd the fyeld, are ſlayne in bed;
Thy Gods defylde and all thy honour dead.

The flames vpſpring, and cruelly they crepe
From wall to roofe til all to cinders waſte:
Some fyer the houſes where the wretches ſlepe;
Som ruſhe in here, ſom run in there as faſt;
In euery where or ſworde or fyer they taſte.
The walles are torne, the towers whyrld to y^e^ ground:
There is no miſchiefe but may there be found.

Caſſandra yet there ſawe I howe they hald
From Pallas houſe, with ſpercled treſſe vndone,
Her wriſtes faſt boũd, and with Greek rout empaled;
And Priam eke, in vayne howe he did runne
To armes, whom Pyrrhus with deſpite hath done
To cruel death, and bathed him in the bayne
Of his ſonnes blod before the altare ſlayne.

But howe can I deſcryve the doleful ſight
That in the ſhylde ſo liuelike fayer did ſhyne?
Sith in this worlde I think was neuer wyght
Could haue ſet furth the halfe not halfe ſo fyne:
I can no more, but tell howe there is ſeene
Fayer Ilium fal in burning red gledes downe,
And from the ſoyle great Troy, Neptunus town.[1]

Theſe ſhadowy inhabitants of hell-gate are conceived with the vigour of a creative imagination, and deſcribed with great force of expreſſion. They are delineated with that fulneſs of proportion, that invention of pictureſque attributes, diſtinctneſs, animation, and amplitude, of which Spenſer is commonly ſuppoſed to have given the firſt ſpecimens in our language, and which are characteriſtical of his poetry. We may venture to pronounce that Spenſer, at leaſt, caught his manner of deſigning allegorical perſonages from this model, which ſo greatly enlarged the former narrow bounds of our ideal imagery, as that it may juſtly be deemed an original in that ſtyle of painting. For we muſt not forget, that it is to this *Induction* that Spenſer alludes in a ſonnet prefixed to his [*Faery Queene*, in 1590,] addreſſed "To the right honourable the Lord of Buckhurſt, one of her Majeſties priuie Counſell."[2]

In vain I thinke, right honourable Lord,
By this rude rime to memorize thy name,
Whoſe learned Muſe hath writ her owne record,
In golden verſe, worthy immortal fame:
Thou much more fit (were leaſure to the ſame,)
Thy gracious Soverains praiſes to compile,
And her imperiall Majeſtie to frame
In loftie numbers and heroicke ſtile.

The readers of the *Faerie Queene* will eaſily point out many particular paſſages which Sackville's *Induction* ſuggeſted to Spenſer.

From this ſcene Sorrow, who is well-known to Charon and to Cerberus the hideous hound of hell, leads the poet over the loathſome lake of rude Acheron, to the dominions of Pluto, which are deſcribed in numbers too beautiful to have been reliſhed by his cotemporaries, or equalled by his ſucceſſors.

Thence cum we to the horrour and the hel,
The large great kyngdomes, and the dreadful raygne
Of Pluto in his trone where he dyd dwell,
The wyde waſte places, and the hugye playne:
The waylinges, ſhrykes, and ſundry ſortes of payne,
The ſyghes, the ſobbes, the diepe and deadly groane,
Earth, ayer, and all reſounding playnt and moane.[3]

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[1] [Edit. 1563, fo. 118-22.]
[2] [Spenſer's *Works*, edit. Morris, 1869, p. 9.]
[3] The two next ſtanzas are not in the [ſecond] edition of [1563]. But inſtead of them, the following ſtanza:

" Here pewled the babes, and here the maydes unwed
With folded handes theyr ſory chaunce bewayld,
Here wept the gyltles ſlayne, and louers dead
That ſlewe them ſelues when nothyng els auayld.
A thouſand ſortes of ſorrowes here that wayled

Thence did we paſſe the threefold emperie
To th' utmoſt bounds where Radamanthus raignes,
Where proud folke waile their wofull miſerie;
Where dreadfull din of thouſand dragging chaines,
And baleful ſhriekes of ghoſts in deadly paines
Tortur'd eternally are heard moſt brim[1]
Through ſilent ſhades of night ſo darke and dim.

From hence vpon our way we forward paſſe,
And through the groues and uncoth paths we goe,
Which leade vnto the Cyclops walles of braſſe:
And where that maine-broad flood for aye doth floe,
Which parts the gladſome fields from place of woe:
Whence none ſhall euer paſſe t' Elizium plaine,
Or from Elizium euer turne againe.

Here they are ſurrounded by a troop of men, the moſt in "armes bedight," who met an untimely death, and of whoſe deſtiny, whether they were ſentenced to eternal night or to "bliſsfull peace," it was uncertain:

Loe here, Q. Sorowe, Prynces of renowne,
That whilom ſat on top of Fortunes wheele,
Nowe layed ful lowe, like wretches whurled downe
Euen with one frowne, that ſtayed but with a ſmyle, &c.[2]

They paſs in order before Sorrow and the poet. The firſt is Henry Duke of Buckingham, a principal inſtrument of King Richard the Third:

Then firſt came Henry duke of Buckingham,
His cloke of blacke al pilde, and quite forworne,
Wringing his handes, and Fortune ofte doth blame,
Which of a duke hath made him nowe her ſkorne;
With gaſtly lokes, as one in maner lorne,
Oft ſpred his armes, ſtretcht handes he ioynes as faſt,
With ruful cheere and vapored eyes vpcaſt.

His cloke he rent, his manly breaſt he beat;
His heare all torne about the place it laye:
My hart ſo molte to ſee his griefe ſo great,
As felingly me thought it dropt awaye:
His iyes they whurled about withouten ſtaye:
With ſtormy ſyghes the place dyd ſo complayne,
As if his hart at eche had burſt in twayne.

Thryſe he began to tell his doleful tale,
And thriſe the ſighes did ſwalowe vp his voyce;
At eche of which he ſhryked ſo wythal,
As though the heauens ryved with the noyſe:
Tyll at the laſt recovering his voyce,
Supping the teares that all his breſt beraynde
On cruel Fortune weping thus he playnde.[3]

Nothing more fully illuſtrates and aſcertains the reſpective merits and genius of different poets, than a juxtapoſition of their perfor-

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With ſighes and teares, ſobs, ſhrykes, and all yfere,
That, (oh alas) it was a hel to heare," &c.

[The ſtanzas in the text are the interpolation of Niccols.—*Haſlewood.*]

[1] Breme, *i. e.* cruel.

[2] [Edit. 1563, fol. 124.]

[3] [*Ibid.*]

mances on ſimilar ſubjects. Having examined at large Sackville's *Deſcent into Hell*, for the ſake of throwing a ſtill ſtronger light on his manner of treating a fiction which gives ſo large a ſcope to fancy, I ſhall employ the remainder of this Section in ſetting before my reader a general view of Dante's Italian poem, entitled *Commedia*, containing a deſcription of Hell, Paradiſe and Purgatory, and written about the year 1310. In the mean time, I preſume that moſt of my readers will recollect and apply the ſixth Book of Virgil, to which, however, it may be neceſſary to refer occaſionally.

Although I have before inſinuated that Dante has in this poem uſed the ghoſt of Virgil for a myſtagogue, in imitation of Tully, who in the *Somnium Scipionis* ſuppoſes Scipio to have been ſhown the other world by his anceſtor Africanus; yet at the ſame time, in the invention of his introduction, he ſeems to have had an eye on [an Italian (Florentine) tranſlation of an old French work, entitled] *Teſoro*, exhibiting a cyclopede of theoretic and practic philoſophy, and compoſed by his preceptor Brunetto Latini about the year 1270. Brunetto ſuppoſes himſelf loſt in a wood, at the foot of a mountain covered with animals, flowers, plants and fruits of every ſpecies, and ſubject to the ſupreme command of a wonderful lady, whom he thus deſcribes: "Her head touched the heavens, which ſerved at once for a veil and an ornament. The ſky grew dark or ſerene at her voice, and her arms extended to the extremities of the earth."[1] This bold perſonification, one of the earlieſt of the rude ages of poetry, is Nature. She converſes with the poet, and deſcribes the creation of the world. She enters upon a moſt unphiloſophical and indeed unpoetical detail of the phyſical ſyſtem: developes the head of man, and points out the ſeat of intelligence and of memory. From phyſics ſhe proceeds to morals: but her principles are here confined to theology and the laws of the church, which ſhe couches in technical rhymes.[2]

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[1] [This tranſlation is not quite correct:

"Talor toccava 'l cielo
Si che parea ſuo velo:
E talor lo mutava
E talor lo turbava.
E tal ſuo mandamento
Movea 'l fermamento;
E talor ſi ſpandea
Si che 'l mondo parea
Tutto nelle ſue braccia."—*Price.*]

[2] [No two works can be more oppoſite in their nature than the *Teſoro* and *Teſoretto* of Brunetto Latino. The former is a vaſt repoſitory of all the learning current in the thirteenth century; and the latter, though thus ſpoken of by its Neapolitan editor, "Nel Teſoretto quaſi affatto ſi riſtrinſe (ſc. Brunetto) a formar l'uomo nelle morale virtù, ſull' orme di Severino Boezio," has been more happily characterized by the Academy "poeſia a foggia di frottola." It has been called *Teſoretto* by way of diſtinction from his larger work. The author, who entertained a more exalted opinion of its worth than ſubſequent ages have choſen to beſtow upon it, terms it *Teſoro* in his addreſs to Ruſtico di Filippo:

"Io Brunetto Latino,
Che voſtro in ogni guiſa

Dante, like his maſter Brunetto, is bewildered in an unfrequented foreſt. He attempts to climb a mountain, whoſe ſummit is illuminated by the riſing ſun. A furious leopard, preſſed by hunger, and a lion at whoſe aſpect the *air is affrighted*, accompanied by a ſhe-wolf, oppoſe his progreſs; and force him to fly precipitately into the profundities of a pathleſs valley, where, ſays the poet, the ſun was ſilent.

Mi ripingeva dove 'l ſol tace.[1]

In the middle of a vaſt ſolitude he perceives a ſpectre, of whom he implores pity and help. The ſpectre haſtens to his cries: it was the ſhade of Virgil, whom Beatrix, Dante's miſtreſs, had ſent to give him courage, and to guide him into the regions of hell. Virgil begins a long diſcourſe with Dante; and expoſtulates with him for chooſing to wander through the rough obſcurities of a barren and dreary vale, when the top of the neighbouring mountain afforded every delight. The converſation of Virgil, and the name of Beatrix, by degrees diſſipate the fears of the poet, who explains his ſituation. He returns to himſelf, and compares this revival of his ſtrength and ſpirits to a flower ſmitten by the froſt of a night, which again lifts its ſhrinking head, and expands its vivid colours, at the firſt gleamings of the morning ſun.

Quale i fioretti dal notturno gielo
Chinati e chiuſi, &c.[2]

Dante, under the conduct of Virgil, penetrates hell. But he does

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Mi ſon ſanza diviſa;
A voi mi raccomando.
Poi vi preſento e mando
Queſto ricco Teſoro,
Che vale argento ed oro:"

And again—

"Lo *Teſoro* comenza," &c.

The *Teſoro* was afterwards tranſlated into Italian by one Bono Giamboni, and printed at Treviſo in 1474, viz. *Il Teſoro* di Meſſer Brunetto Latino, Fiorentino, Precettore del divino poeta Dante: nel qual ſi tratta di tutte le coſe che a mortali ſe appartengeno. After a table of chapters is another title, *Qui inchomincia el Teſoro di S. Brunetto Latino di firenze: e parla del naſcimento e della natura di tutte le coſe.* It was printed again at Venice, [1528 and] 1533. Mabillon ſeems to have confounded this Italian tranſlation with the French original. *It. Italic.* p. 169. See alſo Salviati, *Avertis. Decam.* ii. xii. Dante introduces Brunetto in the fifteenth Canto of the *Inferno*: and after the colophon of the firſt edition of the Italian *Teſoro* above mentioned, is this inſertion. "Riſpoſta di Dante a Brunetto Latino ritrovado da lui nel quintodecimo canto nel ſuo Inferno."—*Price.*]

[1] *Inf. Cant.* i. [edit. *ut infra.*] The ſame bold metaphor occurs below, *Cant.* v.

"J' venue in luogo d' ogni luce muto."

[2] [*Divina Commedia*, edit. Padova, 1727, i. 11.] In another part of the *Inferno*, Virgil is angry with Dante, but is ſoon reconciled. Here the poet compares himſelf to a cottager in the early part of a promiſing ſpring, who looks out in the morning from his humble ſhed, and ſees the fields covered with a ſevere and unexpected froſt. But the ſun ſoon melts the ground, and he drives his goats afield. *Cant.* xxiv. This poem abounds in compariſons. Not one of the worſt is a comic one, in which a perſon looking ſharply and eagerly, is compared to an old tailor threading a needle.—*Inf. Cant.* xv.

not on this occaſion always avail himſelf of Virgil's deſcriptions and mythologies. At leaſt the formation of Dante's imageries are of another ſchool. He feigns his hell to be a prodigious and almoſt bottomleſs abyſs, which from its aperture to its loweſt depth preſerves a rotund ſhape: or rather, an immenſe perpendicular cavern, which opening as it deſcends into different circles, forms ſo many diſtinct ſubterraneous regions. We are ſtruck with horror at the commencement of this dreadful adventure.

The firſt object which the poet perceives is a gate of braſs, over which were inſcribed in characters of a dark hue, *di colore oſcuro*, theſe verſes:

Per me ſi và nella città dolente:
Per me ſi và nell' eterno dolore:
Per me ſi và trà la perduta gente.
Giuſtizia moſſe 'l mio alto fattore:
Fecemi la divina poteſtate,
La ſomma ſapienzia, e 'l primo Amore.[1]
Dinanzia me non fur coſe create:
Se non eterne, ed io eterno duro.
Laſciate ogni ſperanza che voi 'ntrate.[2]

That is, "By me is the way to the woeful city. By me is the way to the eternal pains. By me is the way to the damned race. My mighty maker was divine Juſtice and Power, the Supreme Wiſdom, and the Firſt Love. Before me nothing was created. If not eternal, I ſhall eternally remain. Put away all hope, ye that enter."

There is a ſevere ſolemnity in theſe abrupt and comprehenſive ſentences, and they are a ſtriking preparation to the ſcenes that enſue. But the idea of ſuch an inſcription on the brazen portal of hell was ſuggeſted to Dante by books of chivalry; in which the gate of an impregnable enchanted caſtle is often inſcribed with words importing the dangers or wonders to be found within. Over the door of every chamber in Spenſer's necromantic palace of Buſyrane, was written a threat to the champions who preſumed to attempt to enter.[3] This total excluſion of hope from hell, here ſo finely introduced and ſo forcibly expreſſed, was probably remembered by Milton, a diſciple of Dante, where he deſcribes

Regions of ſorrow, doleful ſhades, where peace
And reſt can never dwell, hope never comes
That comes to all.[4]

I have not time to follow Dante regularly through his dialogues and adventures with the crowds of ghoſts, ancient and modern, which he meets in the courſe of this infernal journey. In theſe interviews, there is often much of the party and politics of his own times, and of alluſion to recent facts. Nor have I leiſure particularly to diſplay our author's puniſhments and phantoms. I obſerve in general, that the ground-work of his hell is claſſical, yet with

[1] He means the Platonic Ερως. The Italian expoſitors will have it to be the Holy Ghoſt.
[2] [Edit. *ut ſupr.* p. 12.] [3] *Fair. Qu.* iii. xi. 54. [4] *Par. L.* i. 65.

many Gothic and extravagant innovations. The burning lakes, the foſſes, and fiery towers which ſurround the city of Dis, and the three Furies which wait at its entrance, are touched with new ſtrokes.[1] The Gorgons, the Hydra, the Chimera, Cerberus, the ſerpent of Lerna, and the reſt of Virgil's, or rather Homer's, infernal apparitions, are dilated with new touches of the terrible, and ſometimes made ridiculous by the addition of comic or incongruous circumſtances, yet without any intention of burleſque. Becauſe Virgil had mentioned the Harpies in a ſingle word only,[2] in one of the loathſome groves which Dante paſſes, conſiſting of trees whoſe leaves are black, and whoſe knotted boughs are hard as iron, the Harpies build their neſts.

> Non frondi verdi, ma di color foſco,
> Non rami ſchietti, ma nodoſi e 'nvolti,
> Non pomi v' eran, ma ſtecchi con toſco.

Cacus, whom Virgil had called Semifer in his ſeventh book, appears in the ſhape of a Centaur covered with curling ſnakes, and on whoſe neck is perched a dragon hovering with expanded wings.[3] It is ſuppoſed that Dante took the idea of his *Inferno* from a magnificent nightly repreſentation of hell, exhibited by the Pope in honour of the Biſhop of Oſtia on the River Arno at Florence, in the year 1304. This is mentioned by the Italian critics in extenuation of Dante's choice of ſo ſtrange a ſubject. But why ſhould we attempt to excuſe any abſurdity in the writings or manners of the middle ages? Dante choſe this ſubject as a reader of Virgil and Homer. The religious myſtery repreſented on the River Arno, however magnificent, was perhaps a ſpectacle purely orthodox, and perfectly conformable to the ideas of the church. And if we allow that it might hint the ſubject, with all its inconſiſtencies, it never could have furniſhed any conſiderable part of this wonderful compound of claſſical and romantic fancy, of Pagan and Chriſtian theology, of real and fictitious hiſtory, of tragical and comic incidents, of familiar and heroic manners, and of ſatirical and ſublime poetry. But the groſſeſt improprieties of this poem diſcover an originality of invention, and its abſurdities often border on ſublimity. We are ſurpriſed that a poet ſhould write one hundred cantos on hell, paradiſe and purgatory. But this prolixity is partly owing to the want of art and method, and is common to all early compoſitions in which every thing is related circumſtantially and without rejection, and not in thoſe general terms which are uſed by modern writers.

Dante has beautifully enlarged Virgil's ſhort compariſon of the ſouls lingering on the banks of Lethe, to the numerous leaves falling from the trees in autumn.

> Come d'Autunno ſi levan le foglie
> L'una appreſſo dell'altra, infin che'l ramo
> Rende a la terra tutte le ſue ſpoglie;

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[1] See *Cant.* ix. vii.
[2] Gorgones, *Harpyiæque*, vi. 289.
[3] [Edit. *ut ſupr.* p. 34.]
[4] *Cant.* xxv.

Similemente, il mal ſeme d'Adamo
Gittauſi di quel lito ad una ad una,
Per cenni, com'augel per ſuo richiamo.[1]

In the fields inhabited by unhappy lovers he ſees Semiramis, Achilles, Paris, and Triſtan, or Sir Triſtram. One of the old Italian commentators on this poem ſays, that the laſt was an Engliſh knight born in Cornovaglio, or Cornwall, a city of England.[2]

Among many others of his friends, he ſees Franciſca the daughter of Guido di Polenta, in whoſe palace Dante died at Ravenna, and Paolo, one of the ſons of Malateſta, lord of Rimini. This lady fell in love with Paolo; the paſſion was mutual, and ſhe was betrothed to him in marriage: but her family choſe rather that ſhe ſhould be married to Lanciotto, Paolo's eldeſt brother. This match had the moſt fatal conſequences. The injured lovers could not diſſemble or ſtifle their affection: they were ſurpriſed and both aſſaſſinated by Lanciotto. Dante finds the ſhades of theſe diſtinguiſhed victims of an unfortunate attachment at a diſtance from the reſt, in a region of his Inferno deſolated by the moſt violent tempeſts. He accoſts them both, and Franciſca relates their hiſtory: yet the converſation is carried on with ſome difficulty, on account of the impetuoſity of the ſtorm which was perpetually raging. Dante, who from many circumſtances of his own amours, appears to have poſſeſſed the moſt refined ſenſibilities about the delicacies of love, inquires in what manner, when in the other world, they firſt communicated their paſſion to each other. Franciſca anſwers, that they were one day ſitting together, and reading the romance of *Lancelot*, where two lovers were repreſented in the ſame critical ſituation with themſelves. Their changes of colour and countenance, while they were reading, often tacitly betrayed their yet undiſcovered feelings. When they came to that paſſage in the romance, where the lovers, after many tender approaches, are gradually drawn by one uniform reciprocation of involuntary attraction to kiſs each other, the book dropped from their hands. By a ſudden impulſe and an irreſiſtible ſympathy they are tempted to do the ſame. Here was the commencement of their tragical hiſtory.

Noi leggiavamo un giorno, per diletto,
Di Lancilotto, comme amor lo ſtrinſe;
Soli eravamo, et ſenza alcun ſoſpetto.
Per più fiate gli occhi ci ſoſpinſe
Quella lettura et ſcolorocci 'l viſo:
Ma ſolo un punto fú quel, che ci vinſe.
Quando leggemmo il diſiato riſo
Eſſer baciato dà cotanto amante,
Queſti che mai da me no fia diviſo,
La bocca mi baſciò tutto tremante:
Galeotto[3] fù il libro, e chi lo ſcriſſe,
Quel giorno più non vi leggemmo avante.[4]

[1] [Edit. *ut ſupr.* p. 15.]

[2] In the ſixteenth Canto of the *Paradiſo*, King Arthur's queen Geneura, who belongs to Sir Triſtram's romance, is mentioned.

[3] He is one of the knights of the Round Table, and is commonly called Sir Galabad, in *Arthur's* romance.

[4] [*Ut ſupra*, p. 25.

But this picture, in which nature, ſentiment, and the graces are concerned, I have to contraſt with ſcenes of a very different nature. Salvator Roſa has here borrowed the pencil of Correggio. Dante's beauties are not of the ſoft and gentle kind.

Through many a dark and dreary vale
They paſſ'd, and many a region dolorous,
O'er many a frozen, many a fiery Alp.[1]

A hurricane ſuddenly riſing on the banks of the river Styx is thus deſcribed.

Et gia venia sù per le torbid' onde
Un fracaſſo d'un ſuon pien di ſpavento,
Per cui tremavano amendue le ſponde;
Non altrimenti fatto che d'un vento
Impetuoſo, per gli avverſi ardori
Che fier la ſelva ſanza alcun rattento:
Gli rami ſchianta, abatte, et porta i fiori:
Dinanzi polveroſo và ſuperbo,
Et fa fuggir le fiere et gli paſtori.[2]

Dante and his myſtagogue meet the monſter Geryon. He has the face of a man with a mild and benign aſpect, but his human form ends in a ſerpent with a voluminous tail of immenſe length, terminated by a ſting, which he brandiſhes like a ſcorpion. His hands are rough with briſtles and ſcales. His breaſt, back, and ſides have all the rich colours diſplayed in the textures of Tartary and Turkey, or in the labours of Arachne. To ſpeak in Spenſer's language he is

A dragon, horrible and bright.[3]

No monſter of romance is more ſavage or ſuperb.

Lo doſſo, e'l petto, ed amenduo le coſte,
Dipinte avea di nodi, e di rotelle,
Con più color ſommeſſe e ſoprappoſte
Non fer ma' in drappo Tartari nè Turchi,
Ne fur tai tele per Aragne impoſte.[4]

The conformation of this heterogeneous beaſt, as a fabulous hell is the ſubject, perhaps immediately gave riſe to one of the *formidable ſhapes* which ſat on either ſide of the gates of hell in Milton. Although the fiction is founded in the claſſics.

The one ſeem'd woman to the waiſt, and fair,
But ended foul in many a ſcaly fold
Voluminous and vaſt, a ſerpent arm'd
With mortal ſting.[5]

Virgil, ſeeming to acknowledge him as an old acquaintance, mounts the back of Geryon. At the ſame time Dante mounts, whom Virgil

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[1] Milton, *Par. L.* ii. 618.
[2] *Ut ſupra*, p. 39.]
[3] *Fair. Qu.* i. ix. 52.
[4] Cant. xvii. [*Ut ſupra*, p. 71.] Dante ſays, that he lay on the banks of a river like a beaver [or] caſtor. But this fooliſh compariſon is affectedly introduced by our author for a diſplay of his natural knowledge from Pliny, or rather from the *Teſoro* of his maſter Brunetto.
[5] *Par. L.* ii. 649.

places before, "that you may not," ſays he, "be expoſed to the monſter's venomous ſting." Virgil then commands Geryon not to move too rapidly, "for, conſider, what a new burthen you carry!"

Gerion muoviti omai:
Le ruote larghe, e lo ſcender ſia poco:
Penſa la nuova ſoma, che tu hai.[1]

In this manner they travel in the air through Tartarus: and from the back of the monſter Geryon, Dante looks down on the burning lake of Phlegethon. This imagery is at once great and ridiculous. But much later Italian poets have fallen into the ſame ſtrange mixture. In this horrid ſituation ſays Dante,

I' ſentia già dalla man deſtra il gorgo
Far ſotto noi un' orribile ſtroſcio:
Perchè con gli occhi in giù la teſta ſporgo,
Allor fu io più timido allo ſcoſcio
Perocch' i vidi fuochi, e ſenti pianti,
Oud' io tremando tutto mi raccoſcio.[2]

This airy journey is copied from the flight of Icarus and Phaeton, and at length produced the Ippogrifo of Arioſto. Nor is it quite improbable that Milton, although he has greatly improved and dignified the idea, might have caught from hence his fiction of Satan ſoaring over the infernal abyſs. At length Geryon, having circuited the air like a falcon towering without prey, depoſits his burthen and vaniſhes.[3]

While they are wandering along the banks of Phlegethon, as the twilight of evening approaches, Dante ſuddenly hears the ſound of a horn more loud than thunder or the horn of Orlando.[4]

Ma io ſenti ſonare alto corno:
Non ſono ſi terribilmente Orlando.[5]

Dante deſcries through the gloom, what he thinks to be many high and vaſt towers, *molte alti torri.* Theſe are the giants who warred againſt heaven, ſtanding in a row, half concealed within, and half extant without, an immenſe abyſs or pit:

Gli orribili giganti, cui minaccia
Giove del cielo ancora, quando tuona,[6]

But Virgil informs Dante that he is deceived by appearances, and that theſe are not towers but the giants:

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[1] Cant. xvii. [*Ut ſupra*, p. 74.]
[2] [*Ut ſupra.*]
[3] In the thirty-fourth Canto Dante and Virgil return to light on the back of Lucifer, who (like Milton's *Satan*, ii. 927) is deſcribed as having wings like ſails,

"Vele di mar non vid' io mai cotali."

And again,

"Quando l'ale furo aſperte aſſai."

This Canto begins with a Latin line,

"Vexilla regis prodeunt inferni."

[4] Or Roland, the ſubject of Archbiſhop Turpin's romance
[5] *Ut ſupra*, p. 134.] [6] [*Ibid.* p. 135.]

Sappi, che non ſon torri ma giganti
E ſon nel pozzo intorno dalla ripa
Dall' umbilico in guiſo tutti quanti.[1]

One of them cries out to Dante with horrible voice. Another, Ephialtes, is clothed in iron and bound in huge chains. Dante wiſhes to ſee Briareus; he is anſwered that he lies in an interior cavern biting his chain. Immediately Ephialtes aroſe from another cavern, and ſhook himſelf like an earthquake.

Non fu tremuoto già tanto rubeſto,
Che ſcoteſſe una torri così forte,
Come Fialte a ſcuoterſi fu preſto,[2]

Dante views the horn which had ſounded ſo vehemently hanging by a leathern thong from the neck of one of the giants. Antaeus, whoſe body ſtands ten ells high from the pit, is commanded by Virgil to advance. They both mount on his ſhoulders, and are thus carried about Cocytus. The giant, ſays the poet, moved off with us like the maſt of a ſhip.[3] One cannot help obſerving, what has been indeed already hinted, how judiciouſly Milton, in a ſimilar argument, has retained the juſt beauties, and avoided the childiſh or ludicrous exceſſes of theſe bold inventions. At the ſame time we may remark, how Dante has ſometimes heightened, and ſometimes diminiſhed by improper additions or miſrepreſentations, the legitimate deſcriptions of Virgil.

One of the torments of the damned in Dante's *Inferno* is the puniſhment of being eternally confined in lakes of ice.

Eran l'ombre dolenti nella ghiaccia
Mettendo i denti in nota di cicogna.[4]

The ice is deſcribed to be like that of the Danube or Tanais. This ſpecies of infernal torment, which is neither directly warranted by ſcripture, nor ſuggeſted in the ſyſtems of the Platonic fabuliſts, and which has been adopted both by Shakeſpeare and Milton, has its origin in the legendary hell of the monks. The hint ſeems to have been taken from an obſcure text in the Book of Job, dilated by Saint Jerom and the early commentators.[5] The torments of hell, in which the puniſhment by cold is painted at large, had formed a viſionary romance, under the name of *Saint Patrick's Purgatory*, long before Dante wrote. The venerable Bede, who lived in the ſeventh century, has framed a future manſion of exiſtence for departed ſouls with this mode of torture. In the hands of Dante it has aſſumed

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[1 *Ut ſupra*, p. 134.]

[2 *Ibid.* p. 136.]

[3] Dante ſays, if I underſtand the paſſage right, that the face of one of the giants reſembled the Cupola, ſhaped like a pine-apple, of Saint Peter's church at Rome. *Ibid.* Cant. xxxi.

"Come la pina di ſan Pietro a Roma."

[4 *Ut ſupra*, p. 139.]

[5] Job xxiv. 19.

many fantaſtic and groteſque circumſtances, which make us laugh and ſhudder at the ſame time.

In another department, Dante repreſents ſome of his criminals rolling themſelves in human ordure. If his ſubject led him to ſuch a deſcription, he might at leaſt have uſed decent expreſſions. But his diction is not here leſs ſordid than his imagery. I am almoſt afraid to tranſcribe this groſs paſſage, even in the diſguiſe of the old Tuſcan phraſeology.

Quindi giù nel foſſo
Vidi gente attuffata in uno ſterco,
Che dagli uman privati parea moſſo:
E mentre ch' io laggiu con l'occhio cerco:
Vidi un, co'l capo ſi da merda lordo,
Che non *parea s'era laico, o cherco*.[1]

The humour of the laſt line does not make amends for the naſtineſs of the image.

It is not to be ſuppoſed, that a man of ſtrong ſenſe and genius, whoſe underſtanding had been cultivated by a moſt exact education, and who had paſſed his life in the courts of ſovereign princes, would have indulged himſelf in theſe diſguſting fooleries, had he been at all apprehenſive that his readers would have been diſguſted. But rude and early poets deſcribe every thing. They follow the public manners; and if they are either obſcene or indelicate it ſhould be remembered that they wrote before obſcenity or indelicacy became offenſive.

Some of the guilty are made objects of contempt by a transformation into beaſtly or ridiculous ſhapes. This was from the fable of Circe. In others, the human figure is rendered ridiculous by diſtortion. There is one ſet of criminals whoſe faces are turned round towards their backs.

che 'l pianto degli occhi
Le natiche bagnava per lo feſſo.[2]

But Dante has diſplayed more true poetry in deſcribing a real event than in the beſt of his fictions. This is in the ſtory of Ugolino count of Piſa, the ſubject of a very capital picture by Reynolds. The poet, wandering through the depths of hell, ſees two of the damned gnawing the ſkulls of each other, which was their daily food. He inquires the meaning of this dreadful repaſt.

La bocca ſollevò dal fiero paſto
Quel peccator, forbendola a' capelli
Del capo ch'egli havea diretro guaſto.[3]

Ugolino quitting his companion's half devoured ſkull, begins his tale to this effect. "We are Ugolin count of Piſa, and archbiſhop Ruggieri. Truſting in the perfidious counſels of Ruggieri, I was brought to a miſerable death. I was committed with four of my children to the dungeon of hunger. The time came when we expected food to be brought. Inſtead of which, I heard the gates of the hor-

[1] Cant. xviii. [*Ut ſupra*, p. 79.]
[2] *Ut ſupr.* p. 84.]
[3] Cant. xxxiii. [*Ut ſupr.* p. 142.] They are both in the lake of ice.

rible tower more cloſely barred. I looked at my children, and could not ſpeak.

L'ora s'appreſſava
Che'l cibo ne ſoleva eſſere addotto;
E per ſuo ſogno ciaſcun dubitava:
Ed io ſenti chiavar l'uſcio di ſotto
All'orribile torre, ond' io guardai
Nel viſo à miei figliuoli, ſenza far motto.

I could not complain. I was petrified. My children cried: and my little Anſelm, *Anſelmuccio mio*, ſaid, Father, you look on us, what is the matter?

Tu guardi ſi, padre, che hai?

I could neither weep, nor anſwer, all that day and the following night. When the ſcanty rays of the ſun began to glimmer through the dolorous priſon,

Com'un poco di raggio ſi fù meſſo
Nel doloroſo carcere,—

and I could again ſee thoſe four countenances on which my own image was ſtamped, I gnawed both my hands for grief. My children ſuppoſing I did this through a deſire to eat, lifting themſelves ſuddenly up, exclaimed, O father, our grief would be leſs, if you would eat us!

Ambo le mani per dolor mi morſi:
E quei penſando ch'i'l fieſſi per voglia
Di manicar, di ſubito levorſi
Et diſſer: Padre, aſſai ci fia men doglia
Se tu mangi di noi!

I reſtrained myſelf that I might not make them more miſerable. We were all ſilent, that day and the following. Ah, cruel earth, why didſt thou not ſwallow us up at once!

Quel di, et l'altro, ſtemmo tutti muti.
Ahi! dura terra, perchè non t'apriſti?

The fourth day being come, Gaddo falling all along at my feet, cried out, My father, why do you not help me? and died. The other three expired, one after the other, between the fifth and ſixth days, famiſhed as you ſee me now. And I being ſeized with blindneſs began to crawl over them, *ſovra ciaſcuno*, on hands and feet; and for three days after they were dead continued calling them by their names. At length, famine finiſhed my torments." Having ſaid this, the poet adds, "with diſtorted eyes he again fixed his teeth on the mangled ſkull."[1] It is not improbable that the ſhades of unfortunate men who, deſcribed under peculiar ſituations and with their proper attributes, are introduced relating at large their hiſtories in hell to Dante, might have given the hint to Boccacio's book *De Caſibus Virorum Illuſtrium*, On the misfortunes of Illuſtrious Perſonages, the original model of the *Mirror for Magiſtrates*.

Dante's *Purgatorio* is not on the whole leſs fantaſtic than his *Inferno*. As his hell was a vaſt perpendicular cavity in the earth, he

[1] See *Eſſay on Pope*, p. 254. [2] *Purgat.* cant. i.

ſuppoſes Purgatory to be a cylindric maſs elevated to a prodigious height. At intervals are receſſes projecting from the outſide of the cylinder. In theſe receſſes, ſome higher and ſome lower, the wicked expiate their crimes, according to the proportion of their guilt. From one department they paſs to another by ſteps of ſtone exceedingly ſteep. On the top of the whole, or the ſummit of Purgatory, is a platform adorned with trees and vegetables of every kind. This is the Terreſtrial Paradiſe, which has been tranſported hither, we know not how, and which forms an avenue to the Paradiſe Celeſtial. It is extraordinary that ſome of the Gothic painters ſhould not have given us this ſubject.

Dante deſcribes not diſagreeably the firſt region which he traverſes on leaving hell. The heavens are tinged with ſapphire, and the ſtar of love, or the ſun, makes all the orient laugh. He ſees a venerable ſage approach. This is Cato of Utica who, aſtoniſhed to ſee a living man in the manſion of ghoſts, queſtions Dante and Virgil about the buſineſs which brought them hither. Virgil anſwers: and Cato adviſes Virgil to waſh Dante's face, which was ſoiled with the ſmoke of hell, and to cover his head with one of the reeds which grew on the borders of the neighbouring river. Virgil takes his advice, and having gathered one reed, ſees another ſpring up in its place. This is the golden bough of the Eneid, *uno avulſo non deficit alter.* The ſhades alſo, as in Virgil, crowd to be ferried over Styx: but an angel performs the office of Charon, admitting ſome into the boat, and rejecting others. This confuſion of fable and religion deſtroys the graces of the one and the majeſty of the other.

Through adventures and ſcenes more ſtrange and wild than any in the *Pilgrim's Progreſs*, we at length arrive at the twenty-firſt canto. A concuſſion of the earth announces the deliverance of a ſoul from Purgatory. This is the ſoul of Statius, the favourite poet of the dark ages. Although a very improper companion for Virgil, he immediately joins our adventurers, and accompanies them in their progreſs. It is difficult to diſcover what Pagan or Chriſtian idea regulates Dante's diſpenſation of rewards and puniſhments. Statius paſſes from Purgatory to Paradiſe, Cato remains in the place of expiation, and Virgil is condemned to eternal torments.

Dante meets his old acquaintance Foreſe, a debauchè of Florence. On finiſhing the converſation, Foreſe aſks Dante when he ſhall have the pleaſure of ſeeing him again. This queſtion in Purgatory is diverting enough. Dante anſwers with much ſerious gravity: "I know not the time of death; but it cannot be too near. Look back on the troubles in which my country is involved!"[1] The diſpute between the pontificate and the empire appears to have been the predominant topic of Dante's mind. This circumſtance has filled Dante's poem with ſtrokes of ſatire. Every reader of Voltaire muſt remember that lively writer's paraphraſe from the *Inferno* of the

[1] Cant. xxiv.

ſtory of Count Guido, in which are theſe inimitable lines. A Franciſcan friar abandoned to Beelzebub thus exclaims:

Monſieur de Lucifer!
Je ſuis un Saint; voyes ma robe griſe:
Je fus abſous par le Chef de l'Egliſe.
J'aurai toujours, repondit le Demon,
Un grand reſpect pour l'Abſolution;
On eſt lavé de ſes vielles ſotiſes,
Pourvu qu'après autres ne ſoient commiſes.
J'ai fait ſouvent cette diſtinction
A tes pareils: et, grâce a l'Italie,
Le Diable ſait la Theologie.
Il dit et rit. Je ne repliquai rien
A Belzebut, il raiſonnoit trop bien.
Lors il m'empoigne, et d'un bras roide et ferme
Il appliqua ſur ma triſte épiderme
Vingt coups de fouet, dont bien fort il me cuit:
Que Dieu le rend à Boniface huit.

Dante thus tranſlated would have had many more readers than at preſent. I take this opportunity of remarking that our author's perpetual reference to recent facts and characters is in imitation of Virgil, yet with this very material difference: the perſons recogniſed in Virgil's ſixth book, for inſtance the chiefs of the Trojan war, are the cotemporaries of the hero not of the poet. The truth is, Dante's poem is a ſatirical hiſtory of his own times.

Dante ſees ſome of the ghoſts of Purgatory advancing forward, more meagre and emaciated than the reſt. He aſks how this could happen in a place where all live alike without nouriſhment. Virgil quotes the example of Meleager, who waſted with a firebrand, on the gradual extinction of which his life depended. He alſo produces the compariſon of a mirror reflecting a figure. Theſe obſcure explications do not ſatisfy the doubts of Dante. Statius, for his better inſtruction, explains how a child grows in the womb of the mother, how it is enlarged, and by degrees receives life and intellect. The drift of our author is apparent in theſe profound illuſtrations. He means to ſhew his ſkill in a ſort of metaphyſical anatomy. We ſee ſomething of this in the *Teſoro* of Brunetto. Unintelligible ſolutions of a ſimilar ſort, drawn from a frivolous and myſterious philoſophy, mark the writers of Dante's age.

The *Paradiſo* of Dante, the third part of this poem, reſembles his *Purgatorio*. Its fictions, and its allegories which ſuffer by being explained, are all conceived in the ſame chimerical ſpirit. The poet ſucceſſively views the glory of the ſaints, of angels, of the holy Virgin, and at laſt of God himſelf.

Heaven as well as hell, among the monks, had its legendary deſcription, which it was hereſy to diſbelieve, and which was formed on perverſions or miſinterpretations of ſcripture. Our author's viſion ends with the Deity, and we know not by what miraculous aſſiſtance he returns to earth.

It muſt be allowed, that the ſcenes of Virgil's ſixth book have many fine ſtrokes of the terrible. But Dante's colouring is of a

more gloomy temperature. There is a ſombrous caſt in his imagination; and he has given new ſhades of horror to the claſſical hell. We may ſay of Dante, that

Hell
Grows darker at his frown.[1]

The ſenſations of fear impreſſed by the Roman poet are leſs haraſſing to the repoſe of the mind: they have a more equable and placid effect. The terror of Virgil's tremendous objects is diminiſhed by correctneſs of compoſition and elegance of ſtyle. We are reconciled to his Gorgons and Hydras by the grace of expreſſion and the charms of verſification.

In the mean time, it may ſeem a matter of ſurpriſe, that the Italian poets of the thirteenth century, who reſtored, admired and ſtudied the claſſics, did not imitate their beauties. But while they poſſeſſed the genuine models of antiquity, their unnatural and eccentric habits of mind and manners, their attachments to ſyſtem, their ſcholaſtic theology, ſuperſtition, ideal love, and, above all, their chivalry had corrupted every true principle of life and literature, and conſequently prevented the progreſs of taſte and propriety. They could not conform to the practices and notions of their own age and to the ideas of the ancients at the ſame time. They were dazzled with the imageries of Virgil and Homer, which they could not always underſtand or apply or which they ſaw through the miſt of prejudice and miſconception. Their genius having once taken a falſe direction, when recalled to copy a juſt pattern, produced only conſtraint and affectation, a diſtorted and unpleaſing reſemblance. The early Italian poets disfigured, inſtead of adorning, their works by attempting to imitate the claſſics. The charms which we ſo much admire in Dante do not belong to the Greeks and Romans. They are derived from another origin, and muſt be traced back to a different ſtock. Nor is it at the ſame time leſs ſurpriſing, that the later Italian poets, in more enlightened times, ſhould have paid ſo reſpectful a compliment to Dante as to acknowledge no other model, and with his excellencies to tranſcribe and perpetuate all his extravagances.

[1] *Par. L.* ii. p. 720.

## SECTION L.

I NOW return to the *Mirrour for Magiſtrates*, and to Sackville's *Legend of Buckingham*, which follows his *Induction*. *The Complaynt of Henrye Duke of Buckingham* is written with a force and even elegance of expreſſion, a copiouſneſs of phraſeology, and an exactneſs of verſification, not to be found in any other parts of the collection. On the whole, it may be thought tedious and languid. But that objection unavoidably reſults from the general plan of theſe pieces. It is impoſſible that ſoliloquies of ſuch prolixity, and deſigned to include much hiſtorical and even biographical matter, ſhould everywhere ſuſtain a proper degree of ſpirit, pathos, and intereſt. In the exordium are theſe nervous and correct couplets:

> Whom flattering Fortune falſely ſo begylde,
> That loe ſhe ſlewe, where earſt ful ſmooth ſhe ſmylde.

Again—

> And paynt it furth, that all eſtates may knowe:
> Haue they the warning, and be mine the woe.[1]

Buckingham is made to enter thus rapidly, yet with much addreſs, into his fatal ſhare of the civil broils between York and Lancaſter:

> But what may boot to ſtay the ſiſters three?
> When Atropos perforce will cut the threde:
> The doleful day was come,[2] when you might ſee
> Northhampton fyeld with armed men oreſpred.

In theſe lines there is great energy:

> O would to God, the cruel diſmal daye
> That gave me light fyrſt to behold thy face,
> With fowle eclypſe had reft my ſyght away,
> The vnhappy hower, the tyme, and eke the place, &c.[3]

And the following are an example of the ſimple and ſublime united:

> And thou, Alecto, feede me wyth thy foode,
> Let fal thy ſerpentes from thy ſnaky heare:
> For ſuch relyefe well fittes me in this moode,
> To feede my playnt with horror and wyth feare!
> While rage afreſhe thy venomd worme arear.[4]

Many compariſons are introduced by the diſtreſſed ſpeaker. But it is common for the beſt poets to forget that they are deſcribing

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[1] [Edit. 1563, fol. 125 *et ſeqq.*]

[2] Shakeſpeare ſeems to have burleſqued theſe lines in one of Piſtol's rants:

> "Abridge my *doleful days!*
> Let griſly, gaping, ghaſtly wounds, unbind the *ſiſters three*,
> Come, *Atropos*, I ſay."—*Park.*]

[3] [Edit. 1563, fol. 136, *verſo.*]

[4] [Edit. 1563, fol. 136, *recto.*]

what is only related or ſpoken. The captive Proteus has his ſimile of the nightingale; and Æneas decorates his narrative of the diſaſtrous conflagration of Troy with a variety of the moſt laboured compariſons.

Buckingham, in his reproaches againſt the traitorous behaviour of his ancient friend Banaſtre, utters this forcible exclamation, which breathes the genuine ſpirit of revenge, and is unloaded with poetical ſuperfluities.

Hated be thou, diſdaynd of every wyght,
And poynted at where ever that thou goe:
A trayterous wretche, vnworthy of the light,
Be thou eſtemed: and to encreaſe thy woe,
The ſound be hatefull of thy name alſo:
And in this ſort with ſhame and ſharpe reproche
Leade thou thy life, till greater grief approch.

The ingenious writers of theſe times are perpetually deſerting propriety for the ſake of learned alluſions. Buckingham exhorts the peers and princes to remember the fate of ſome of the moſt renowned heroes of antiquity, whoſe lives and misfortunes he relates at large, and often in the moſt glowing colours of poetry. Alexander's murder of Clitus is thus deſcribed in ſtanzas, pronounced by the poet, and not by Buckingham:

And deepely grave within your ſtony hartes
The drery dewle that myghty Macedo
With teares vnfolded wrapt in deadly ſmartes,
When he the death of Clitus ſorowed ſo,
Whom erſt he murdred wyth the deadly blowe
Raught in his rage vpon his frende ſo deare,
For which behold loe how his panges appere.

The launced ſpear he writhes out of the wound,
From which the purple blud ſpins on his face:
His heynous gylt when he returned found,
He throwes him ſelfe vpon the corpes alas,
And in his armes howe ofte doth he imbrace
His murdred frende? And kyſſyng him in vayne,
Furth flowe the fluds of ſalte repentant rayne.

His frendes amazde at ſuch a murther doon,
In feareful flockes begyn to ſhrynke away;
And he there at, with heapes of grief fordoen,
Hateth him ſelfe, wiſhing his latter daye.

He calles for Death, and loathing longer lyfe,
Bent to his bane, refuſeth kyndly foode:
And ploungde in depth of death and dolours ſtryfe
Had quelde[1] him ſelfe, had not his frendes wythſtoode.
Loe he that thus had ſhed the gyltles blud,
Though he wer Kyng and Keſar over all,
Yet choſe he death to guerdon death withall.

This prynce, whoſe pyer was never vnder ſonne,
Whoſe glyſtening fame the earth did overglide,
Whych with his power welnye the world had wonne,
His bluddy handes him ſelfe could not abyde,
But fully bent with famine to have dyed:

[1] Killed: manqueller is murderer.

The worthy prynce deemed in his regarde
That death for death could be but iuſt rewarde.[1]

Our *Mirrour* had new editions in 1563, 1571, 1574, [1575, and 1578. But in the laſt three editions, inſtead of the original title, it was called *The* LAST *parte of the Mirrour for Magiſtrates*, becauſe in 1574 had appeared *The* FIRST *parte of the Mirrour for Magiſtrates*, a ſeries of lives antecedent in *chronological* order to Baldwin's, and edited by John Higgins. The two portions were republiſhed together in 1587.[2]]

Higgins lived at Winſham in Somerſetſhire.[3] He was educated at Oxford, was a clergyman, and engaged in the inſtruction of youth. [In 1575, he brought out a new edition of Udall's tranſlation or paraphraſe of the] *Floſculi of Terence*, a manual famous in its time, and applauded in a Latin epigram by the elegant Latin encomiaſt Thomas Newton of Cheſhire.[4] In the pedagogic character he alſo publiſhed *Holcot's Dictionarie, newlie corrected, amended, ſet in order, and enlarged, with many names of men, townes, beaſtes, fowles, &c. By which you may finde the Latine or Frenche of anie Engliſhe worde you will. By John Higgins, late ſtudent in Oxeforde.*[5] In an engraved title-page are a few Engliſh verſes. It [was printed in 1572.] The dedication to Sir George Peckham, Knight, is written by Higgins, and is a good ſpecimen of his claſſical accompliſhments. He calls Peckham his principal friend, and the moſt eminent patron of letters. A recommendatory copy of verſes by Churchyard the poet is prefixed, with four Latin epigrams by others. Another of his works in the ſame profeſſion is the *Nomenclator* of Adrian Junius, tranſlated into Engliſh, in conjunction with Abraham Fleming, and printed in 1585.[6] It is dedicated in Latin to his moſt bountiful patron Doctor Valentine, Maſter of Requeſts, and Dean of Wells, from Winſham,[7] 1584. From this dedication, Higgins ſeems to have been connected with the ſchool of Ilminſter, a neighbouring town in Somerſetſhire.[8]

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[1] [Edit. 1563, fol. 127-8.]

[2] But in the Preface Higgins ſays he began to prepare it twelve years before. [In 1579 Munday printed his *Mirrour of Mutabilitie, or Principall Parte of the Mirrour for Magiſtrates*. The title was very popular both here and abroad; but with the exceptions of ſome of Drayton's *Legends*, Munday's *Mirror of Mutability*, Fulwell's *Flower of Fame*, and the *Poor Man's Pittance*, by Richard Williams, written in the reign of James the Firſt, and firſt printed by Mr. Furnivall in 1868 (*Ballads from Manuſcripts*, vol. ii. part 1), theſe works were imitations merely in name. Brooke's *Ghoſt of Richard the Third*, 1614, on the contrary, though not connected in title, belongs to this claſs of works in virtue of its treatment and conſtruction.]

[3] *Dedication*, ut infr.

[4] *In Terentii Floſculos N. Udalli et J. Higgini opera decerptos. Encom.* fol. 128. It was alſo prefixed to the book, with others.

[5] Perhaps at Trinity College, where one of both his names occurs in 1566.

[6] Octavo.

[7] The Dedication of his *Mirrour for Magiſtrates* is from the ſame place.

[8] He ſays, that he tranſlated it in London. "Quo facto, novus interpres Waldenus, Ilmeſtriæ gymnaſiarcha, moriens, priuſquam manum operi ſummam admoviſſet, me amicum veterem ſuum omnibus libris ſuis et hoc imprimis Nomen-

He appears to have been living ſo late as the year 1602. For in that year he publiſhed an Anſwer to William Perkins, a forgotten controverſialiſt, concerning Chriſt's deſcent into hell, dedicated from Winſham.

To the *Mirrour for Magiſtrates* Higgins wrote a new Induction in the octave ſtanza, and without aſſiſtance of friends began a new ſeries from Albanact the youngeſt ſon of Brutus, and the firſt king of Albany or Scotland, continued to the emperor Caracalla.[1] In this edition by Higgins, among the pieces after the Conqueſt, firſt appeared the *Life of Cardinal Wolſey*, by Churchyard; of *Sir Nicholas Burdet*, by [Higgins]; and of *Eleanor Cobham* and *Humphrey Duke of Glouceſter*, by Ferrers. Alſo the *Legend of King James the Fourth of Scotland*, ſaid to have been [pende aboue fiftie yeares agone],[2] and of *Flodden Field*, ſaid to be of equal antiquity, and ſubſcribed *Francis Dingley*, the name of a poet who has not otherwiſe occurred. Prefixed is a recommendatory poem in ſtanzas by the above-mentioned Thomas Newton of Cheſhire,[3] who underſtood much more of Latin than of Engliſh poetry.[4]

The moſt poetical paſſage of Higgins's performance in this collection is in his *Legend of Queene Cordila, or Cordelia, King Lear's youngeſt daughter*.[5] Being impriſoned in a dungeon, and *coucht on ſtrawe*, ſhe ſees amid the darkneſs of the night a *grieſly ghoſt* approach,[6]

> Eke nearer ſtill to mee with ſtealing ſteps ſhee drewe:
> Shee was of colour pale and deadly hewe.

Her garment was figured with various ſorts of impriſonment, and pictures of violent and premature death:

> Her clothes reſembled thouſand kindes of thrall,
> And pictures plaine of *haſtened deathes* withall.

Cordelia, in extreme terror, aſks,

---

clatore [his tranſlation] donavit." But Higgins found his own verſion better, which he therefore publiſhed, yet with a part of his friend's.

[1] At fol. 108, a. The two laſt lives in the latter, or what may be called Baldwin's part of this edition, are *Jane Shore* and *Cardinal Wolſey* by Churchyard. [This, it ſeems, had been fraudulently claimed by ſome other writer, ſince Churchyard complains of being "denied the fathering of a work that had won ſo much credit." He at the ſame time proteſts before God and the world, that *Shore's Wife* was *his* penning, and he would be glad to vindicate his open wrong with the beſt blood in his body, did not his old years utterly forbid ſuch combat.—This anecdote occurs before a reprint of *Shore's Wife*, augmented by 21 ſtanzas, in *Churchyards Challenge*, 1593. Naſh, probably in reference to the above, thus complimented the old court-poet in the ſame year. "*Shores Wife* is yong, though you be ſtept in yeares; in her ſhall you live, when you are dead." [Naſh's *Strange Newes*, &c. 1592, repr. Collier, p. 65.]—*Park.*]

[2] [*The Mirrour for Magiſtrates*, edit. 1587, fol. 255, *verſo*.]

[3] Subſcribed Thomas Newtonus, *Ceyſtreſhyrius*, 1587.

[4] [This appears from his tribute to Heywood the epigrammatiſt cited [before] He has a copy of Latin verſes prefixed to Rabbard's tranſlation of Ripley's *Compound of Alchymy*, 1591.—*Park.*]

[5] Fol. 36, b.

[6] [Edit. 1587, fol. 36-7.]

What wight art thou, a foe or elſe what *fawning* frend?
If death thou art, I pray thee make an end——
But th' art not death. Art thou ſome fury ſent
My woefull corps with paynes to more torment?

With that ſhe ſpake, "I am (qd ſhee) thy frend Deſpayre.—

. . . . . .

Now if thou art to dye no whit afrayde
Here ſhalt thou chooſe of Inſtruments (beholde)
Shall rid thy reſtleſſe life.

Deſpair then, throwing her robe aſide, ſhews Cordelia a thouſand inſtruments of death, "knives, ſharp ſwords, and ponyards, all bedyde with blood and poyſons." She preſents the ſword with which Queen Dido ſlew herſelf:

Lo here (quoth ſhee) the blade that Did' of Carthage hight, &c.

Cordelia takes this ſword, but "doubtfull yet to dye." Deſpair then repreſents to her the ſtate and power which ſhe enjoyed in France, her troops of attendants, and the pleaſures of the court ſhe had left. She then points out her preſent melancholy condition and dreary ſituation:

Shee ſhewde mee all the dongeon where I ſate,
The dankiſh walles, the darkes, and bade mee ſmell
And byde the ſauour, if I like it well.

Cordelia gropes for the ſword or "fatall knife" in the dark, which Deſpair places in her hand:

Deſpayre in this to ayde my ſenceles limmes was glad,
And gaue the blade: to end my woes ſhee bad.

At length, Cordelia's ſight fails her ſo that ſhe can ſee only Deſpair, who exhorts her to ſtrike:

And by hir elbowe carian death for me did watch.

Deſpair at laſt gives the blow. The temptation of the "Redcroſſe" knight by Deſpair in Spenſer's *Faerie Queene*, ſeems to have been copied, yet with high improvements, from this ſcene. Theſe ſtanzas of Spenſer bear a ſtrong reſemblance to what I have cited from Cordelia's legend:

Then gan the villein[1] him to ouercraw,
And brought unto him ſwords, ropes, poiſon, fire,
And all that might him to perdition draw;
And bad him chooſe what death he would deſire:
For death was dew to him that had prouokt Gods ire.

But whenas none of them he ſaw him take,
He to him raught a dagger ſharpe and keene,
And gaue it him in hand: his hand did quake
And tremble like a leafe of Aſpin greene,
And troubled blood through his pale face was ſeene
To come and goe with tidings from the heart,
As it a running meſſenger had beene.
At laſt, reſolv'd to worke his finall ſmart,
He lifted up his hand, that backe againe did ſtart.[2]

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[1] That is, Deſpair.

[2] [*Faerie Queene*, Book I. canto ix. ſtanza 50-1, edit. Morris, 1869, pp. 59-60.]

The three firſt books of the *Faerie Queene* were publiſhed in 1590: Higgins' *Legend of Cordelia*, in [1574].

At length the whole was [republiſhed in 1610 with additions and a moderniſed text by Richard Niccols, under the old title, purporting now, however, to be "Newly Enlarged with a Laſt part called *A Winter nights Viſion*, being an Addition of *ſuch Tragedies, eſpecially famous, as are exempted* in the former Hiſtorie, with a Poem annexed, called *Englands Eliza.*"] Niccols arranged his edition thus. Higgins's Induction is at the head of the lives from [King Albanact the youngeſt ſon of] Brutus, to the Conqueſt; [and this portion compriſes the *ſecond Part*, originally printed in 1578, and written by Blenerhaſſet.] Thoſe from the Conqueſt to Lord Cromwell's legend, written by Drayton and now firſt added,[1] are introduced by Sackville's Induction. After this are placed ſuch lives as had been before omitted, ten in number, written by Niccols himſelf, with [*A Winter Nights Viſion* as] an Induction.[2] As it illuſtrates the hiſtory of this work, eſpecially of Sackville's ſhare in it, I will here inſert a part of Niccols's preface prefixed to thoſe tragedies which happened after the Conqueſt, beginning with that of [Roger Mortimer]. "Hauing hitherto continued the ſtorie from the firſt entrance of Brute into this Iland, with the Falles of ſuch Princes as were neuer before this time in one volume compriſed, I now proceed with the reſt, which take their beginning from the Conqueſt: whoſe pen-men being many and diuers, all diuerſlie affected in the method of this their Mirror, I purpoſe only to follow the intended ſcope of that moſt honorable perſonage, who by how much he did ſurpaſſe the reſt in the eminence of his noble condition, by ſo much he hath exceeded them all in the excellencie of his heroicall ſtile, which with a golden pen he hath limmed out to poſteritie in that worthie obiect of his minde the *Tragedie of the Duke of Buckingham*, and in his preface then intituled *Maſter Sackuils induction.* This worthy Preſident of learning, intending to perfect all this ſtorie himſelfe from the Conqueſt, being called to a more ſerious expence of his time in the great State affaires of his moſt royall Ladie and Soueraigne, left the diſpoſe thereof to M. Baldwine, M. Ferrers and others, the compoſers of theſe Tragedies, who continving their methode which was by way of dialogue or interlocvtion betwixt euery Tragedie, gaue it onely place before the Duke of Buckinghams Complaint, which order I ſince hauing altered, haue placed the induction in the beginning, with euery Tragedie following according to ſucceſſion and iuſt computation of time, which before was not obſerued."[3]

In the Legend of King Richard the Third, Niccols appears to have copied ſome paſſages from Shakeſpeare's Tragedy on that hiſtory. In the opening of the play Richard ſays,

[1] Drayton wrote three other legends on this plan, *Robert Duke of Normandy, Matilda, and Pierce Gaveſton*, [printed together in 1596, 12mo.]

[2] Fol. 555. [The *Viſion* is dedicated to the Earl of Nottingham in a ſonnet, which is not in all copies.]

[3] Fol. 253. Compare Baldwin's *Prologue* at fol. cxiv. b, edit. 1559, *ut ſupr.*

Now are our brows bound with victorious wreaths,
Our bruiſèd arms hung up for monuments:
Our ſtern alarums changed to merry meetings:
Our dreadfull marches to delightful meaſures.[1]
Grim-viſag'd War hath ſmooth'd his wrinkled front;
And now, inſtead of mounting barbèd ſteeds,
To fright the ſouls of fearful adverſaries,
He capers nimbly in a lady's chamber
To the laſcivious pleaſing of a lute.[2]

Theſe lines evidently gave riſe to part of Richard's ſoliloquy in Niccols' *Legend:*

The battels fought in field before
Were turn'd to meetings of ſweet amitie:
The war-god's thundring cannons dreadfull rore,
And ratling drum-ſounds warlike harmonie,
To ſweet-tun'd noiſe of pleaſing minſtralſie.

God Mars laid by his Launce and tooke his Lute,
And turn'd his rugged frownes to ſmiling lookes;
In ſtead of crimſon fields, warres fatall fruit,
He bathed his limbes in Cypris warbling brookes,
And ſet his thoughts vpon her wanton lookes.[3]

Part of the tent-ſcene in Shakeſpeare is alſo imitated by Niccols. Richard, ſtarting from his horrid dream, ſays:

Methought the ſouls of all that I had murder'd
Came to my tent; and every one did threat
To morrow's vengeance on the head of Richard.[4]

So Niccols:

I thought that all thoſe murthered ghoſts, whom I
By death had ſent to their vntimely graue,
With balefull noiſe about my tent did crie,
And of the heau'ns with ſad complaint did craue,
That they on guiltie wretch might vengeance haue:
To whom I thought the Iudge of heau'n gaue eare,
And gainſt me gaue a iudgement full of feare.[5]

But ſome of the ſtanzas immediately following, which are formed on Shakeſpeare's ideas, yet with ſome original imagination, will give the reader the moſt favourable idea of Niccols as a contributor to this work:

For loe, eftſoones, a thouſand helliſh hags
Leauing th' abode of their infernall cell,
Seaſing on me, my hatefull body drags

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[1] [A meaſure was, ſtrictly ſpeaking, a court-dance of a ſtately turn; but the word was alſo employed to expreſs dances in general. Steevens *apud* Shakſpeare.—*Park.*]

[2] Act i. Sc. 1. [Dyce's 2nd edit. v. 351.]

[3] [Sign. Ddd, edit. 1610.]

[4] Act v. Sc. [3. Dyce's ed. 1868, v. 449.] Drayton has alſo deſcribed theſe viſionary terrors of Richard. *Polyolb.* S. xxii. [edit. 1622, part ii. p. 58.]

"Where to the guiltie king, that black fore-running night,
Appeare the dreadful ghoſts of Henry and his ſonne,
Of his owne brother George and his two nephewes done
Moſt cruelly to death, and of his wife and friend
Lord Haſtings, with pale hands prepar'd as they would rend
Him peece-meale: at which oft he roreth in his ſleepe."

[5] Pag. 764.

From forth my bed into a place like hell,
Where feends did naught but bellow, howle and yell,
Who in ſterne ſtrife ſtood gainſt each other bent,
Who ſhould my hatefull bodie moſt torment.

Tormented in ſuch trance long did I lie,
Till extreme feare did rouze me where I lay,
And cauſ'd me from my naked bed to flie:
Alone within my tent I durſt not ſtay,
This dreadfull dreame my ſoule did ſo affray:
When wakte I was from ſleepe, I for a ſpace
Thought I had been in ſome infernall place.

About mine eares a buzzing feare ſtill flew,
My fainting knees languiſh for want of might;
Vpon my bodie ſtands an icie dew;
My heart is dead within, and with affright
The haire vpon my head doth ſtand vpright:
Each limbe abovt me quaking, doth reſemble
A riuers ruſh, that with the wind doth tremble.

Thus with my guiltie ſoules ſad torture torne
The darke nights diſmal houres I paſt away:
But at cockes crow, the meſſage of the morne,
My feare I did conceale, &c.[1]

If internal evidence was not a proof, we are ſure from other evidences that Shakeſpeare's tragedy preceded Niccols's legend. The tragedy was written about 1597. Niccols, at eighteen years of age, was admitted into Magdalen College in Oxford, in the year 1602.[2] It is eaſy to point out other marks of imitation. Shakeſpeare has taken nothing from Seagar's Richard the Third, printed in Baldwin's firſt edition in 1559. Shakeſpeare, however, probably catched the idea of the royal ſhades, in the ſame ſcene of the tragedy before us, appearing in ſucceſſion and ſpeaking to Richard and Richmond, from the general plan of the *Mirrour for Magiſtrates:* more eſpecially as many of Shakeſpeare's ghoſts there introduced, for inſtance, King Henry the Sixth, Clarence, Rivers, Haſtings and Buckingham, are the perſonages of five of the legends belonging to this poem.

## SECTION LI.

BY way of recapitulating what has been ſaid, and in order to give a connected and uniform view of the *Mirror for Magiſtrates* in its moſt complete and extended ſtate, its original contents and additions, I will here detail the ſubjects of this poem as they ſtand in this laſt, or Niccols's, edition of 1610, with reference to two preceding editions and ſome other incidental particularities.

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[1] Pag. 764.

[2] *Regiſtr. Univ. Oxon.* He retired to Magdalen Hall, where he was graduated in Arts, 1606. *Ibid.*

Niccols's edition [is divided into four portions: 1. The *Firſt Part of the Mirror for Magiſtrates*, as written and publiſhed by Higgins in 1574,[1] with omiſſions, but the addition of a Notice to the Reader by Niccols: 2. *The Laſt Part of the Mirror for Magiſtrates*, originally publiſhed in 1559 by Baldwin, and in 1574 and afterwards improperly made to follow the new ſeries of Lives by Higgins. So far the impreſſion of 1610, with the exception of certain modernizations introduced into the text and ſpelling, and the ſuppreſſion of two or three legends (as indicated preſently), follows that of 1587. The third diviſion, which is not, however, ſo marked, conſiſts of the *Second Part of the Mirror for Magiſtrates*, by Thomas Blenerhaſſet, printed in 1578, and here incorporated for the ſake of completeneſs. The fourth portion is new. The volume compriſes altogether the ſubjoined rather long catalogue of Lives.]

Albanact, youngeſt ſon of Brutus. Humber, King of the Huns. King Locrine, eldeſt ſon of Brutus. Queen Elſtride, concubine of Locrine. Sabrina, daughter of Locrine. King Madan. King Malin. King Mempric[ius.] King Bladud. Queen Cordila. Morgan, King of Albany. King Jago. Ferrex. Porrex. King Pinnar, ſlain by Mulmucius Donwallo [Dunwallon.] King Stater [of Scotland.] King Rudacke of Wales. [King Brennus.] King Kimarus. King Morindus. King Emerianus. King Chirinnus. King Varianus. [Lord] Nemius Irenglas, couſin to Caſſibelane. Julius Cæſar. Claudius Tiberius Nero. Caligula. King Guiderius. Lelius Hamo. Tiberius Druſus. Domitius Nero. Galba. [Silvius Otho.] Vitellius. Londric the Pict. Severus. Fulgentius, a Pict. Geta. Caracalla.[2] All theſe from Albanact, and in the ſame order, form the firſt part of Higgins's edition of the year 1587. But none of them [is] in Baldwin's collection; and, as I preſume, theſe lives are all written by Higgins. Then follow in Niccols's edition, King Caraſſus, Queen Helena, Vortiger, Uter Pendragon, Cadwallader, Sigebert, [Lady] Ebba, Egelred, Edric, and Harold, all written by Thomas Blener Haſſet, but never before printed. We have next with a new title, [the original work by Baldwin and his coadjutors, with a new Preface by Niccols, and the *Legend of Cromwell, Earl of Eſſex*, by Drayton, added at the end.] Then follow [the Lives found in the antecedent impreſſions of Baldwin's work, but ſomewhat more chronologically diſpoſed; but we have (which do not appear in the firſt ſeries) the legends of the Duke of Glouceſter, Eleanor Cobham, Cardinal Wolſey, and (as already pointed out) Lord Cromwell.] Another title then appears in Niccols's edition, *A Winter Nights Viſion.* Being an addition of ſvch Princes eſpecially famous, who were exempted in the former Hiſtorie. By Richard Niccols, Oxon. Magd. Hall. An Epiſtle to the Reader, and an elegant Sonnet to Lord Charles Howard, Lord High Admiral, both by

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[1] [Herbert notes that Higgins's *Induction*, which in the edition of 1575 makes twenty-one ſtanzas, is reduced here to ſeventeen.]

[2] [Harriſon's *Deſcript. of England*, lib. ii. c. 9.]

Niccols, are prefixed.[1] Then follows Niccols's *Induction* to theſe new lives.[2] They are, King Arthur, Edmund Ironſide, Prince Alfred, Godwin Earl of Kent, Robert Curthoſe [Duke of Normandy], King Richard the Firſt, King John, King Edward the Second, the two Young Princes murthered in the Tower, and King Richard the Third.[3] Our author, with but little propriety, has annexed "Englands Eliza, or the Victoriovs and Trivmphant Reigne of that Virgin Empreſſe of Sacred memorie Elizabeth, Queene of England," &c. This is a title-page. Then follows a Sonnet "to the Vertvovs Ladie the Lady Elizabeth Clere, wife to Sir Francis Clere," and an Epiſtle to the Reader. A very poetical Induction is prefixed to the *Eliza*, which contains the hiſtory of Queen Elizabeth, then juſt dead, in the octave ſtanza. Niccols, however, has not entirely preſerved the whole of the old collection, although he made large additions. He has omitted King James the Firſt of Scotland, which appears in Baldwin's edition of 1559,[4] and in Higgins's of 1587.[5] He has alſo omitted, and probably for the ſame obvious reaſon, King James the Fourth of Scotland, which we find in Higgins.[6] Nor has Niccols retained the Battle of Flodden Field, which is in Higgins's edition.[7] Niccols has alſo omitted Seagar's King Richard the Third, which firſt occurs in Baldwin's edition of 1559,[8] and afterwards in Higgins's of 1587.[9] But Niccols has written a new Legend on this ſubject, cited above, and one of the beſt of his additional lives.[10] This edition by Niccols was never reprinted; [but freſh titles were added to the unſold copies in 1619, 1620, and 1621.]

The *Mirrour for Magiſtrates* is obliquely ridiculed in Hall's *Satires*, publiſhed in 1597:

> Another, whoſe more heauie hearted Saint
> Delights in nought but notes of rufull plaint,
> Vrgeth his melting Muſe with ſollem teares,
> Rime of ſome drerie fates of luckleſſe peeres.
> Then brings he vp ſome branded whining ghoſt
> To tell how old Misfortunes had him toſt.[11]

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[1] From the Sonnet it appears that our author Niccols was on board Howard's ſhip the Arke, when Cadiz was taken. This was in 1596. See alſo pag. 861, ſtanz. iv.

[2] From pag. 555. [3] Ending with pag. 769.

[4] At fol. xlii. b. [5] Fol. 137, b.

[6] Fol. 253, a. [At fol. 23 of] Ulpian Fulwell's *Flower of Fame*, [written] in proſe and verſe, in praiſe of the reign of Henry the Eighth, 1575, is [*The Lamentable Complaint of King James of Scotland, who was ſlayne at Scottiſh Fielde. Anno* 1513, fol. 22 b. See Laing's ſuppl. to his edit. of Dunbar, 1865, 287-90. Annexed [to Fulwell's book] is a panegyric of three of the ſame Henry's *noble and vertuous queenes*, and "The ſervice done at Haddington in Scotland the ſeconde year of the reigne of King Edward the Sixt."—*Harl. Miſcell.* edit. Park, ix., where Fulwell's volume is reprinted, and *Biſhop Percy's Folio MS.* 1867, ed. Furnivall and Hales, i. 199 *et ſeq.* and 313-18.]

[7] Fol. 256, a. [8] Fol. cxlvii. b.

[9] Fol. 230, b. [10] Pag. 750.

[11] B. i. Sat. v. But in *Certaine Satyres*, by John Marſton, ſubjoined to his *Pygmalions Image*, an academical-critical is abuſed for affecting to cenſure this poem. Sat. iv. This is undoubtedly our author Hall juſt quoted. (See Marſton's *Scovrge of Villanie*, 159[8], lib. iii. Sat. x):

That it ſhould have been the object even of an ingenious ſatiriſt, is ſo far from proving that it wanted either merit or popularity, that the contrary concluſion may be juſtly inferred. It was, however, at length ſuperſeded by the growing reputation of [William Warner's] *Albions England*, publiſhed [in 1586, but not completed till 1606.][1] That it was in high eſteem throughout the reign of Queen Elizabeth, appears not only from its numerous editions, but from the teſtimony of Sir Philip Sidney, and other cotemporary writers.[2] It is ranked among the moſt faſhionable pieces of the times, in the metrical preface prefixed to Jaſper Heywood's *Thyeſtes* of Seneca, tranſlated into Engliſh verſe, and publiſhed in 1560. It muſt be remembered that only Baldwin's part had yet appeared, and that the tranſlator is ſuppoſed to be ſpeaking to Seneca:

In Lyncolnes Inne, and Temples twayne,
Grayes Inne, and many mo,
Thou ſhalt them fynde whoſe paynefull pen
Thy verſe ſhall floriſhe ſo;
That Melpomen, thou wouldſt well weene,
Had taught them for to wright,
And all their woorks with ſtately ſtyle
And goodly grace to endight.
There ſhalt thou ſe the ſelfe ſame Northe,
Whoſe woork his witte diſplayes;
And Dyall doth of Princes paynte,
And preache abroade his prayſe.[3]
There Sackvyldes Sonnets[4] ſweetly ſauſte,

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"Fond cenſurer! why ſhould thoſe *Mirrors* ſeeme
So vile to thee? which better iudgements deeme
Exquiſite then, and in our poliſh'd times
May run for ſencefull tollerable lines.
What not *mediocria firma* from thy ſpight?
But muſt thy enuious hungry fangs needs light
On *Magiſtrates Mirrour?* Muſt thou needs detract
And ſtriue to worke his antient honors wrack?
What, ſhall not Roſamond, or Gaueſton,
Ope their ſweet lips without detraction?
But muſt our moderne Critticks enuious eye," &c.

The two laſt pieces indeed do not properly belong to this collection, and are only on the ſame plan. *Roſamond* is Daniel's *Complaint of Roſamond*, and *Gaueſton* is Drayton's monologue on that ſubject.

[1] [Wood gives it as his report, that the *Mirror for Magiſtrates* was eſteemed the beſt piece of poetry of thoſe times, if *Albions England* (which was by ſome preferred) did not ſtand in its way. *Ath. Oxon.* i. 402.—*Park.*]

[2] Sydney ſays, "I eſteem the *Mirrour of Magiſtrates* to be furniſhed of beautifull partes." He then mentions Surrey's lyric pieces. *Defence of Poeſie*, fol. 561, ad calc. *Arcad.* Lond. 1629, fol. Sidney died in 1586. So that this was written before Niccols's additions.

[3] Sir Thomas North, ſecond ſon of Edward lord North of Kirtling, tranſlated from French into Engliſh Antonio Guevara's *Horologium Principum*. This tranſlation was printed in 1557, and dedicated to Queen Mary. This is the book mentioned in the text. North ſtudied in Lincoln's Inn in the reign of Mary. [He is alſo the author of a well-known verſion of Plutarch's *Lives*, 1579, and of the Engliſh tranſlation (under the title of *The Moral Philoſophy of Doni*) of the *Fables of Bilpay*, 1570].

[4] Sackville, Lord Buckhurſt, the contributor to the *Mirrour for Magiſtrates*. I

And featly fyned bee:
There Nortons ditties do delight,
There Yelvertons[1] do flee
Well pewrde with pen: ſuch yong men three
As weene thou mightſt agayne,
To be begotte as Pallas was
Of myghtie Jove his brayne.
There heare thou ſhalt a great reporte
Of Baldwynes worthie name,
Whoſe Mirrour doth of Magiſtrates
Proclayme eternall fame.
And there the gentle Blunduille[2] is
By name and eke by kynde,
Of whom we learne by Plutarches lore
What frute by foes to fynde.
There Bauande bydes,[3] that turnde his toyle
A common wealth to frame,
And greater grace in Engliſh gyves
To woorthy authors name.
There Gouge a gratefull gaynes hath gotte,
Reporte that runneth ryfe;
Who crooked compaſſe doth deſcribe
And Zodiake of lyfe.[4]

A pryncely place in Parnaſſe hill
For theſe there is preparde,
Whence crowne of glitteryng glorie hangs
For them a right rewarde.
Whereas the lappes of Ladies nyne
Shall dewly them defende,
That have preparde the lawrell leafe
About theyr heddes to bende.
And where their pennes ſhall hang full high, &c.

Theſe, he adds, are alone qualified to tranſlate Seneca's tragedies.

In [Edward Hake's] *Touch-ſtone of Wittes*, chiefly compiled, with

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have never ſeen his *Sonnets*, which would be a valuable acceſſion to our old poetry. But probably the term Sonnets here means only verſes in general, and may ſignify nothing more than his part in the *Mirrour for Magiſtrates*, and his *Gorboduc*. [Mr. Haſlewood obſerves, that the lines in the text were "in print before either the communication was made to the *Mirrour for Magiſtrates*, or the play performed," and that a ſonnet by Sackville is prefixed to Hoby's tranſlation of *Caſtiglione*, 1561.—*Price*.]

[1] The Epilogue to Gaſcoigne's *Jocaſta*, acted at Gray's-Inn in 1566, was written by Chriſtopher Yelverton, a ſtudent of that inn, afterwards a knight and a judge. I have never ſeen his *Ditties* here mentioned.

[2] Thomas Blundeville of Newton-Flotman in Norfolk, from whence his dedication to Lord Leiceſter of an Engliſh verſion of [Firmo Appoggio's] Spaniſh tract on *Counſels and Counſelors* is dated, Apr. 1, 1570. [See *Herbert*, fol. 701.] He printed many other proſe pieces, chiefly tranſlations. His *Plutarch* mentioned in the text, is perhaps a manuſcript in the Britiſh Muſeum, *Plutarchs Commentary that learning is requiſite to a prince*, tranſlated into Engliſh meeter by Thomas Blundevile, MSS. *Reg.* 18. A. 43. [But ſee *Handb. E. E. Lit.* Art. BLUNDEVILLE.]

[3] William Bavande, a ſtudent in the Middle-Temple, tranſlated into Engliſh Ferrarius Montanus *De recta Reipublicæ Adminiſtratione*. Dated from the Middle-Temple, in a Dedication to Queen Elizabeth, Decemb. 20, 1559. He was of Oxford.

[4] Barnaby Googe's Palingenius will be ſpoken of hereafter.

ſome ſlender additions, from William Webbe's *Diſcourſe of Engliſh Poetrie*, and printed in 1588, this poem is mentioned with applauſe. "Then have we the *Mirrour of Magiſtrates* lately augmented by my friend mayſter John Higgins, and penned by the choyſeſt learned wittes, which for the ſtately-proportioned uaine of the heroick ſtyle, and good meetly proportion of uerſe, may challenge the beſt of Lydgate, and all our late rhymers."[1] That ſenſible old Engliſh critic Edmund Bolton, in a general criticiſm on the ſtyle of our moſt noted poets before the year 1600,[2] places the *Mirrour for Magiſtrates* in a high rank. It is under that head of his *Hypercritica*, entitled "Prime Gardens for gathering Engliſh according to the true gage or ſtandard of the tongue about fifteen or ſixteen years ago." The extract is a curious piece of criticiſm, as written by a judicious cotemporary. Having mentioned our proſe writers, the chief of which are More,

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[1] Fol. vii. in duodecim. [For a liſt of Hake's works, ſee *Handb. of E. E. Lit.* 1867. The editor has never met with his *Touchſtone of Wittes*, 1588.] At the end of the "Epiſtle dedicatorie to his knowne friende Mayſter Edward Godfrey, merchant" [prefixed to his *Touchſtone for this time preſent*, 1574], his name Edward Hake is ſubſcribed at length. Annexed is, "A Compendious fourme of education to be diligently obſerued of all parentes and ſcholemaſters in the trayning vp of their children and ſchollers in learning. Gathered into Engliſhe meeter by Edward Hake." It is an epitome of a Latin tract *De pueris ſtatim ac liberaliter inſtituendis*. In the dedication to maiſter John Harlowe his approued friende, he calls himſelf an attourney in the Common Pleas, obſerving at the ſame time, that the "name of an Attourney in the common place [pleas] is now a dayes growen into contempt." He adds another circumſtance of his life, that he was educated under John Hopkins, whom I ſuppoſe to be the tranſlator of the Pſalms. "You being trained vp together with me your poore ſchoolfello with the inſtructions of that learned and exquiſite teacher, Maiſter JOHN HOPKINS, that worthy ſchoolemaiſter, nay rather that moſt worthy parent vnto all children committed to his charge of education. Of whoſe memory, if I ſhould in ſuch an opportunity as this is, be forgetful," &c. I will give a ſpecimen of this little piece, which ſhews at leaſt that he learned verſification under his maſter Hopkins. He is ſpeaking of the Latin tongue. (Signat. G 4.)

Whereto, as hath been ſayde before,
The Fables do inuite,
With morall ſawes in couert tales:
Whereto agreeth rite
Fine Comedies with pleaſure ſawſt,
Which, as it were by play,
Do teache unto philoſophie
A perfit ready way.
So as nathles we carefull be
To auoyde all bawdie rimes,
And wanton ieſtes of poets vayne,
That teache them filthie crimes.
Good ſtories from the Bible chargde,
And from ſome civill ſtyle
As Quintus Curtius and ſuch like,
To reade them other while, &c.

Compare Ames, p. 322, 389.

[2] [But not written till 1616, as he mentions Biſhop Montague's edition of the works of James I. which was publiſhed in that year. See *infra*.—PARK. Bolton, whether a good critic or not, was an eaſy and elegant writer, with much nerve and individuality of ſtyle. Some of his contributions to *Englands Helicon*, 1600, have a great deal of merit.]

Sidney, Queen Elizabeth, Hooker, Savile, Cardinal Alan, Bacon, and Raleigh, he proceeds thus: "In verſe there are Ed. Spencer's Hymns.[1] I cannot adviſe the allowance of other his Poems as for practick Engliſh, no more than I can do Jeff. Chaucer, Lydgate, Pierce Ploughman, or Laureat Skelton. It was laid as a fault to the charge of Saluſt, that he uſed ſome old outworn words ſtoln out of Cato his books de Originibus. And for an Hiſtorian in our Tongue to affect the like out of thoſe our poets, would be accounted a foul Overſight. My judgment is nothing at all in Poems or Poeſie, and therefore I dare not go far, but will ſimply deliver my Mind concerning thoſe Authors among us, whoſe Engliſh hath in my Conceit moſt propriety, and is neareſt to the Phraſe of Court, and to the Speech uſed among the noble, and among the better ſort in London: the two ſovereign Seats, and as it were Parliament tribunals, to try the queſtion in. Brave language are Chapman's Iliads, thoſe I mean which were tranſlated into teſſara-decaſyllabons, or lines of fourteen ſyllables. The works of Sam. Daniel contain'd ſomewhat aflat, but yet withal a very pure and copious Engliſh, and words as warrantable as any Mans, and fitter perhaps for Proſe than Meaſure. Michael Draiton's Heroical Epiſtles are well worth the reading alſo for the Purpoſe of our Subject, which is to furniſh an Engliſh Hiſtorian with Choice and Copy of Tongue. Queen Elizabeth's verſes, thoſe which I have ſeen and read, ſome extant in the elegant, witty and artificial Book of the *Art of Engliſh Poetrie*, the work, as the fame is, of one of her Gentlemen Penſioners, Puttenham, are Princely, as her Proſe. Never muſt be forgotten *St. Peter's Complaint*, and thoſe other ſerious poems ſaid to be father Southwell's: the Engliſh whereof, as it is moſt proper, ſo the ſharpneſs and Light of Wit is very rare in them. Noble Henry Conſtable was a great Maſter in Engliſh Tongue, nor had any Gentleman of our Nation a more pure, quick, or higher Delivery of Conceit, witneſs among all other that Sonnet[2] of his before his Majeſty's *Lepanto*. I have not ſeen much of S[r] Edward Dyer's Poetry.[3] Among the

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[1] The pieces mentioned in this extract will be conſidered in their proper places.

[2] [A very poor ſpecimen of Conſtable's poetic talent, the praiſe of which confers an equal honour on Bolton's critical judgement.—*Park.*]

[3] [Puttenham ſays, "For dittie and amourous Ode I finde Sir Walter Rawleyghs vayne moſt loftie, inſolent, and paſſionate, Maiſter Edward Dyar, for Elegie moſt ſweete, ſolempne, and of high conceit." Lib. i. c. 31. To this paſſage Drummond thus adverted, in his converſation with Ben Jonſon, "He who writeth the arte of Engliſh poeſy, praiſeth much Rawleigh and Dyer; but their works are ſo few that are come to my hands, I cannot well ſay any thing of them."—*Drummond's Works*, p. 226, 1711, fol.

[It is the further remark of Mr. Ellis that the lot of Dyer, as a poet, has been rather ſingular: "His name is generally coupled with that of Sir P. Sidney and the moſt faſhionable writers of the age; and yet Bolton, who was almoſt a contemporary critic, profeſſes not to have ſeen much of his poetry." *Specim. of Engl. Poets*, ii. 186.]

[Dyer publiſhed in 1585 a proſe tract, entitled *The Prayſe of Nothing*. In 1588, his tranſlation of *Sixe Idillia*, or Œglogues from Theocritus, in verſe, came from the preſs. He has two or three pieces in the Cornwallis MS.] In the *Paradiſe*

leſſer late poets, George Gaſcoign's Works may be endured. But the beſt of thoſe times, if Albion's England be not preferred, for our buſineſs is the *Mirrour of Magiſtrates*, and in that *Mirrour*, Sackvil's *Induction*, the work of Thomas afterward earl of Dorſet and lord treaſurer of England: whoſe alſo the famous Tragedy of *Gordobuc* was the beſt of that time even in S^r^. Phil. Sidney's Judgment; and all ſkillful Engliſh men cannot but aſcribe as much thereto, for his Phraſe and Eloquence therein. But before in Age, if not alſo in Noble, Courtly, and Luſtrous Engliſh, is that of the Songs and Sonnets of Henry Howard Earl of Surrey, (ſon of that victorious Prince the Duke of Norfolk, and father of that learned Howard his moſt lively image Henry earl of Northampton,) written chiefly by him, and by S^r^. Tho. Wiat, not the dangerous Commotioner, but his worthy Father. Nevertheleſs, they who moſt commend thoſe Poems and exerciſes of honourable Wit, if they have ſeen that incomparable Earl of Surrey his Engliſh Tranſlation of Virgil's Æneids which, for a book or two, he admirably rendreth, almoſt Line for Line, will bear me witneſs that thoſe other were Foils and Sportives. The Engliſh Poems of S^r^. Walter Raleigh, of John Donn, of Hugh Holland, but eſpecially of Sir Foulk Grevile in his matchleſs *Muſtapha*, are not eaſily to be mended. I dare not preſume to ſpeak of his Majeſty's Exerciſes in this Heroick Kind. Becauſe I ſee them all left out in that Edition which Montague lord biſhop of Wincheſter hath given us of his royal Writings. But if I ſhould declare mine own Rudeneſs rudely, I ſhould then confeſs, that I never taſted Engliſh more to my liking, nor more ſmart, and put to the height of Uſe in Poetry, then in that vital, judicious, and moſt practicable Language of Benjamin Jonſon's Poems." [1]

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*of daynty deuyſes* one poem ſigned M. D. is preſumed by Ritſon in his *Bibliographia* to denote Maſter Dyer. Six pieces preſerved in *Englands Helicon* are warrantably aſſigned to him; other ſhort poems occur among the Rawlinſon MSS. in the Bodleian library, and one of them bears the popular burden, of "My mind to me a kingdom is;" [of which nearly the earlieſt mention in print is ſuppoſed to occur in Breton's *Court and Country*, 1618 (*Inedited Tracts*, Roxburghe Library, 1868). See alſo *Handb. of E. E. Lit.* Art. DYER, Nicolas's *Life of Hatton*, and *Three Proper and Wittie Familiar Letters*, 1580.]

[The time of Sir Edward Dyer's birth [is uncertain; he died at Southwark, in May, 1607]. According to Aubrey he was of the ſame family as the judge, and proved a great ſpendthrift. Aubrey ſtyles him of Sharpham park, Somerſetſhire. He was educated at Oxford, and as Wood intimates, at Baliol College. Obtaining the character of a well-bred man, and having Sidney and other diſtinguiſhed perſons for his aſſociates, he was taken into the ſervice of the court. By Queen Elizabeth he was ſent on ſeveral embaſſies, particularly to Denmark in 1589, and had the chancellorſhip of the garter conferred on him at his return, with the honour of knighthood. It is not improbable that his property was ſquandered, as Aubrey affirms it to have been, by his credulous attachment to roſicruſian chemiſtry under thoſe infatuated devotees Dr. Dee and Edward Kelly. The "Sheapheardes Logike," a folio MS., cited in the Britiſh Bibliographer, ii. 276, has dedicatory verſes by Abr. Fraunce, to the "ryght worſhypful Mr. Edwarde Dyer." —*Park. The Sheepheardes Logike* was printed in 1588, under the title of *The Lawiers Logicke*; but between the printed copy and the MS. here noticed there are conſiderable differences.]

[1] Bolton's *Hypercritica* (1616), ed. 1722, Addreſs iv. ſect. 3.] Firſt printed by

Among ſeveral proofs of the popularity of this poem afforded by our old comedies, I will mention one in George Chapman's *Mayday* printed in 1611. A gentleman of the moſt elegant taſte for reading, and highly accompliſhed in the current books of the times, is

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Anthony Hall, (at the end of Trivet. Annal. Cont. And Ad. Murimuth. Chron.) 1722. The MS. is among Cod. MSS. A. Wood, Mus. Aſhmol. 8471, 9, quarto, with a few notes by Wood. This judicious little tract was occaſioned by a paſſage in Sir Henry Saville's Epiſtle prefixed to his edition of our old Latin hiſtorians, 1596. *Hypercrit.*, p. 217. Hearne has printed that part of it which contains a Vindication of Jeffrey of Monmouth, without knowing the author's name. *Gul. Neubrig. Præfat. Append.* Num. iii. p. lxxvii. vol. i. See *Hypercrit.* p. 204. Bolton's principal work now extant is *Nero Cæſar, or Monarchie depraved, an Hiſtorical Worke.* 1624. This book, which is the life of that emperor, and is adorned with plates of many curious and valuable medals, is dedicated to George Duke of Buckingham, to whom Bolton ſeems to have been a retainer. (See Hearne's *Lel. Collectan.* vol. vi. p. 60, edit. 1770.) In it he ſupports a ſpecious theory that Stonehenge was a monument erected by the Britains to Boadicea, ch. xxv. At the end is his *Hiſtorical Parallel* ſhewing the difference between epitomes and juſt hiſtories, "heretofore privately written to my good and noble friend Endymion Porter, one of the gentlemen of the Prince's chamber." He inſtances in the accounts given by Florus and Polybius of the battle between Hannibal and Scipio: obſerving, that generalities are not ſo intereſting as facts and circumſtances, and that Florus gives us "in proper words the flowers and tops of noble matter, but Polybius ſets the things themſelves, in all their neceſſary parts, before our eyes." He therefore concludes, "that all *ſpacious mindes*, attended with the felicities of means and leiſure, will fly abridgements as bane." He publiſhed, however, an Engliſh verſion of Florus. He wrote the Life of the Emperor Tiberius, never printed. *Ner. Cæſ.* ut ſupr. p. 82. He deſigned a General Hiſtory of England. *Hypercrit.* p. 240. In the Britiſh Muſeum there is the manuſcript draught of a book entitled *Agon Heroicus, or concerning arms and armories, by Edmund Boulton.* MSS. Cott. Fauſtin. E i. 7, fol. 63. [Printed in 1610.] And in the ſame library, his *Proſopopeia Baſilica*, a Latin poem upon the tranſlation of the body of Mary Queen of Scots in 1612, from Peterborough to Weſtminſter Abbey. MSS. Cott. Tit. A 13, 23. He compiled the Life of King Henry the Second for *Speed's Chronicle:* but Bolton being a Catholic, and ſpeaking too favourably of Becket, another Life was written by Doctor John Barcham, dean of Bocking. See *The Surfeit to A. B. C.* p. 22, written by [Philip King, 1657, reprinted in *Reliquiæ Hearnianæ*, 1857, Append.] Compare *Hypercrit.* p. 220. Another work in the walk of philological antiquity was his *Vindiciæ Britannicæ, or London righted,*" &c. Never printed, but prepared for the preſs by the author. Among other ingenious paradoxes, the principal aim of this treatiſe is to prove, that London was a great and flouriſhing city in the time of Nero; and that conſequently Julius Cæſar's general deſcription of all the Britiſh towns, in his Commentaries, is falſe and unjuſt. Hugh Howard, eſquire (ſee *Gen. Dict.* iii. 446), had a fair manuſcript of this book, very accurately written in a thin folio of forty-five pages. It is not known when or where he died. One Edmund Bolton, moſt probably the ſame, occurs as a Convictor, that is, an independent member, of Trinity College, Oxford, under the year 1586. In *Archiv.* ibid.

A few particularities relating to this writer's *Nero Cæſar*, and ſome other of his pieces, may be ſeen in Hearne's MSS. Coll. vol. 50, p. 125; vol. 132, p. 943 vol. 52, pp. 171, 192, 186, [and in *Reliq. Hearn.* 1857, 299, 306.] See alſo Original Letters from Anſtis to Hearne. MSS. Bibl. Bodl. Rawlins. I add, that Bolton has a Latin copy of recommendatory verſes, in company with George Chapman, Hugh Holland, Donne, Selden, Beaumont, Fletcher, and others, prefixed to Jonſon's Works, 1616.

[An original letter from E. Bolton to the Earl of Northampton, dated 11th March 1611, occurs among the Cotton MSS. Titus B. v.—*Park.*]

called "One that has read Marcus Aurelius, Geſta Romanorum, and the *Mirrour of Magiſtrates.*"

The books of poetry which abounded in the reign of Queen Elizabeth, and were more numerous than any other kinds of writing in our language, gave birth to two collections of *Flowers* ſelected from the works of the moſt faſhionable poets. The firſt of theſe is *Englands Parnaſſus*, [printed in 1600, 8vo., the compilation of Robert Allot, whom the late Mr. Hunter conjectured[1] to be the perſon of that name who was fellow of St. John's College, Cambridge, and Linacre Profeſſor of Phyſic. This volume was dedicated to Sir Thomas Mounſon, Knight, by the editor who, in at leaſt one extant copy, ſubſcribes his name in full, but more uſually his initials only occur.[2]] The latter alſo appear, ſubſcribed to two Sonnets prefixed, one to Sir Thomas Mounſon, and the other to the Reader. The other compilation of this ſort is entitled, *Belvidere, or the Garden of the Muſes*, 1600, [8vo.] The compiler [was] John Bodenham.[3]

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[1] [Hunter's *New Illuſtrations of Shakeſpeare*, vol. i. p. 130, *note*. The publiſher of the ſame name, who flouriſhed at a later period, Mr. Hunter ſuppoſes to have been one of the younger ſons of Edward Allot, of Crigleſton, near Wakefield, [co. York.]

[2] A copy which I have ſeen has R. Allot, inſtead of R. A. There is a cotemporary bookſeller of that name. But in a little book of *Epigrams* by John Weever, printed in 1599 (12mo.), I find the following compliment:

"Ad Ro. Allot et Chr. Middleton.

"Quicke are your wits, ſharp your conceits,
Short, and *more ſweete* your layes;
Quicke but no wit, ſharpe no conceit,
Short and *leſſe ſweete* my Praiſe."

[The following hexameters by Rob. Allott were prefixed to Chr. Middleton's *Legend of Duke Humphrey*, 1600:

"Ad Chriſtopherum Middletonum. Hexaſtichon.
"Illuſtri Humphredi genio tua Muſa parentans,
Vera refert, generoſa canit, memoranda revolvit
Virtuti, et laudi ſtatuam dans, dat ſimul ipſi.
Non opus eſt veſtræ Muſæ, tum carmine noſtro,
Nec opus eſt noſtræ radiis involvere Phœbum;
Quid ſatis ornatam Muſam phalerare juvabit?"

Two copies of Engliſh verſes follow, by Mich. Drayton and John Weever. Theſe may be ſeen in the *Harleian Miſcellany*, vol. x. pp. 165, 166.—*Park.*]

[3] But the compiler does not cite the names of the poets with the extracts. This work is ridiculed in *The Return from Parnaſſus*, 1606. Judicio ſays: "Conſidering the furies of the times, I could better ſee thoſe young can-quaffing huckſters ſhoot off their pelletts, ſo they could keep them from theſe *Engliſh Flores poetarum;* but now the world is come to that paſs, that there ſtarts up every day an old gooſe that ſits hatching up thoſe eggs which have been filched from the neſt of crowes and keſtrels," &c. Act i. Sc. ii. [Hawkins's *Origin of the Engliſh Drama*, 1773, vol. iii. p. 210.] Then follows a criticiſm on Spenſer, Conſtable, Lodge, Daniel, Watſon, Drayton, Davis, Marſton, Marlowe, Churchyard, Naſhe, Lock, and Hudſon Churchyard is commended for his *Legend of Shores Wife* in the *Mirrour for Magiſtrates:*

"Hath not Shores Wife, although a lightſkirts ſhe,
Given him a long and laſting memory?"

By the way, in *Pymlico, or Run Redcap*, 1596, the well-frequented play of *Shore* is mentioned with *Pericles Prince of Tyre*. From Beaumont and Fletcher's

In both of theſe, eſpecially the former, the *Mirrour for Magiſtrates* is cited at large, and has a conſpicuous ſhare. Allot's is much the mo[re] complete performance of the two. The method is by far more judicious, the extracts more copious, and made with a degree of taſte. With the extracts he reſpectively cites the names of the poets, which are as follow: Thomas Achelly, Thomas Baſtard, George Chapman, Thomas Churchyard, Henry Conſtable, Samuel Daniel, John Davies, Michael Drayton, Thomas Dekker, Edward Fairfax, Charles Fitz-Jeffrey, Abraham Fraunce, George Gaſcoigne, Edward Gilpin, Robert Greene, Fulke Greville, Sir John Harington, John Higgins, Thomas Hudſon, James King of Scots [*i. e.* James the Firſt], Benjamin Jonſon, Thomas Kyd, Thomas Lodge, [M. M. i. e. *Mirrour for Magiſtrates*], Chriſtopher Marlowe, Jarvis Markham, John Marſton, Chriſtopher Middleton, Thomas Naſhe, [Vere] Earl of Oxford, George Peele, Matthew Roydon, Maſter Sackvile, William Shakeſpeare, Sir Philip Sidney, Edmund Spenſer, Thomas Storer, [H. Howard] Earl of Surrey, Joſhua Sylveſter, George Turbervile, William Warner, Thomas Watſon, John Weever, Sir Thomas Wyat. [*Englands Parnaſſus* was edited in a very ſlovenly faſhion by Allot himſelf, and again by the conductor of a reprint in *Heliconia*. Mr. Collier has included it in his *Seven Engliſh Poetical Miſcellanies*, 1867, and has aſſigned, wherever it was practicable, each extract to its true author.] But the moſt comprehenſive and exact Common-place of the works of our moſt eminent poets throughout the reign of Queen Elizabeth, and afterwards, was publiſhed [in 1738] by Mr. Thomas Hayward, of Hungerford in Berkſhire, viz., *The Britiſh Muſe, a Collection of Thoughts, Moral, Natural, and Sublime, of our Engliſh Poets, who flouriſhed in the ſixteenth and ſeventeenth Centuries. With ſeveral curious Topicks, and beautiful Paſſages, never before extracted, from Shakeſpeare, Jonſon, Beaumont, Fletcher, and above a Hundred more. The whole digeſted alphabetically, &c. In three volumes.* 1738. The *Preface*, of twenty pages, was written by Mr. William Oldys, with the ſuperviſal and corrections of his friend, Doctor Campbell. This anecdote I learn from a manuſcript inſertion by Oldys in my copy of Allot's *Englands Parnaſſus*, above mentioned, which once belonged to Oldys.[1] At the latter end of the reign of Queen Elizabeth, as I am informed from ſome curious manuſcript authorities,[2] a thin quarto in the black letter was publiſhed, with this title, *The Mirrour of Mirrours, or all*

*Knight of the Burning Peſtle*, written [about 1610,] *Jane Shore* appears to have been a celebrated tragedy. [See Halliwell's *Dictionary of Old Plays*, 1860, in v.] And in the *Stationer's Regiſter* (Oxenbridge and Buſby, Aug. 28, 1599), occurs, *The Hiſtory of the Life and Death of Maſter Shore and Jane Shore his wife, as it was lately acted by the Earl of Derbie his ſervants.*

[1] Hayward's *Britiſh Muſe* was in 1740 entitled *The Quinteſſence of Engliſh Poetry*, and the name of Mr. Oldys was added as author of the *Preface*. Other collections of a ſimilar kind had been previouſly publiſhed by Poole, Byſshe, and Gildon.—*Park.*]

[2] From manuſcripts of Mr. Coxeter, of Trinity College, Oxford, lately in the hands of Mr. Wiſe, Radclivian Librarian at Oxford, containing extracts from the

*the tragedys of the Mirrour for Magiſtrates abbreuiated in breefe hiſtories in proſe. Very neceſſary for thoſe that haue not the Cronicle. London, imprinted* [*by*] *James Roberts in Barbican*, 1598. This was an attempt to familiariſe and illuſtrate this favourite ſeries of hiſtoric ſoliloquies: or a plan to preſent its ſubjects, which were now become univerſally popular in rhyme, in the dreſs of proſe.

It is reaſonable to ſuppoſe that the publication of the *Mirrour for Magiſtrates* enriched the ſtores, and extended the limits, of our drama. Theſe lives are ſo many tragical ſpeeches in character. We have ſeen that they ſuggeſted ſcenes to Shakeſpeare. Some critics imagine that hiſtorical plays owed their origin to this collection. At leaſt it is certain that the writers of this *Mirror* were the firſt who made a poetical uſe of the Engliſh chronicles recently compiled by Fabyan, Hall, and Hollinſhed, which opened a new field of ſubjects and events, and, I may add, produced a great revolution in the ſtate of popular knowledge. For before thoſe elaborate and voluminous compilations appeared, the Hiſtory of England, which had been ſhut up in the Latin narratives of the monkiſh annaliſts, was unfamiliar and almoſt unknown to the general reader.

[Among the hiſtorical poems which ſeem to have been written in imitation of thoſe entitled *The Mirrour for Magiſtrates*, perhaps with an intention of being engrafted on the popular ſtock of Baldwin and Higgins, muſt be noticed the *Legend of Mary Queen of Scots*, firſt publiſhed from an original MS. by Mr. Fry, of Kingſdown near Briſtol, in 1810, and attributed by its editor to the pen of Thomas Wenman in 1601: a writer, of whom nothing material has ſince been added to the ſhort account of Wood, which deſcribes him as an excellent ſcholar,[1] who took his degree of M.A. in 1590, was afterwards Fellow of Balliol College, and public orator of the Univerſity of Oxford in 1594. The editor claims for this hiſtoric legend a higher rank than what Mr. Warton has aſſigned to the generality of the rhyming chronicles contained in the *Mirror for Magiſtrates:* but I rather doubt whether our poetical hiſtorian would have ratified the claim; ſince it appears to run ſingularly parallel in its conſtruction, in its rhythmical cadence and verſification, to the greater portion of the pieces in that once popular collection:

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copyrights of our old printers, and regiſters of the Stationers, with ſeveral other curious notices of that kind. Ames had many of Coxeter's papers. He died in London, April 19, 1747 [of a fever, which grew from a cold he caught at an auction of books over Exeter 'Change, or by ſitting up late at the tavern afterwards. See Oldys's MSS. notes on Langbaine in the Britiſh Muſeum, p. 353. Coxeter was the original editor of Dodſley's old Plays, and an early writer in the *Biographia Britannica*. Ames makes an acknowledgment to him for many hints in his *Typographical Antiquities*. A daughter of his, advanced in years, received pecuniary aſſiſtance from the Literary Fund in 1791, 1793 and 1797.—*Park*. No reliance can be placed on Coxeter's ſtatements, nor is it believed that the *Mirror of Mirrors*, 1598, ever exiſted. Coxeter was a remorſeleſs forger of titles and facts. Chetwood was another dealer in the ſame ſingular claſs of deception and impoſition.]

[1] *Faſti Oxon.* vol. i. p. 139.

Pr.—*Baldwyn* awake, thie penn hath ſlept to longe;
*Ferris* is dead; ſtate cares ſtaie *Sackvills* eaſe;
Theiſe latter witts delighte in pleaſaunt ſonge
Or lovinge ſayes, which maie theire maſters pleaſe;
My ruthfull ſtate breeds no remorſe in theiſe:
For as my liffe was ſtill opreſte by fate,
So after deathe my name ſemes out of date.

The poem extends to 186 ſtanzas.[1]

Daniel's *Complaint of Roſamond*, firſt printed in 1592, may be numbered in the ſame claſs; and ſo may Niccols's *Viſion of Sir Thomas Overbury*, 1616.

Another of theſe imitative hiſtories in verſe is entitled: *Beawtie diſhonoured, written under the title of Shores Wife*, 1593, by Anthony Chute. As the poem is upon the whole inferior to that of Churchyard on the ſame ſubject, which had been publiſhed a few years before, it ſeems rather ſtrange that Chute ſhould have tried his juvenile ſtrength againſt that of the veteran bard, who publiſhed his *Tragedie* in the ſame year, with twenty-one additional ſtanzas, "in as fine a forme as the firſt impreſſion thereof," and with a ſoldier-like proteſtation, that the production was entirely his own, though ſome malignant it ſeems had denied him the credit of producing it. Chute did not in his rival effort adopt the ſeven-line ſtanza of Churchyard, but many paſſages bear ſuch partial reſemblance, as a choice of the ſame perſonal hiſtory was likely to induce. The reprint of the *Mirror for Magiſtrates* will give to many an opportunity of peruſing Churchyard's work; but as that of Chute remains in [at moſt three copies], I proceed to extract a few of the beſt ſtanzas. The ghoſt of Shore's Wife is made to narrate her own ſtory, on the plan of Baldwin's heroes and heroines. The

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[1] [The following is a (corrected) liſt of works compoſed (more or leſs), in the ſtyle of the *Mirror for Magiſtrates*. Some of the works will be found noticed in Brydges' *Cenſura Literaria*, 1815:

1. *The Teſtament and Tragedie of umquhile King Henry Stuart*, 1567. A broadſide.
2. Robinſon's *Rewarde of Wickedneſſe*, 1573.
3. Munday's *Mirror of Mutabilitie*, 1579.
4. Fulwell's *Flower of Fame*, 1575.
5. Wyrley's *Life and Death of Sir Iohn Chandos*, and *Life and Death of Sir Iohn de Gralhy* (printed with the *True Vſe of Armorie*, 1592).
6. R. Johnſon's *Nine Worthies of London*, 1592. Reprinted in *Harl. Miſc.*
7. Churchyard's *Sir Symond Burleys tragedie* (in his *Chippes*, 1575 and 1578; and in his *Challenge*, 1593); and the ſame writer's *Tragedie of the Earle of Moreton* (in his *Challenge*, 1593).
8. Storer's *Life and Death of Thomas Wolſey, Cardinall*, 1599 (reprinted in 1836, 8vo., and in *Heliconia*).
9. Middleton's *Legend of Humphrey Duke of Glouceſter*, 1600.
10. Drayton's *Legend of Piers Gaveſton* (1593).
11. Drayton's *Legend of Matilda*, 1594.
12. Drayton's *Legend of Robert Duke of Normandy*, 1596.
13. Drayton's *Legend of Great Cromwell*, 1607.
14. Sampſon's *Fortunes Faſhion*, 1613.
15. Brooke's *Ghoſt of Richard the Third*, 1614.]

following lines expreſs her compunction for having yielded to the criminal paſſion of Edward IV.:[1]

Who ſees the chaſt liu'd Turtle on a tree
In vnfrequented groues ſit and complaine her
Whether alone all deſolate, poore ſhee,
And for her loſt love ſeemeth to reſtraine her;
And there ſad thoughted howleth to the ayre
The excellencie of her loſt mates fayre?

So I when ſinne had drown'd my ſoule in badneſſe,
To ſolitarie muſe my ſelfe retired:
Where wrought by greefe to diſcontented ſadneſſe,
Repentant thoughtes my new won ſhame admired;
And I the monſter of myne owne misfortune,
My hart with grones and ſorrow did importune.

She proceeds to lament that poſterity will conſign her memory to defamation:

Thus in thy life, thus in thy death, and boath
Diſhonored by thy fact, what mayſt thou doe?
Though now thy ſoule the touch of ſinne doth loath,
And thou abhorſt thy life, and thy ſelfe too:
Yet cannot this redeeme thy ſpotted name,
Nor interdict thy body of her ſhame.

But he that could command thee, made thee ſin:
Yet that is no priviledge, no ſheeld to thee.
Now thou thy ſelfe haſt drownd thy ſelfe therein,
Thou art defam'd thy ſelfe, and ſo is hee:
And though that kings commands haue wonders wrought,
Yet kings commands could neuer hinder thought.

Say that a monarke may diſpence with ſin;
The vulgar toung proueth impartiall ſtill,
And when miſlike all froward ſhall begin,
The worſt of bad, and beſt of worſt to ill,
A ſecret ſhame in euery thought will ſmother,
For ſinne is ſinne in kinges, as well as other.[2]

* * * * *

O could my wordes expreſſe in mourning ſound
The ready paſſion that my mynde doth trye,
Then greefe all eares, all ſences would confound,
And ſome would weepe with me, aſwell as I;
Where now, becauſe my wordes cannot reueale it,
I weepe alone, inforced to conceale it.

Had I bin fayre, and not allur'd ſo ſoone
To that at which all thoughtes leuell their ſadneſſe,
My ſunbright day had not bin ſet ere noone,
Nor I bin noted for detected badneſſe:
But this is ſtill peculier to our ſtate,
To ſinne too ſoone and then repent too late.[3]

The moral reflections of Chute will be found more meritorious than his poetic garniture, and this is a diſtinction of perſonal honour to the author; ſince, as Cowper cogently aſks, "What is the *poet*, if the *man* be naught?"[4]]

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[1] [Sign. E, *recto.*]
[2] [Sign. E, *verſo.*]
[3] [Sign. F, 2—3.]
[4] [Mr. Park's Additions.]

## SECTION LII.

IN tracing the gradual acceſſions of the *Mirror for Magiſtrates*, an incidental departure from the general line of our chronologic ſeries has been incurred. But ſuch an anticipation was unavoidable, in order to exhibit a full and uninterrupted view of that poem, which originated in the reign of Mary, and was not finally completed till the beginning of the ſeventeenth century. I now therefore return to the reign of Queen Mary.

To this reign I aſſign Richard Edwards [the elder], a native of Somerſetſhire about the year 1523. He is ſaid by Wood to have been a ſcholar of Corpus Chriſti College in Oxford: but in his early years he was employed in ſome department about the court. This circumſtance appears from one of his poems in the *Paradyce of Dainty Deuyces*, a miſcellany which contains many of his pieces.

> In youthfull yeeres when firſt my young deſyres began
> To pricke me forth to ſerue in Court, a ſclender tal young man:
> My fathers bleſſing then I aſke upon my knnee,
> Who bleſſing me with trembling hand, theſe words gan ſay to me:
> My ſonne, God guide thy way, and ſhild thee from miſchaunce;
> And make thy juſt deſartes in Court, thy poore eſtate to aduaunce, &c.[1]

In the year 1547, he was appointed a ſenior ſtudent of Chriſt Church in Oxford, then newly founded. In [a MS. in the] Britiſh Muſeum [are four poems] ſigned with his initials, addreſſed to ſome of the beauties of the courts of Queen Mary and of Queen Elizabeth.[2] Hence we may conjecture that he did not long remain at the univerſity. About this time he was probably a member of Lincoln's Inn. In the year 1561, he was conſtituted a gentleman of the Royal Chapel by Queen Elizabeth, and maſter of the ſinging boys there. He had received his muſical education, while at Oxford, under George Etheridge.[3]

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[1] Edit. 1578, *Carm.* 7.]

[2] *MSS. Cotton.* Tit. A. xxiv. "To ſome court ladies."—Pr. "Howarde is not hawghte," &c.

[This MS. appears to be the fragment of a collection of original poetry, by different writers. In Ayſcough's Catalogue, it is deſcribed as *Sonnets by R. E.*, but no ſonnet occurs among the ſeveral pieces, and only four out of fourteen are ſigned R. E. The reſt bear the ſignatures of Norton (the dramatic aſſociate probably of Lord Buckhurſt) Surre (*i. e.* Surrey) Va. Pig. and ſix are unſignatured. That quoted by Mr. Warton may be ſeen at length in *Nug. Antiq.* (ed. 1804) ii. 392. Another by Edwards is printed in Mr. Ellis's *Specimens*, vol. ii. (pp. 109-14, edit. 1811); and Norton's is alſo there inſerted. (*Ibid.* p. 108).—*Park.*]

[3] George Etheridge, born at Thame in Oxfordſhire, was admitted ſcholar of Corpus Chriſti College, Oxford, under the tuition of the learned John Shepreve, in 1534. Fellow in 1539. In 1553, he was made Royal Profeſſor of Greek at Oxford. In 1556, he was recommended by Lord Williams of Thame to Sir Thomas Pope, founder of Trinity College in Oxford, to be admitted a fellow of his

When Queen Elizabeth viſited Oxford in 1566, ſhe was attended by Edwards, who was on this occaſion employed to compoſe a play called *Palamon and Arcite*, which was acted before her Majeſty in Chriſt Church Hall. I believe it was never printed. Another of his plays is *Damon and Pythias*, which was acted at court. It is a miſtake that the firſt edition of this play is the ſame that is among Mr. Garrick's collection, printed by Richard Johnes, and dated 1571. The firſt edition was printed by William How in Fleet Street, in 1570, with this title, *The Tragical comedie of Damon and Pythias, newly imprinted as the ſame was playde before the queenes maieſtie by the children of her graces chapple. Made by Mayſter Edwards, then being maſter of the children.*[1] There is ſome degree of low humour in the dialogues between Grim the collier and the two lackeys, which I preſume was highly pleaſing to the queen. He probably wrote many other dramatic pieces now loſt. Puttenham having mentioned Lord Buckhurſt and Maſter Edward [George] Ferrys (or Ferrers) as moſt eminent in tragedy, gives the prize to Edwards for Comedy and Interlude.[2] The word Interlude is here of wide extent. For Edwards, beſides that he was a writer of regular dramas, appears to have been a contriver of maſques, and a compoſer of poetry for pageants. In a word, he united all thoſe arts and accompliſhments which miniſter to popular pleaſantry: he was the firſt fiddle, the moſt faſhionable ſonnetteer, the readieſt rhymer, and the moſt facetious mimic of the court. In conſequence of his love and his knowledge of the hiſtrionic art, he taught the choriſters over whom he

college at its firſt foundation. But, Etheridge chooſing to purſue the medical line, that ſcheme did not take effect. He was perſecuted for Popery by Queen Elizabeth at her acceſſion, but afterwards practiſed phyſic at Oxford with much reputation, and eſtabliſhed a private ſeminary there for the inſtruction of Catholic youths in the claſſics, muſic, and logic. Notwithſtanding his active perſeverance in the papiſtic perſuaſion, he preſented to the queen, when ſhe viſited Oxford in 1566, an *Encomium* in Greek verſe on her father Henry, now in the Britiſh Muſeum, *MSS. Bib. Reg.* 16 C. x. He prefixed a not inelegant preface in Latin verſe to his tutor Shepreve's *Hippolytus*, an Anſwer to Ovid's *Phædra*, which he publiſhed in 1584. Pits his cotemporary ſays, "He was an able mathematician, and one of the moſt excellent vocal and inſtrumental muſicians in England, but he chiefly delighted in the lute and lyre. A moſt elegant poet, and a moſt exact compoſer of Engliſh, Latin, Greek, and Hebrew verſes, which he uſed to ſet to his harp with the greateſt ſkill." *Angl. Script.* p. 784. Pits adds, that he tranſlated ſeveral of David's Pſalms into a ſhort Hebrew metre for muſic. [The harpers uſed a ſhort verſe, and Ethridge, it ſeems, was a harper: but why was this called a *tranſlation?*—Aſhby.] Wood mentions his muſical compoſitions in manuſcript. His familiar friend Leland addreſſes him in an encomiaſtic epigram, and aſſerts that his many excellent writings were highly pleaſing to King Henry the Eighth. *Encom.* 1589, p. 111. His chief patrons ſeem to have been Lord Williams, Sir Thomas Pope, Sir Walter Mildmay, and Robertſon, Dean of Durham. He died in 1588 at Oxford. I have given Etheridge ſo long a note, becauſe he appears from Pits to have been an Engliſh poet. Compare Fox, *Martyrolog.* iii. 500, [and Ritſon's *Bibliogr. Poet.* 1802, p. 200.]

[1] [No ſuch edition is now known. Warton afterwards found that the drama had been licenſed to R. Jones in 1566. But the edition of 1571 is the earlieſt at preſent diſcoverable. See *Handb. of E. E. Lit.* 1867, art. EDWARDES.]

[2] *Arte of Engliſh Poeſie*, fol. 51.

preſided to act plays; and they were formed into a company of players, like thoſe of St. Paul's Cathedral, by the queen's licence, under the ſuperintendence of Edwards.[1]

[The rich vein of paſtoral poetry in the early Engliſh miſcellanies is to be attributed in ſome meaſure to the example of Spenſer, whoſe delightful productions found a hoſt of admirers, and of imitators not a few. The poliſhed, chaſte and beautiful lyrics of Breton, Drayton, Lodge, and others, who publiſhed their works ſeparately or in the collections, have perhaps, in their kind, never been ſurpaſſed. Some of the moſt faſcinating compoſitions of Greene and Peele belong to the ſame ſchool, and it may be a queſtion if Marlowe is not more favourably known, in a popular ſenſe, by his famous ſong of "The Paſſionate Shepherd to his Nymph," in *Englands Helicon*, 1600, than by any of his more laboured and claſſical performances.

Theſe miſcellanies ſerve, beſides, as a weather-glaſs or barometer for the changing literary taſtes of the ſomewhat long period [1557—1602] over which their publication extended.]

The moſt poetical of Edwards's ditties in the *Paradiſe of Dainty Deviſes* is a deſcription of May.[2] The reſt are moral ſentences in ſtanzas. His *Soul-knell*, [wrongly] ſuppoſed to have been written on his death-bed, was once celebrated.[3] His popularity ſeems to have altogether ariſen from thoſe pleaſing talents of which no ſpecimens could be tranſmitted to poſterity, and which prejudiced his partial cotemporaries in favour of his poetry. He died in the year 1566.[4]

George Turbervile[5] [has] two elegies on his death; which record the places of his education, aſcertain his poetical and muſical character, and bear ample teſtimony to the high diſtinction in which his performances, more particularly of the dramatic kind, were held. The ſecond [only] is by Turbervile himſelf, entitled, *An Epitaph on Maiſter Edwards, ſometime Maiſter of the Children of the Chappell and Gentleman of Lyncolnes Inne of Court:*

Ye Learned Muſes nine
And ſacred Siſters all,
Now lay your cheereful Cithrons downe,
And to lamenting fall.
For he that led the daunce,
The chiefeſt of your traine,

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[1] ["Warton, after ſtating that Edwards 'united all thoſe arts and accompliſhments which miniſter to popular pleaſantry,' which may be very true, adds, what is unqueſtionably a miſtake, that the children of the chapel were firſt formed by him into a company of players; they had regularly acted plays long before."—*Collier.*]

[2] *Carm.* 6, edit. [1578.] It ſeems to have been a favourite, and is complimented in another piece, *A Reply to M. Edwardes May*, ſubſcribed M. S. Ibid. *Carm.* 29. This miſcellany, of which more will be ſaid hereafter, is ſaid in the title to "be deviſed and written for the moſt parte by M. Edwardes ſometime of her maieſties Chappell." Edwards, however, had been dead [ten] years when the firſt edition appeared, *viz.* in 157[6].

[3] [Gaſcoigne's *Epiſtle to the Yong Gentlemen*, before his *Poſies*, 1575.]

[4] Wood, *Ath. Oxon.* i. 151. See alſo *Faſt.* 71.

[5] [Turbervile's *Epitaphes, &c.* (1567), ed. 1570, fol. 142-3.]

(I meane the man that Edwards height,)
By cruell death is ſlaine.
Ye Courtyers chaunge your cheere,
Lament in wailfull wiſe;
For now your Orpheus hath reſignde,
In clay his Carcas lyes.
O ruth, he is bereft
That, whilſt he liued heere,
For Poets, Pen, and paſſing Wit
Could haue no Engliſhe Peere.

His vaine in Verſe was ſuch,
So ſtately eke his ſtile,
His feate in forging ſugred Songs
With cleane and curious file;[1]
As all the learned Greekes
And Romaines would repine,
If they did liue againe, to vewe
His Verſe with ſcornefull eine.[2]
From Plautus he the Palme
And learned Terence wan, &c.[3]

The other is written by Thomas Twyne, an aſſiſtant in Phaer's Tranſlation of Virgil's *Eneid* into Engliſh verſe, educated a few years after Edwards at Corpus Chriſti college, and an actor in Edwards's play of *Palamon and Arcite*.[4] It is entitled, *An Epitaph vpon the death of the worſhipfull Mayſter Richarde Edwardes late Mayſter of the Children in the Queenes Maieſties Chappell:*

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[1] Shakeſpeare has inſerted a part of Edwards's ſong *In commendation of Muſick*, extant at length in the *Paradyſe of dainty Deuiſes*, [edit. 1578, repr. Collier, p. 89,] in *Romeo and Juliet*. "When griping grief," &c. act iv. ſc. 5. In ſome Miſcellany of the reign of Elizabeth, I have ſeen a ſong called *The Willow Garland* [by John Heywood: probably a different production from that] licenſed to T. Colwell in 1564[-5, beginning "I am not the fyrſte that hath taken in hande the wearynge of the willowe garlande." The former, which is printed in the *Shakeſpeare Society's Papers*, i., from the Bright MS. and (from a modern copy) in *Percy's Reliques*, ſeems to be the production referred to] in *Othello* with the burden [*Sing, all a green willow muſt be my garland* (Dyce's 2nd edit. 1868, vii. 452; *Oth.* iv. 3.] See [Collier's *Extracts*, i. 106.] I take this opportunity of obſerving, that the ballad of *Suſannah*, part of which is ſung by Sir Toby in *Twelfth Night*, was licenſed to T. Colwell, in 1562[-3] with the title, *The godlye and conſtant wyfe Suſanna*. Ibid. [i. 74.] There is a play on this ſubject [by Thomas Garter, 1578.] See Tw. N. act ii. ſc. 3. And *Collect. Peppſian.* tom. i. p. 33. 496.

[2] Eyes.

[3] Fol. 142, b. [The following is one of Turbervile's epigrammatic witticiſms:

"OF ONE THAT HAD A GREAT NOSE.

"Stand with thy noſe againſt
the ſunne, with open chaps,
And by thy teeth we ſhall diſcerne
what tis a clock, perhaps."

*Poems*, 1570, p. 83, b.—*Park.*]

[4] Miles Winſore of the ſame college was another actor in that play, and I ſuppoſe his performance was much liked by the queen. For when her majeſty left Oxford, after this viſit, he was appointed by the Univerſity to ſpeak an oration before her at Lord Windſor's at Bradenham in Bucks: and when he had done ſpeaking, the queen turning to Gama de Sylva, the Spaniſh ambaſſador, and looking wiſtly on Winſore, ſaid to the ambaſſador, Is not this a pretty young man? Wood, *Ath. Oxon.* i. 151, 489. Winſore proved afterwards a diligent antiquary.

O happie Houſe, O Place
Of Corpus Chriſti,[1] thou
That plantedſt firſt, and gauſte the roote
To that ſo braue a bow:[2]
And Chriſt Church,[3] which enioydſte
The fruite more rype at fill,
Plunge vp a thouſande ſighes, for griefe
Your trickling teares diſtill.
Whilſt Childe and Chappell dure,[4]
Whilſt Court a Court ſhall bee,
(Good Edwards) eche eſtate ſhall much
Both want and wiſhe for thee.
Thy tender Tunes and Rimes
Wherein thou woontſt to play,
Eche princely Dame of Court and Towne
Shall beare in minde alway.
Thy Damon[5] and his Friend,
Arcyte and Palemon,
With moe full fit for Princes eares, &c.[6]

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[1] Corpus Chriſti College at Oxford. [2] Bough, branch. [3] At Oxford.
[4] While the royal chapel and its ſinging-boys remain.

In a Puritanical pamphlet without name, printed in 1569, and entitled, *The Children of the Chapel ſtript and whipt*, [according to Warton] among Biſhop Tanner's books at Oxford, it is ſaid, "Plaies will neuer be ſuppreſt, while her maieſties unfledged minions flaunt it in ſilkes and ſattens. They had as well be at their Popiſh ſervice, in the deuils garments," &c. fol. xii. a, 12mo. This is perhaps the earlieſt notice now to be found in print of this young company of comedians, at leaſt the earlieſt proof of their celebrity. From the ſame pamphlet we learn, that it gave ſtill greater offence to the Puritans, that they were ſuffered to act plays on profane ſubjects in the royal chapel itſelf. "Even in her maieſties chappel do theſe pretty vpſtart youthes profane the Lordes Day by the laſcivious writhing of their tender limbs, and gorgeous decking of their apparell, in feigning bawdie fables gathered from the idolatrous heathen poets," &c. *Ibid.* fol. xiii. b. But this practice ſoon ceaſed in the royal chapels. Yet in Goſſon's [*Playes confuted in fiue Actions* (*circa* 1580) occurs this paſſage: "But in Playes either thoſe thinges are found that neuer were, as Cupid and Pſyche plaid at Paules; and a greate many Cõedies more at y^e^ Blacke friers, and in euery Playe houſe in London." [*The Engliſh Drama and Stage*, Roxb. Libr. 1869, p. 188.] Undoubtedly the actors of this play of *Cupid and Pſyche* were the choriſters of Saint Paul's cathedral: but it may be doubted, whether by "Paules" we are here to underſtand the Cathedral or its Singing ſchool, the laſt of which was the uſual theatre of thoſe choriſters. See Goſſon's *Playes confuted in fiue actions, &c.* "Prouing that they are not to be ſuffred in a Chriſtian common weale, by the waye both the Cauils of Thomas Lodge, and the *Play of Playes*, written in their defence, and other obiections of Players frendes, are truely ſet downe and directlye aunſweared." [*The Engliſh Drama and Stage*, Roxb. Lib. 1869, p. 151, *et ſeqq.*]

[5] Hamlet calls Horatio, "O Damon dear," in alluſion to the friendſhip of Damon and Pythias, celebrated in Edwards's play. *Haml.* act iii. ſc. 2.

[6] *Ibid.* fol. [78-9.] And not to multiply in the text citations in proof of Edwards's popularity from forgotten or obſcure poets, I obſerve at the bottom of the page, that T. B. in a recommendatory poem prefixed to John Studley's Engliſh verſion of Seneca's *Agamemnon*, 1566, ranks our author Edwards with Phaer the tranſlator of Virgil, Jaſper Heywood the tranſlator of Seneca's *Troas* and *Hercules Furens*, Nevile the tranſlator of Seneca's *Oedipus*, Googe, and Golding the tranſlator of Ovid, more particularly with the latter:

"With him alſo, as ſeemeth me,
Our Edwards may compare;

Meres[1] recites "Maiſter *Edwardes*, one of her Maieſties Chappell" [among thoſe who are "beſt for Comedy"], together with "*Edward* Earle of Oxforde, Doctor *Gager* of Oxforde,[2] Maiſter Rowley once a rare Scholler of learned Pembrooke Hall in Cambridge, eloquent and wittie *Iohn Lilly*, *Lodge*, *Gaſcoygne*, *Greene*, *Shakeſpeare*, *Thomas Naſh*, *Thomas Heywood*, *Anthony Mundye*, our beſt plotter, *Chapman*, *Porter*, *Wilſon*, *Hathway*, and *Henry Chettle*." The author of the *Arte of Engliſh Poeſie* mentions the "earle of Oxford, and maiſter Edwardes of her maieſties chappel, for comedy and enterlude."

Among the books of my friend the late Mr. William Collins of Chicheſter, now diſperſed, was a collection of ſhort comic ſtories in proſe, printed in the black letter under the year 1570, "ſett forth by maiſter Richard Edwardes mayſter of her maieſties reuels."[3] Undoubtedly this is the ſame Edwards: who, from this title expreſſly appears to have been the general conductor of the court feſtivities, and who moſt probably ſucceeded in this office George Ferrers, one of the original authors of the *Mirror for Magiſtrates*.[4] Among theſe tales was that of the *Induction of the Tinker* in Shakeſpeare's *Taming of the Shrew:* and perhaps Edwards's ſtory-book was the immediate ſource from which Shakeſpeare, or rather the author of the old *Taming of a Shrew*, drew that diverting apologue.[5] If I recollect right, the circumſtances almoſt exactly tallied with an

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Who nothyng gyuing place to him
Doth ſyt in egall chayre."

[Churchyard's panegyric on the Engliſh poets (prefixed to Skelton's *Works*, 1568,) contains a ſimilar ſpecies of commendation:

"Phaer did hit the pricke
In thinges he did tranſlate;
And Edwards had a ſpecial gift;
And divers men of late
Have helpt our Engliſhe toung."—*Park.*]

[1 *Palladis Tamia*, 1598, fol. 282.]

[2 See *Handb. of E. E. Lit.* 1867, Art. Gager, and Brunet (*Manuel du Libraire*, 1862, *ibid.*)]

[3 A fragment of what ſeems to be a later edition of this work is reprinted in the *Shakeſpeare's Society's Papers*, ii., and fully warrants Warton's hypotheſis.]

4 Who had certainly quitted that office before the year 157[6]. For in Gaſcoigne's *Princelie Pleaſures of Kenilworth-caſtle* [printed in that year], the octave ſtanzas ſpoken by the Lady of the Lake, are ſaid to have been "deuiſed and penned by M. Ferrers, ſometime Lord of miſrule in the Court." Signat. A. iij. See alſo Signat. B. ij. [and Gaſcoigne's *Poems*, edit. Roxb. Libr. 1869-70, ii. 95]. This was George Ferrers mentioned in the text, a contributor to the *Mirrour for Magiſtrates*. George Ferrers, from the part he bore in the exhibitions at Kenilworth, appears to have been employed as a writer of metrical ſpeeches or dialogues to be ſpoken in character, long after he had left the office of lord of miſrule:—a proof of his reputed excellence in compoſitions of this nature, and of the celebrity with which he filled that department. [Leland in his *Encomia*, 1589, has a Latin laud *Ad Georgium Ferrarium*.—Park.]

5 See [*The Old Taming of a Shrew*, reprinted by Amyot from the edition of 1594. 1844. 8vo.]

incident which Heuterus relates, from an epiſtle of Ludovicus Vives, to have actually happened at the marriage of Duke Philip the Good of Burgundy, about the year 1440. [But the ſame ſtory has been tranſplanted by Burton into his great ſtore-houſe of learning and entertainment, the *Anatomy of Melancholy*. As the narrative of Heuterus is in Latin of a not very elegant or pure character, the Engliſh reader will doubtleſs be better pleaſed with Burton's account.]

"When[1] as by reaſon of vnſeaſonable weather, he [the Duke of Burgundy] could neither hauke nor hunt, and was now tired with cards, dice, &c., and ſuch other domeſticall ſports, or to ſee Ladies dance with ſome of his Courtiers, he would in the Euening walke diſguiſed all about the Towne. It ſo fortuned, as he was walking late one night, he found a country fellow dead drunke, ſnorting on a Bulke: he cauſed his followers to bring him to his pallace, and there ſtripping him of his old clothes, and atyring him after the Court faſhion, when he wakened, he and they were all ready to attend vpon his Excellency, and perſwaded him he was ſome great Duke. The poore fellow [admiring how he came there,][2] was ſerued in ſtate all day long: after ſupper he ſaw them dance, heard muſicke, and all the reſt of thoſe Court-like pleaſures, but late at night, when he was well tipled and againe faſt aſleepe, they put on his old robes, and ſo conuayed him to the place where they firſt found him. And the fellow had not made them ſo good ſport the day before, as he did now whē he returned to himſelfe; all the ieſt was to ſee how he looked vpon it. In concluſion, after ſome little admiration, the fellow told his friends he had ſeene a viſion, conſtantly beleeued it, and would not otherwiſe be perſwaded, and ſo the ieſt ended." If this is a true ſtory, it is a curious ſpecimen of the winter-diverſions of a very polite court of France in the middle of the fifteenth century. The merit of the contrivance, however, and comic effect of this practical joke, will atone in ſome meaſure for many indelicate circumſtances with which it muſt have neceſſarily been attended. I preſume it firſt appeared in Vives's "Epiſtle." I have ſeen the ſtory of a tinker diſguiſed like a lord in recent collections of humorous tales, probably tranſmitted from Edwards's ſtory-book, which I wiſh I had examined more carefully. [But ſurely this ſtory, of which Shakeſpeare in making uſe in the Induction to his *Taming of a Shrew* merely followed the older drama on the ſame ſubject, is an ancient Oriental fiction adapted to European names and localities.]

I have aſſigned Edwards to Queen Mary's reign, as his reputation in the character of general poetry ſeems to have been then at its

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[1] Edit. 1621, p. 349. Heuterus ſays, this ſtory was told to Vives by an old officer of the duke's court. Warton inſerted this ſtory *twice* in his book, and although this repetition is wholly uncalled for, and in one caſe he gives us the Latin of ſo obſcure a writer as Heuterus, his editors have kept the paſſage without a word of remark, and quite intact.]

[2] Not in firſt edit. but added in that of 1624.]

height. I have mentioned his ſonnets addreſſed to the court beauties of that reign, and of the beginning of the reign of Queen Elizabeth.[1]

If I ſhould be thought to have been diſproportionately prolix in ſpeaking of Edwards, I would be underſtood to have partly intended a tribute of reſpect to the memory of a poet, who is one of the earlieſt of our dramatic writers after the reformation of the Britiſh ſtage.

## SECTION LIII.

ABOUT the ſame time flouriſhed Thomas Tuſſer, one of our earlieſt didactic poets in a ſcience of the higheſt utility, and which produced one of the moſt beautiful poems of antiquity.[2] The viciſſitudes of this man's life have uncommon variety and novelty for the life of an author, and his hiſtory conveys ſome curious traces of the times as well as of himſelf. He ſeems to have been alike the ſport of fortune, and a dupe to his own diſcontented diſpoſition and his perpetual propenſity to change of ſituation.

He was born of an ancient family, about [1515], at Rivenhall in

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[1] Viz. *Tit. A.* xxiv. *MSS. Cott.* I will here cite a few lines:

"Hawarde is not haugte, but of ſuch ſmylynge cheare,
That wolde alure eche gentill harte, hir love to holde full deare:
Dacars is not dangerus, hir talke is nothinge coye,
Hir noble ſtature may compare with Hectors wyfe of Troye," &c.

At the end, "Finis R. E." I cannot quit Edwards' ſongs without citing the firſt ſtanza of his beautiful one in the *Paradiſe of Daintie Deuiſes*, on Terence's apophthegm of *Amantium iræ amoris redintegratio eſt.* Num. [49, ed. 1578]:

"In going to my naked bed, as one that would have ſlept,
I hard a wife ſing to her child, that long before had wept:
She ſighed ſore, and ſang ful ſweete, to bring the babe to reſt,
That would not ceaſe, but cried ſtil, in ſucking at her breſt.
She was full wearie of her watch, and greeued with her child;
She rocked it, and rated it, till that on her it ſmilde:
Then did ſhe ſay, now haue I found this prouerbe true to proue,
The falling out of faithfull frends renuing is of loue."

The cloſe of the ſecond ſtanza is prettily conducted:

"Then kiſſed ſhe her little babe, and ſware by God aboue,
*The falling out of faithfull frendes, renuing is of loue.*"

[Sir Egerton Brydges, in his republication of Edwards's Miſcellany, conſiders this poem, even without reference to the age which produced it, among the moſt beautiful *morceaux* of our language. The happineſs of the illuſtration of Terence's Apophthegm, the facility, elegance and tenderneſs of the diction, and the exquiſite turn of the whole, he deems above commendation; while they ſhow to what occaſional poliſh and refinement our literature even then had arrived. Pref., p. vi. —*Park.*]

[2] [An excellent memoir of Tuſſer may be found in Coopers' *Athenæ Cantabrigienſes*, 1858, vol. i. pp. 422-4.]

Eſſex; and was placed as a choriſter, or ſinging boy, in the collegiate chapel of the caſtle of Wallingford in Berkſhire.[1] Having a fine voice, he was impreſſed from Wallingford College into the king's chapel. Soon afterwards, he was admitted into the choir of Saint Paul's Cathedral in London, where he made great improvements under the inſtruction of John Redford the organiſt, a famous muſician.[2] He was next ſent to Eton ſchool where, at one chaſtiſement, he received fifty-three ſtripes of the rod from the ſevere but celebrated maſter, Nicholas Udall.[3] His academical education was at Trinity Hall in Cambridge: but Hatcher affirms that he was from Eton admitted a ſcholar of King's College in that univerſity, under the year 1543.[4] From the univerſity he was called up to court by his ſingular and generous patron William Lord Paget, in whoſe family he appears to have been a retainer.[5] In this department he lived ten years; but being diſguſted with the vices, and wearied with the quarrels, of the courtiers, he retired into the country, and embraced the profeſſion of a farmer, which he ſucceſſively practiſed at Retford in Suſſex, Ipſwich in Suffolk, Fairſtead in Eſſex, Norwich, and other places.[6] Here his patrons were Sir Richard Southwell,[7] and Saliſbury, Dean of Norwich. Under the latter he procured the place of a ſinging-man in Norwich Cathedral. At length, having perhaps too much philoſophy and too little experience to ſucceed in the buſineſs of agriculture, he returned to London: but the plague drove him away from town, and he took ſhelter at Trinity College in Cambridge. Without a tincture of careleſs imprudence or vicious extravagance, this deſultory character ſeems to have thriven in no vocation. Fuller ſays, that ["this Stone

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[1] This chapel had a dean, ſix prebendaries, ſix clerks, and four choriſters. It was diſſolved in 1549.

[2] [For the fragment of an interlude, and ſome ſongs, by Redford, ſee the Shakeſpeare Society's edit. of *Marriage of Wit and Science*, 1848, p. 55 *et ſeqq.*]

[3] Udall's Engliſh interludes, mentioned above, were perhaps written for his ſcholars.

[4] MSS. Catal. Præpos. Soc. Schol. Coll. Regal. Cant.

[5] Our author's *Huſbandrie* is, [in the later editions,] dedicated to his ſon, Lord Thomas Paget of Beaudeſert, fol. 7, ch. ii. edit. [1586].

[It was firſt inſcribed to his father, Lord William Paget, 1557.—*Park.*]

[6] In Peacham's *Minerva Britanna*, 1612, there is the device of a whetſtone and a ſcythe with theſe lines, fol. 61:

> "They tell me, *Tuſſer*, when thou wert aliue,
> And hadſt for profit turned euery ſtone,
> Where ere thou cammeſt thou couldſt never thriue,
> Though heereto beſt couldſt counſel every one,
> As it may in thy *Huſbandry* appeare
> Wherein afreſh thou liu'ſt amongſt vs heere.
>
> "So like thy ſelfe a number more are woont,
> To ſharpen others with advice of wit,
> When they themſelues are like the whetſtone blunt," &c.

[In the ſame author's book called *The More the Merrier*, 1608, the ſame ſentiment is expreſſed almoſt *totidem verbis*.]

[7] See *Life of Sir Thomas Pope*, 2nd edit. p. 218.

of Siſyphus could gather no moſs. He was ſucceſſively a *Muſitian*, *Schoolmaſter*, *Servingman*, *Huſbandman*, *Graſier*, *Poet*; . . . whether he bought or ſold, he loſt. . . . . He *ſpread* his bread with all ſorts of butter, yet none would *ſtick* thereon."] His plough and his poetry were alike unprofitable. He was by turns a fiddler and a farmer, a grazier and a poet, with equal ſucceſs. He died at London, [according to Fuller's ſuppoſition, about] 1580, and was buried in Saint Mildred's church in the Poultry.[1]

Some of theſe circumſtances, with many others of leſs conſequence, are related by himſelf in one of his pieces, entitled the *Author's life*, as follows:

What robes,[2] how bare? what college fare?
What bread, how ſtale, what pennie ale?
Then Wallingford, how wert thou abhord — Wallingford College.
Of ſillie boies?

Thence for my voice, I muſt (no choice) — Singing men's commiſſions.
Away of forſe, like poſting horſe,
For ſundrie men had placardes then
Such child to take:[3]

The better breſt, the leſſer reſt,
To ſerue the queere, now there now heere:
For time ſo ſpent, I may repent,
And ſorrow make.

But marke the chance, my ſelfe to vance, — John Redford an excellent muſician.
By friendſhips lot, to Paules I got;
So found I grace a certeine ſpace,
Still to remaine:

With Redford there, the like no where,
For cunning ſuch, and vertue much,
By whom ſome part, of muſicke art,
So did I gaine.

From Paules I went, to Eaton ſent, — Nicholas Udall ſchoolmaſter at Eaton.
To learne ſtraighte waies, the Latin phraies,
Where fiftie three, ſtripes giuen to mee,
At once I had:

For fault but ſmall, or none at all,
It came to pas, thus beat I was:
See Udall ſee, the mercie of thee
To me poore lad.

To London hence, to Cambridge thence,
With thankes to thee, O Trinitie,
That to thy hall, ſo paſſinge all,
I got at laſt:
There ioy I felt, there trim I dwelt, &c.

At length he married a [ſecond] wife by the name of [Amy] Moone, from whom, for an obvious reaſon, he expected great inconſtancy, but was happily diſappointed:

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[1] See his Epitaph in Stowe's *Surv. Lond.* p. 474, edit. 1618, 4to. And Fuller's *Worthies*, [edit. 1811, i. 354.]

[2] The livery, or *veſtis liberata*, often called *robe*, allowed annually by the college.

[3] In reference to Q. Elizabeth's warrant to Thomas Gyles, Apr. 26, 1585, printed in *Engliſh Drama and Stage*, Roxburghe Library, 1869, p. 33.]

Through Uenus toies, in hopes of ioies,
I chanced ſoone to finde a Moone,
Of cheerefull hew:
Which well and fine, methought did ſhine,
And neuer change, a thing moſt ſtrange,
Yet kept in ſight, hir courſe aright,
And compas trew, &c.[1]

Before I proceed, I muſt ſay a few words concerning the very remarkable practice implied in theſe ſtanzas, of ſeizing boys by a warrant for the ſervice of the king's chapel. Strype has printed an abſtract of an inſtrument, by which it appears that emiſſaries were diſpatched into various parts of England, with full powers to take boys from any choir for the uſe of the chapel of King Edward the Sixth. Under the year 1550, ſays Strype, there was a grant of a commiſſion "to Philip Van Wilder, gentleman of the Privy Chamber, in anie churches or chappells within England, to take to the king's uſe ſuch and as many ſinging children and choriſters, as he or his deputy ſhall think good."[2] And again, in the following year, the maſter of the king's chapel, that is, the maſter of the king's ſinging-boys, has licence "to take up from time to time as many children [boys] to ſerve in the king's chapel as he ſhall think fit."[3] Under the year 1454, there is a commiſſion of the ſame ſort from King Henry the Sixth, *De miniſtrallis propter ſolatium regis providendis*, for procuring minſtrels, even by force, for the ſolace or entertainment of the king: and it is required that the minſtrels ſo procured ſhould be not only ſkilled *in arte minſtrallatus*, in the art of minſtrelſy, but *membris naturalibus elegantes*, handſome and elegantly ſhaped.[4] As the word Minſtrel is of an extenſive ſignification, and is applied as a general term to every character of that ſpecies of men whoſe buſineſs it was to entertain, either with oral recitation, muſic, geſticulation and ſinging, or with a mixture of all theſe arts united, it is certainly difficult to determine whether ſingers only, more particularly ſingers for the royal chapel, were here intended. The laſt clauſe may perhaps more immediately ſeem to point out tumblers or poſture-maſters.[5] But in the regiſter of the capitulary acts of York

[1] Fol. 158, edit. 1586. See alſo *The Authors Epiſtle to the late Lord William Paget, wherein he doth diſcourſe of his owne bringing up*, &c., fol. 5. And the *Epiſtle to* [*Lord Thomas*] *Paget*, fol. 7. And his rules for training a boy in muſic, fol. 141. [The *Points of Huſwiferie* are dedicated to Lady Paget at fol. 121.]

[2] Dat. April. Strype's *Mem. Eccl.* vol. ii. p. 538.

[3] Ibid. p. 539. Under the ſame year, a yearly allowance of £80 is ſpecified, "to find ſix ſinging children for the king's privy chamber."—*Ibid.* I preſume this appointment was tranſmitted from preceding reigns.

[4] Rym. *Foed.* vol. xi. p. 375.

[5] Even ſo late as the preſent reign of Queen Mary, we find tumblers introduced for the diverſion of the court. In 1556, at a grand military review of the queen's penſioners in Greenwich park, "came a Tumbler and played many pretty feats, the queen and Cardinal [Pole] looking on; whereat ſhe was obſerved to laugh heartily," &c.—Strype's *Eccl. Mem.* vol. iii. p. 312, ch. xxxix. Mr. Aſtle had a roll of ſome private expenſes of King Edward the Second: among which it appears that fifty ſhillings were paid to a perſon who danced before the king on a table, "et lui fiſt très-grandement rire." And that twenty ſhillings were allowed to

cathedral, it is ordered as an indiſpenſable qualification, that the choriſter who is annually to be elected the boy-biſhop, ſhould be *competenter corpore formoſus*.[1] It is certainly a matter of no conſequence, whether we underſtand theſe minſtrels of Henry the Sixth to have been ſingers, pipers, players, or poſture-maſters. From the known character of that king, I ſhould rather ſuppoſe them performers for his chapel. In any ſenſe, this is an inſtance of the ſame oppreſſive and arbitrary privilege that was practiſed on our poet.

Our author Tuſſer wrote, during his reſidence at Ratwood in Suſſex, a work in rhyme entitled *A Hundreth Good Pointes of Huſbandrie*, which was printed in 1557.[2] [It was republiſhed with this title in 1562, 1570, and 1571; but in 1573 it appeared under a new and enlarged one, namely, *Fiue hundreth points of good huſbandry vnited to as many of good huſwiferie*, &c., in which amplified form it went through repeated re-impreſſions.][3]

It muſt be acknowledged that this old Engliſh georgic has much more of the ſimplicity of Heſiod than of the elegance of Virgil; and a modern reader would ſuſpect that many of its ſalutary maxims originally decorated the margins, and illuſtrated the calendars, of an ancient almanac. It is without invocations, digreſſions, and deſcriptions: no pleaſing pictures of rural imagery are drawn from meadows

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another, who rode before his majeſty, and often fell from his horſe, at which his majeſty laughed heartily, *de queux roy rya grantement*. The laughter of kings was thought worthy to be recorded.

[1] I will tranſcribe an article of the regiſter, relating to that ridiculous ceremony: "Dec. 2, 1367. Joannes de Quixly confirmatur Epiſcopus Puerorum, et Capitulum ordinavit, quod electio epiſcopi Puerorum in eccleſia Eboracenſi de cetero fieret de Eo, qui diutius et magis in dicta eccleſia laboraverit, et magis idoneus repertus fuerit, dum tamen competenter ſit corpore formoſus, et quod aliter facta electio non valebit."—*Regiſtr. Archiv. Eccles. Ebor.* MSS. In the Saliſbury miſſal, in the office of *Epiſcopus Puerorum*, among the ſuffrages we read, "Corpore enim formoſus es, O fili, et diffuſa eſt gratia in labiis tuis," &c. In further proof of the ſolemnity with which this farce was conducted, I will cite another extract from the chapter-regiſters at York. "xj febr. 1370. In Scriptoria capituli Ebor. dominus Johannes Giſſon, magiſter choriſtarum eccleſiæ Eboracenſis, liberavit Roberto de Holme choriſtæ, qui tunc ultimo fuerat epiſcopus puerorum, iij libras, xvs. id. ob. de perquiſitis ipſius epiſcopi per ipſum Johannem receptis, et dictus Robertus ad ſancta dei evangelia per ipſum corporaliter tacta juravit, quod nunquam moleſtaret dictum dominum Johannem de ſumma pecuniæ prædicta."—*Regiſtr. Ebor.*

[2] Quarto. Bl. lett. [This edition differs very materially from thoſe which ſucceeded it. A reprint of it was given in the Bibliographer.—*Park.*] In 1557, John Daye has licenſe to print *The hundreth poyntes of good Huſſerie*.—Regiſtr. Station, A. fol. 23, a. [Perhaps Day did *print* them ſeparately in this or the following year; but no ſuch impreſſion is known to exiſt. They are annexed to the *Huſbandrie* in the edit. of the latter in 1562.]

[3] [An account of the moſt important of theſe may be found in the *Handb. of E. E. Lit.* in voce.]

In the Regiſter of the Stationers, a receipt of T. Hackett is entered for licence for printing "A dialoge of wyvynge and thryvynge of Tuſshers with ij leſſons for olde and yonge." in [1561].—*Regiſtr. Stat. Comp. Lond.* notat. A. fol. 74, b. [This may have been printed ſeparately as a broadſide, and was afterwards incorporated with the work (edit. 1586, fol. 115).] I find licenſed to [John] Alde in 1565, *An hundreth poyntes of evell huſwyfrye*, I ſuppoſe a ſatire on Tuſſer.—*Ibid.* fol. 131, b.

covered with flocks and fields waving with corn, nor are Pan and Ceres once named. Yet it is valuable, as a genuine picture of the agriculture, the rural arts, and the domeſtic economy and cuſtoms, of our induſtrious anceſtors.

I muſt begin my examination of this work with the apology of Virgil on a ſimilar ſubject:

> Poſſum multa tibi veterum præcepta refetre,
> Ni refugis, tenueſque piget cognoſcere curas.[1]

I firſt produce a ſpecimen of his directions for cultivating a hop-garden, which may, perhaps not unprofitably, be compared with the modern practice:[2]

| | |
|---|---|
| Whom fanſie perſuadeth, among other crops,<br>To haue for his ſpending, ſufficient of hops:<br>Muſt willinglie follow, of choiſes to chuſe,<br>Such leſſons approued, as ſkilfull doo vſe. | |
| Ground grauellie, ſandie, and mixed with claie,<br>Is naughtie for hops, anie maner of waie:<br>Or if it be mingled with rubbiſh and ſtone,<br>For drineſſe and barrenneſſe let it alone. | Naught for hops. |
| Chooſe ſoile for the hop of the rotteneſt mould,<br>Well doonged and wrought, as a garden-pot ſhould:<br>Not far from the water (but not ouerflowne)<br>This leſſon well noted is meet to be knowne. | Good for hops. |
| The ſunne in the ſouth, or elſe ſouthlie and weſt,<br>Is ioie to the hop, as a welcomed geſt:<br>But wind in the north, or elſe northerlie eaſt,<br>To hop is as ill, as a fraie in a feaſt. | |
| Meet plot for a hopyard, once found as is told,<br>Make thereof account, as of iewell of gold:<br>Now dig it and leaue it, the ſunne for to burne,<br>And afterward fenſe it, to ſerue for that turne. | Now dig thy new hop ground. |
| The hop for his profit I thus doo exalt,<br>It ſtrengtheneth drinke, and it ſauoreth malt:<br>And being well brewed, long kept it will laſt,<br>And drawing abide, if ye drawe not too faſt.[3] | The praiſe of hops. |

To this work belongs the well-known old ſong which begins:

> The Ape, the Lion, the Fox, the Aſſe,
> Thus ſets foorth man as in a glaſſe.[4]

For the farmer's general diet he aſſigns:—in Lent, red herrings

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[1] *Georgic.* i. 176, [edit. Keightley, p. 29.]

[2] [Tuſſer's directions on this ſubject may be compared with Reginald Scot's *Perfite Platforme of a Hoppe-Garden*, 1574, enlarged and republiſhed in 1575 and 1576.]

[3] Chap. 42, fol. 93. In this ſtanza is a copy of verſes by William Kethe, prefixed to Goodman's abſurd and factious pamphlet againſt Queen Mary, *How ſuperior Powers*, &c. 1558:

> "Whom fury long ſoſterd by ſufferance and awe,
> Have right rule ſubverted, and made will their lawe,
> Whoſe pride how to temper, this truth will thee tell,
> So as thou reſiſt mayſt, and yet not rebel," &c.

[4] Chap. 50, fol. 107.

and ſalt fiſh, which may remain in ſtore when Lent is paſt; at Eaſter, veal and bacon; at Martinmas, ſalted beef, when dainties are not to be had in the country; at Midſummer, when mackerel are no longer in ſeaſon, "graſſe, or ſallads," freſh beef, and peas; at Michaelmas, freſh herrings, with fatted crones, or ſheep; at All Saints, pork and peas, ſprats and ſpurlings; at Chriſtmas, "good cheere and plaie." The farmer's weekly fiſh days are Wedneſday, Friday, and Saturday, and he is charged to be careful in keeping "embrings and faſt-days."[1]

Among the "Huſbandlie Furniture" are recited moſt of the inſtruments now in uſe, yet with ſeveral obſolete and unintelligible names of farming utenſils.[2] Horſes, I know not from what ſuperſtition, are to be annually blooded on Saint Stephen's day.[3] Among the "Chriſtmas huſbandlie fare,"[4] our author recommends good drink, a good fire in the Hall, brawn, pudding and ſouſe, and muſtard withal, beef, mutton, and pork, ſhred or minced, pies of the beſt, pig, veal, gooſe, capon and turkey, cheeſe, apples and nuts, with "jolie carols." A Chriſtmas carol is then introduced, to the tune of *King Salomon*.[5]

In a compariſon between "Champion and Severall," that is, open and incloſed land, the diſputes about incloſures appear to have been as violent as at preſent.[6] Among his *Huſwifelie Admonitions*, which are not particularly addreſſed to the farmer, he adviſes three diſhes at dinner, which being well-dreſſed, will be ſufficient to pleaſe your friend, and will become your Hall.[7] The prudent houſewife is directed to make her own tallow candles.[8] Servants of both ſexes are ordered to go to bed at ten in the ſummer and nine in the winter; to riſe at five in the winter and four in the ſummer.[9] The ploughman's feaſting days, or holidays, are Plough-Monday, or the firſt Monday after Twelfth-day, when ploughing begins in Leiceſterſhire: Shrof-tide, or Shrove Tueſday, in Eſſex and Suffolk, when after ſhroving, or confeſſion, he is permitted to "go threſh the fat hen," and "if blindfold [you] can kill her, then giue it thy men,"

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[1] Chap. 12, fol. 25, 26. [2] Chap. 15, fol. 31, 32, 33. [3] Fol. 52.

[4] [Tuſſer, ſays Mr. Stillingfleet, ſeems to have been a good-natured cheerful man, and though a lover of economy, far from meanneſs, as appears in many of his precepts, wherein he ſhows his diſapprobation of that pitiful ſpirit which makes farmers ſtarve their cattle, their land, and everything belonging to them; chooſing rather to loſe a pound than ſpend a ſhilling. He throws his precepts into a calendar, and gives many good rules in general, both in relation to agriculture and economy; and had he not written in miſerable hobbling and obſcure verſe, might have rendered more ſervice to his countrymen. *Mem. for Hiſt. of Huſbandry* in Coxe's *Life of Stillingfleet*, vol. ii. p. 567.—*Park*.]

[5] Chap. 30, fol. 57. Theſe are four of the lines:

"Euen Chriſt (I meane) that virgins child,
In Bethlem borne:
That Lambe of God, that prophet mild,
With crowned thorne."

[6] Chap. 52, fol. 111. [7] Fol. 133.
[8] Fol. 135. [9] Fol. 137.

and to dine on fritters and pancakes.[1] Sheep-ſhearing, which is celebrated in Northamptonſhire with wafers and cakes. The Wake-day, or the vigil of the church ſaint, when "everie wanton maie danſe at her will," as in Leiceſterſhire, and the oven is to be filled with "flawnes." Harveſt-home, when the harveſt-home gooſe is to be killed. Seed-cake, a feſtival ſo called at the end of wheat-ſowing, in Eſſex and Suffolk, when the village is to be treated with ſeed cakes, paſties, and the "frumentie-pot." But twice a week, according to ancient right and cuſtom, the farmer is to give roaſt-meat, that is, on Sundays and on Thurſday nights.[2] We have then a ſet of poſies or proverbial rhymes, to be written in various rooms of the houſe, ſuch as *Huſbandlie poſies for the Hall*, *Poſies for the Parlour*, *Poſies for the Gheſts chamber*, and *Poſies for thine own bed-chamber*.[3] Botany appears to have been eminently cultivated, and illuſtrated with numerous treatiſes in Engliſh, throughout the latter part of the ſixteenth century.[4] In this work are large enumerations of plants, as well for the medical as the culinary garden.

Our author's general precepts have often an expreſſive brevity, and are ſometimes pointed with an epigrammatic turn and a ſmartneſs of alluſion. As thus,

Saue feathers for geſt,[5] Saue feathers.
Theſe other rob cheſt.
Saue wing for a threſher, when gander dooth die;
Saue feathers of all things, the ſofter to lie.
Much ſpice is a theefe, ſo is candle and fire;
Sweet ſauce is as craftie as euer was frier.[6]

Again, under the leſſons of the houſewife:

In dairie no cat,
Laie bane for a rat.
Though cat (a good mouſer) dooth dwell in a houſe,
Yet euer in dairie haue trap for a mouſe.

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[1] I have before mentioned Shrove-Tueſday as a day dedicated to feſtivities. In the year 1440, on Shrove-Tueſday, which that year was in March, at Norwich there was a "Diſport in the ſtreets, when one rode through the ſtreets havyng his hors trappyd with tyn-ſoyle, and other nyſe diſgyſyngs, coronned as Kyng of Creſtemaſſe, in tokyn that ſeſon ſhould end with the twelve moneths of the yere: aforn hym went yche [each] Moneth dyſguſyſyd after the ſeſon requiryd," &c.—Blomf. *Norf.* vol. ii. p. 111. This very poetical pageantry reminds me of a ſimilar and a beautiful proceſſion at Rome, deſcribed by Lucretius, where the SEASONS, with their accompaniments, walk perſonified.—Lib. v. l. 736:

"It Ver et Venus, et Veris prænuntius, ante
Pennatus graditur Zephyrus veſtigia propter
Flora quibus mater præſpargens ante viai
Cuncta coloribus egregiis et odoribus obplet:
Inde . . . . . Autumnus adit," &c.

[For an account of the ſeveral feſtivals mentioned in the text, ſee *Popular Antiquities of Great Britain*, 1870, vol. i.]

[2] Fol. 138.

[3] Fol. 144, 145. See Inſcriptions of this ſort in *The Welſpring of wittie Conceites*, tranſlated from the Italian by W. Phiſt[on], 1584, Signat. N 2.

[4] See the preface to Johnſon's edition of Gerarde's *Herbal*, 1633.

[5] [*Popular Antiquities of Great Britain*, 1870, i.]

[6] Fol. 134.

Take heed how thou laieſt the bane[1] for the rats,
For poiſoning of ſervant, thy ſelfe and thy brats.[2]

And in the following rule of the ſmaller economics:

Who manie do feed,
Saue much they haue need.
Saue droppings and ſkimmings, how euer ye doo,
For medcine, for cattell, for cart, and for ſhoo.[3]

In theſe ſtanzas on haymaking, he riſes above his common manner:

Go muſter thy ſeruants, be captaine thy ſelfe, Haie
Prouiding them weapons, and other like pelfe: harueſt.
Get bottells and wallets, keepe field in the heat,
The feare is as much, as the danger is great.

With toſſing and raking, and ſetting on cox,
Graſſe latelie in ſwathes, is haie for an ox:
That doone, go and cart it, and haue it awaie,
The battell is fought, ye haue gotten the daie.[4]

A great variety of verſe is uſed in this poem, which is thrown into numerous detached chapters.[5] The *Huſbandrie* is divided into the ſeveral months. Tuſſer, in reſpect of his antiquated diction and his argument, may not improperly be ſtyled the Engliſh Varro.[6]

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[1] Poiſon. [2] Fol. 131. [3] Fol. 134. [4] Fol. 95, ch. 44.

[5] In this book I firſt find the metre of Rowe's ſong,

" Deſpairing beſide a clear ſtream."

For inſtance:

" What looke ye, I praie you ſhew what?
Termes painted with Rhetorike fine?
Good huſbandrie ſeeketh not that,
Nor iſt anie meaning of mine.

" What lookeſt thou, ſpeeke at the laſt?
Good leſſons for thee and thy wife?
Then keepe them in memorie faſt,
To helpe as a comfort to life."

See *Preface to the buier of this booke*, ch. 5, fol. 14. In the ſame meaſure is the compariſon betweene Champion countrie *and ſeuerall*, ch. 52, fol. 108.

[The *Preface* above cited contained two Stanzas thus worded, in the edition of 1570, I believe, only—

" What lookeſt thou here for to have?
Trim verſes, thy fanſie to pleaſe?
Of Surry, ſo famous, that crave;
Looke nothing but rudeneſſe in theſe.

" What other thing lookeſt thou then
Grave ſentences herein to finde?
Such Chaucer hath twentie and ten,
Ye, thouſands to pleaſure thy minde."—*Park.*]

[6] Googe, in his preface to the tranſlation of Hereſbach's *Four Books of Huſbandrie*, 1578, ſets Fitzherbert and Tuſſer on a level with Varro and Columella and Palladius: but the ſedate Stillingfleet would rather compare Tuſſer to old Heſiod, from the following conſiderations. They both wrote in the infancy of huſbandry, in their different countries. Both gave good general precepts, without entering into the detail, though Tuſſer has more of it than Heſiod. They both ſeem deſirous to improve the morals of their readers as well as their farms, by recommending induſtry

Such were the rude beginnings in the Engliſh language of didactic poetry, which, on a kindred ſubject [a later age ſaw] brought to perfection, by the happy combination of judicious precepts with the moſt elegant ornaments of language and imagery in Maſon's *Engliſh Garden.*[1]

## SECTION LIV.

AMONG Antony Wood's manuſcripts in the Bodleian library at Oxford, I find a poem of conſiderable length written by William Forreſt, chaplain to Queen Mary.[2] It is entitled, *A true and moſt notable Hiſtory of a right noble and famous Lady produced in Spayne entitled the ſecond Greſield.* This is a panegyrical hiſtory in octave rhyme of the life of Queen Catharine, the firſt queen of King Henry the Eighth. The poet compares Catharine to patient Griſild, celebrated by Petrarch and Chaucer, and Henry to Earl Walter her huſband.[3] Catharine had certainly the patience and conjugal compliance of Griſild: but Henry's cruelty was not, like Walter's, only artificial and aſſumed. It is dedicated to Queen Mary:[4] and Wood's manuſcript, which was once very ſuperbly bound and emboſſed, and is elegantly written on

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and economy: and, that which perhaps may be looked upon as the greateſt reſemblance, they both wrote in verſe; probably for the ſame reaſon, namely, to propagate their doctrines more effectually. But here the reſemblance ends: the Greek was a very fine poet, the Engliſhman an unſkilful verſifier. However, there is ſomething very pleaſing in our countryman's lines now and then, though of the ruſtic kind; and ſometimes his thoughts are aptly and conciſely expreſſed:—*e. g.*

> "Reape well, ſcatter not, gather cleane that is ſhorne,
> Binde faſt, ſhock apace, have an eye to thy corne,
> Lode ſafe, carry home, follow time being faire,
> Gove juſt in the barne, it is out of deſpaire."

*Mem. for Hiſt. of Huſbandry* in the Works of Benj. Stillingfleet, ii. 572.—*Park.*]

[1] [Such, at leaſt, was Warton's opinion. It may be mentioned that Tuſſer's work is reprinted in the *Somers Tracts*, laſt edit. iii., and by Mavor, 1812, but both texts are of comparatively ſlight value.

[2] In folio. MSS. Cod. A. Wood, Num. 2. They were purchaſed by the Univerſity after Wood's death.

[3] The affecting ſtory of *Patient Griſild* ſeems to have long kept up its celebrity. In the books of the Stationers, in 1565, Owen Rogers has a licence to print "*a ballat intituled the ſonge of pacyent Greſſell vnto hyr make.*" Regiſtr. A. fol. 132, b. Two ballads are entered in 1565, "to the tune of pacyente Greſſell." *Ibid.* fol. 135, a. In the ſame year T. Colwell has licence to print *The Hiſtory of meke and pacyent Greſell*, Ibid. fol. 139, a. Colwell has a ſecond edition of this hiſtory in 1568. *Ibid.* fol. 177, a. Inſtances occur much lower. [See *Handb. of E. E. Lit.* 1867, in v.]

[4] [In poetic compliment to his royal patroneſs, Forreſt wrote and printed *A new ballade of the Mari-golde.* This is preſerved in the archives of the Society of Antiquaries, and has been reprinted in the *Harl. Miſcell. Suppl.* vol. ii.—*Park.*]

vellum, evidently appears to have been the book preſented by the author to her majeſty. Much of its ancient finery is tarniſhed: but on the braſs boſſes at each corner is ſtill diſcernible *Ave Maria gratia plena*. At the end is this colophon: "Here endeth the Hiſtorye of Gryſilde the ſecond, dulie meanyng Queene Catharine mother to our moſt dread ſoveraigne Lady queene Mary, fynyſched the xxv day of June, the yeare of owre Lorde 1558. By the ſymple and unlearned Syr Wylliam Forreſt preeiſte, propria manu." The poem, which conſiſts of twenty chapters, contains a zealous condemnation of Henry's divorce, and, I believe, preſerves ſome anecdotes, yet apparently miſrepreſented by the writer's religious and political bigotry, not extant in any of our printed hiſtories. Forreſt was a ſtudent at Oxford, at the time when this notable and knotty point of caſuiſtry proſtituted the learning of all the univerſities of Europe to the gratification of the capricious amours of a libidinous and implacable tyrant. He has recorded many particulars and local incidents of what paſſed in Oxford during that tranſaction.[1] At the end of the poem is a metrical *Oration Conſolatory*, in ſix leaves, to Queen Mary.

In the Britiſh Muſeum is [the firſt part of] another of Forreſt's poems, written in two ſplendid folio volumes on vellum, called "*The tragedious troubles of the moſt chaſt and innocent Joſeph, ſon to the holy patriarch Jacob*, and dedicated to Thomas Howard Duke of Norfolk.[2] In the ſame repoſitory is another of his pieces, never printed, dedicated [without a regular title, but bearing at p. 8 the following particulars: *Here enſuithe A notable worke (called the Pleaſaunt Poeſye of Princelie Practice compoſed of late in meatre royall) by the ſymple and vnlearned Williã forreſt preeiſte, muche parte collecte owte of A book entitled the gouernaunce of noblemen, which booke the wiſe philoſopher Ariſtotell wrote too his diſcyple Alexandre, the great and mightie Conqueroure*, 1548."[3] Mr. Nichols adds: "Then follows a poetical dedication to King Edward of fourteen ſtanzas, and the oppoſite page is occupied with a drawing in Indian ink, repreſenting King Edward ſeated on his throne, and William Forreſt (drawn a youthful man, though he

[1] In the firſt chapter, he thus ſpeaks of the towardlineſs of the Princeſs Catharine's younger years:

> "With ſtoole and needyl ſhe was not to ſeeke,
> And other practiſeingis for ladyes meete;
> To paſtyme at tables, ticktacke, or gleeke,
> Cardys, dyce," &c.

He adds, that ſhe was a pure virgin when married to the king: and that her firſt huſband Prince Arthur, on account of his tender years, never ſlept with her.

[2] MSS. *Reg.* 18 C. xiii. It appears to have once belonged to the library of John Theyer of Cooperſhill near Glouceſter. [A copy of the ſecond part of the work (as Sir F. Madden points out to the preſent editor, is] in Univerſity-college library, MSS. G. 7, with gilded leaves. This, I believe, once belonged to Robert Earl of Ayleſbury. Pr. "In Canaan that country opulent." [See alſo *Privy Purſe Expenſes of the Princeſs Mary*, edit. Madden, 1831, pp. cxix-xx., and *Literary Remains of Edward VI.* edit. Nichols, 1857, cccxxxv.]

[3] MSS. *Reg.* 17 D. iii. In the Preface twenty-ſeven chapters are enumerated: but the book contains only twenty-four.

is ſaid to have ſtudied at Oxford in 1530) kneeling, preſenting to him the book."] The book here mentioned is *Ægidius Romanus de Regimine Principum*, which yet retained its reputation and popularity from the middle age. I ought to have obſerved before, that Forreſt tranſlated into Engliſh metre fifty of David's Pſalms, in 1551, which are dedicated to the Protector Somerſet.[1] Hence we are led to ſuſpect, that our author could accommodate his faith to the reigning powers. Many more of his manuſcript pieces both in proſe and verſe, all profeſſional and of the religious kind, were in the hands of Robert Earl of Aileſbury.[2] Forreſt, who muſt have been living at Oxford, as appears from his poem on Queen Catharine, ſo early as the year 1530, was in reception of an annual penſion of ſix pounds from Chriſt-church in that univerſity, in the year 1555.[3] He was eminently ſkilled in muſic: and with much diligence and expenſe he collected the works of the moſt excellent Engliſh compoſers, that were his cotemporaries. Theſe being the choiceſt compoſitions of John Taverner of Boſton, organiſt of Cardinal-college (now Chriſt-church) at Oxford, John Marbeck who firſt digeſted our preſent church-ſervice from the notes of the Roman miſſal, Fairfax, Tye, Sheppard, Norman, and others, falling after Forreſt's death into the poſſeſſion of Doctor William Hether, founder of the muſical praxis and profeſſorſhip at Oxford in 1623, are now fortunately preſerved at Oxford, in the archives of the muſic-ſchool aſſigned to that inſtitution.

In [or about] 1554, a poem of two ſheets, in the ſpirit and ſtanza of Sternhold, was printed under the title, "*The Vngodlineſſe of the Hethnicke Goddes or The Downfall of Diana of the Epheſians*, by J. D. an exile for the word, late a miniſter in London, MDLIV." I preſume it was printed at Geneva, and imported into England with other books of the ſame tendency, which were afterwards ſuppreſſed by a proclamation. The writer, whoſe arguments are as weak as his poetry, attempts to prove that the cuſtomary mode of training youths in the Roman poets encouraged idolatry and pagan ſuperſtition. This was a topic much laboured by the Puritans. Prynne, in that chapter of his *Hiſtriomaſtix*, where he expoſes "the obſcenity, ribaldry, amorouſneſſe, heatheniſhneſſe, and prophaneſſe, of moſt Play-bookes, Arcadiaes, and fained Hiſtories that are now ſo much in admiration," acquaints us, that the infallible leaders of the Puritan perſuaſion in the reign of Queen Elizabeth,

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[1] MSS. *Reg.* 17 A. xxi. [See alſo Conventual Library of Weſtminſter in *Gen. Catal.* "Some Pſalms in Engliſh verſe, by W. Foreſt." Cod. MSS. Eccl. Cath. Weſtmonas.—*Park.*]

[2] Wood, *Ath. Oxon.* i. 124. Fox ſays, that he paraphraſed the *Pater Noſter* in Engliſh verſe, Pr. "Our Father which in heaven doth ſit." Alſo the *Te Deum*, as a thankſgiving hymn for Queen Mary, Pr. "O God thy name we magnifie." Fox *Mart.* p. 1139, edit. vet.

[3] MSS. Le Neve. From a long chapter in his [*Life of Q. Katherine*], about the building of Chriſt-church and the regimen of it, he appears to have been of that college.

among which are two biſhops, have ſolemnly prohibited all Chriſtians "to pen, to print, to ſell, to read, or Schoole-maſters and others to teach, any amorous wanton Play-bookes, Hiſtories, or Heathen Authors, eſpecially Ovids wanton Epiſtles and Bookes of love, Catullus, Tibullus, Propertius, Martiall, the Comedies of Plautus, Terence, and other ſuch amorous bookes, ſavoring either of Pagan Gods, of ethnicke rites and ceremonies, or of ſcurrility, amorouſneſſe, & prophaneſſe."[1] But the claſſics were at length condemned by a much higher authority. In the years [1580 and 1582], one Chriſtopher Ocland, a ſchoolmaſter of Cheltenham, publiſhed two poems in Latin hexameters, one entitled *Anglorum Prælia*, the other *Elizabetha*.[2] To theſe poems, which are written in a low ſtyle of Latin verſification, is prefixed an edict from the lords of privy council, ſigned, among others, by Cowper Biſhop of Lincoln, Lord Warwick, Lord Leiceſter, Sir Francis Knollys, Sir Chriſtopher Hatton, and Sir Francis Walſingham, and directed to the queen's eccleſiaſtical commiſſioners, containing the following paſſage.[3] "Foraſmuche as the ſubject or matter of this booke is ſuch, as is worthie to be read of all men, and eſpecially in common ſchooles, where diuers Heathen Poets are ordinarily read and taught, from which the youth of the realme doth rather receiue infection in manners, than aduancement in uertue: in place of ſome of which poets, we thinke this Booke fit to be read and taught in the grammar ſchooles: we haue therefore thought good, for the encouraging the ſaid Ocklande and others that are learned to beſtowe their trauell and ſtudies to ſo good purpoſes, as alſo for the benefit of the youth and the removing of ſuch laſciuious poets as are commonly read and taught in the ſaide grammar-ſchooles (the matter of this booke being heroicall and of good inſtruction) to praye and require you vpon the ſight hereof, as by our ſpecial order, to write your letters vnto al the Biſhops throughout this realme, requiring them to giue commaundement, that in al the gramer and free ſchooles within their ſeuerall dioceſſes, the ſaid Booke de *Anglorum Prælliis*, and peaceable Gouernment of hir majeſtie, [the *Elizabetha*,] may be in place of ſome of the heathen poets receyued, and publiquely read and taught by the ſcholemaſters."[4]

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[1 Reprinted in 1582, 8vo. The *Elizabetheis*, of which the firſt edition is annexed to the reprint of the other poem, was tranſlated by John Sharrock of New College, Oxford, and publiſhed in 1585, 4to, with the original dedication retained to Mildred, Lady Burleigh.]

[2] *Hiſtriomaſtix*, 1633, pp. 913, 916.

[3] Prefixed to the *Anglorum Prælia* is a Latin elegiac copy by Thomas Newton of Cheſhire: to the *Elizabetha*, which is dedicated by the author to the learned lady Mildred Burleigh, two more; one by Richard Mulcaſter the celebrated maſter of Merchant Taylor's ſchool, the other by Thomas Watſon an elegant writer of ſonnets. Our author was a very old man, as appears by the laſt of theſe copies. Whence, ſays Biſhop Hall, *Sat.* iii. b. iv.

"Or cyte olde Oclands verſe, how they did wield
The wars in Turwin or in Turney field."

[4] Signat. A ij. Then follows an order from the eccleſiaſtical commiſſioners to all the biſhops for this purpoſe. [Signed John London, Da. Lewes, Bar. Clerke,

With ſuch abundant circumſpection and ſolemnity did theſe profound and pious politicians, not ſuſpecting that they were acting in oppoſition to their own principles and intentions, exert their endeavours to bring back barbariſm, and to obſtruct the progreſs of truth and good ſenſe.

Holinſhed mentions Lucas Shepherd of Colcheſter as an eminent poet of Queen Mary's reign.[1] I do not pretend to any great talents for deciphering; but I preſume that this is the ſame perſon who is called by Bale, from a moſt injudicious affectation of Latinity, Lucas Opilio. Bale affirms that his contemporary, Opilio, was a very facetious poet, and means to pay him a ſtill higher compliment in pronouncing him not inferior even to Skelton for his rhymes.[2] It is unlucky that Bale, by diſguiſing his name, ſhould have contributed to conceal this writer ſo long from the notice of poſterity, and even to counteract his own partiality. Lucas Shepherd, however, appears to have been nothing more than a petty pamphleteer in the cauſe of Calviniſm, and to have acquired the character of a poet from a metrical tranſlation of ſome of David's Pſalms about the year 1554. Bale's narrow prejudices are well known. The Puritans never ſuſpected that they were greater bigots than the papiſts. I believe one or two of Shepherd's pieces in proſe are among Biſhop Tanner's books at Oxford. [He may have been related to Anthony Shepherd who, under the ſignature of Shepheard Tonie, has two or three pieces in *Englands Helicon*, 1600.]

Bale alſo mentions metrical Engliſh verſions of *Eccleſiaſtes*, of the hiſtories of *Eſther*, *Suſannah*, *Judith*, and of the *Teſtaments of the Twelve Patriarchs*, printed and written about this period, by John Pullaine, one of the original ſtudents of Chriſtchurch at Oxford, and at length Archdeacon of Colcheſter. He was chaplain to the Ducheſs of Suffolk, and either by choice or compulſion imbibed ideas of reformation at Geneva.[3]

There were numerous verſions of *Solomon's Song* before the year 1600: and perhaps no portion of Scripture was ſelected with more propriety to be clothed in verſe. Beſide thoſe I have mentioned, there is *The Song of Songs*, that is the moſt excellent Song which was Solomons, tranſlated out of the Hebrue into Engliſhe meeter, [by Dudley Fenner, Middleburgh, 1587 and 1594, 8vo.] Nor have I yet mentioned *Solomon's Song*, tranſlated from Engliſh proſe into Engliſh verſe by Robert Fletcher,[4] a native of Warwickſhire, and a member of Merton College, printed with notes in 1586. The *Canticles* in Engliſh verſe are among the loſt poems of Spenſer.

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W. Lewyn, Owen Hopton, W. Fletewoode, Pet. Oſborne, Tho. Fanſhaw; and dated from London, the 7th of May, 1582.—*Park.*]

[1] *Chron.* vol. iii. p. 1168.

[2] Par. poſt. p. 109.

[3] Bale ix. 83. Wood, *Ath. Oxon.* i. 148.

[4] [To this writer muſt probably be attributed a thin quarto of proſe and verſe publiſhed in 1606, containing brief hiſtorical regiſters of our regal Henries, and entitled *The Nine Engliſh Worthies; or the famous and worthy princes of England being all of one name*, &c.—*Park.*]

Biſhop Hall, in his nervous and elegant ſatires printed in 1597, meaning to ridicule and expoſe the ſpiritual poetry with which his age was overwhelmed, has an alluſion to a metrical Engliſh verſion of *Solomon's Song*.[1] Having mentioned *Saint Peters Complaint*, written by Robert Southwell, and printed in 1595, with ſome other religious effuſions of that author, he adds:

> Yea, and the Prophet of the heauenly Lire,
> Great *Solomon*, ſings in the Engliſh Quire;
> And is become a new found Sonetiſt,
> Singing his loue, the holy ſpouſe of Chriſt:
> Like as ſhe were ſome light-ſkirts of the reſt.[2]
> In mightieſt Ink-horniſmes[3] he can thither wreſt.
> Ye Sion Muſes ſhall by my deare will,
> For this your zeale and farre-admired ſkill,
> Be ſtraight tranſported from Ieruſalem,
> Vnto the holy houſe of Bethleem.

It is not to any of the verſions of the *Canticles* which I have hitherto mentioned, that Hall here alludes. His cenſure is levelled at *The Poem of Poems, or Sions Muſe*.[4] *Contaynyng the diuine Song of King Salomon deuided into eight Eclogues.* 1596. The author ſigns his dedication,[5] which is addreſſed to the "ſacred virgin, diuine Miſtreſs

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[1] B. i. Sat. viii. But for this abuſe of the divine ſonnetteers, Marſton not inelegantly retorts againſt Hall. *Certayne Satyres*, 1598. Sat. iv.

> "Come daunce, ye ſtumbling Satyres, by his ſide,
> If he liſt once the Syon Muſe deride;
> Ye Granta's white Nymphs come, and with you bring
> Some ſillabub, whilſt he doth ſweetly ſing
> Gainſt Peters Teares, and Maries mouing Moane;
> And like a fierce-enraged boare doth foame
> At Sacred Sonnets, O daring hardiment!
> At Bartas ſweet Semaines[1] raile impudent.
> At Hopkins, Sternhold, and the Scotiſh King,
> At all tranſlators that do ſtriue to bring
> That ſtranger language to our vulgar tongue," &c.

[2] Origen and Jerom ſay, that the youth of the Jews were not permitted to read *Solomon's Song* till they were thirty years of age, for fear they ſhould inflame their paſſions by drawing the ſpiritual allegory into a carnal ſenſe. Orig. Homil. in *Cantic. Cant.* apud Hieronymi Opp. tom. viii. p. 122. And *Opp. Origen.* ii. fol. 68; Hieron. Proem. in *Ezech.* iv. p. 330 D.

[3] [This term is lauded by Pinkerton, in his *Letters of Literature*, p. 80, as a phraſe of much felicity: but it was not Hall's coinage. See Wilſon's *Rhetorike*, 1553, fol. 82.—*Park.* "For truly throughe out al this ſimple and rude tranſlation, I ſtudyed rather to uſe the moſt playn and famylier engliſh ſpeche thē ether Chaucers wordes (which by reaſon of antiquitie be almoſt out of uſe) or els *inkhorne termes* (as they call them), which the common people, for lacke of Latin, do not underſtand."—Aſhton's Tranſlation of Jovius's *Shorte treatiſe upon the Turkes Chronicles*, 1546, Dedic.—*Rye.* It is rather a favourite phraſe with Gaſcoigne and Puttenham. The paſſage from Wilſon will be found quoted a little further on.]

[4] [Meres, in his [*Palladis Tamia*, or] *Wits Treaſury*, ſpeaks of [*The Poem of Poems, or Sions Muſe*, 1596, 8vo.], by Jervis Markham, but without praiſe or cenſure.—*Park.*]

[5] [In this dedication Markham candidly and conſcientiouſly tells his readers that

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[1] Du Bartas's *Divine Weeks*.

Elizabeth Sydney, ſole daughter of the euer admired Sir Philip Sydney," with the initials J[ervis[ M[arkham].

Although the tranſlation of the Scriptures into Engliſh rhyme was for the moſt part an exerciſe of the enlightened Puritans, the recent publication of Sternhold's Pſalms taught that mode of writing to many of the Papiſts, after the ſudden revival of the maſs under Queen Mary. One Richard Beearde, parſon of Saint Mary-hill in London, celebrated the acceſſion of that queen in a godly pſalm, [written and perhaps] printed in 1553.[1] Much about the ſame time George Marſhall wrote [*A Compendious treatiſe in metre, declaring the firſte originall of Sacrifice and of buylding of Aultares and Churches, and of the firſte receauing of the Chriſten fayth here in Englande*], dedicated to George Wharton, Eſq., and printed in 1554.

In 1557, Miles Huggard, a famous butt of the Proteſtants, publiſhed *A ſhorte treatiſe in meter vpon the cxxix. pſalme of Dauid called De profundis.* Of the oppoſite or heretical perſuaſion was Peter Moone, who wrote a metrical tract on the abuſes of the maſs, [of which there were two editions], about the firſt year of Queen Mary.[2] Near the ſame period a tranſlation of *Eccleſiaſtes* into rhyme by Oliver Starkey occurs in Biſhop Tanner's library,[3] if I recollect right, together with his tranſlation of Salluſt's two hiſtories. By the way, there was another vernacular verſification of *Eccleſiaſtes* by Henry Lok, or Lock, of whom more will be ſaid hereafter, printed in 1597. This book was alſo tranſlated into Latin hexameters by Drant who will occur again in 1572. The *Eccleſiaſtes* was verſified in Engliſh by Spenſer.[4]

[About 1540,][5] as it ſeems, Robert Wyer printed *A lytell boke*

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" rapt in admiration with the excellency of our Engliſh poets, whoſe wandred ſpirits have made wonderfull the workes of prophane love, he gave himſelfe over to the ſtudy of inchaunting poeſie : till, at length he betooke himſelfe to Divinitie, and found Poeſie, which he had ſo much reverenced, created but her handmaid : for as Poeſie gave grace to vulgar ſubjects, ſo Divinitie gave glorie to the beſt part of a poet's invention," &c.—*Park.*]

[1] See Strype's *Eliz.* p. 202 ; Newc. *Rep.* vol. i. p. 451 ; [and *Handb. of E. E. Lit.*, art. BEEARDE, in Additions.] See what is ſaid above of Miles Hoggard.

[2] *Handb. of E. E. Lit.*, in voce. Poſſibly this author may have been related to Amy Moone, the ſecond wife of Tuſſer the Georgic writer.] Fox mentions one William Punt, author of a *Ballade made againſt the Pope and Popery*, under Edward the Sixth, and of other tracts of the ſame tendency under Queen Mary. *Martyr.* p. 1605, edit. vet. See in Strype an account of Underhill's Sufferings in 1553, for writing a ballad againſt the queen, he "being a witty and facetious gentleman." *Eccl. Mem.* vol. iii. pp. 60, 61, ch. vi. Many rhymes and ballads were written againſt the Spaniſh match in 1554. Strype, *ibid.* p. 127, ch. xiv. Fox has preſerved ſome hymns in Sternhold's metre, ſung by the Proteſtant martyrs in Newgate in 1555. *Mart.* fol. 1539, edit. 1597, vol. ii.

[3] [Warton is moſt probably miſtaken, as Tanner, who merely follows Bale and Pitts, does not appear to have ſeen [this] book.—*Ritſon.*]

[4] [Surrey's verſion of five chapters from the *Eccleſiaſtes* has been noticed.—*Park.*]

[5] [No copy of Wyer's edition is known. For an account of the work, ſee *Remains of the E. Pop. Poetry of England*, iv.; and *Handbook of E. E. Lit.*, art. WOMEN, where ſeveral other treatiſes for and againſt the fair ſex will be found deſcribed. See, however, *Ibid.*, GOSYNHILL, MORE, &c.]

*named the Scole Howſe, wherein euery man may rede a goodly prayſe of the condycyons of women.* Within the leaf is a border of naked women. This is a ſatire againſt the female ſex. The writer was wiſe to ſuppreſs his name, as we may judge from the following paſſage: [1]

Trewly ſome men there be,
That lyue alwaye in greate ho[n]oure:
And ſay, it goeth by deſtenye
To hange or wed, both haue [but] one houre:
And whether it be, I am well ſure,
Hangynge is better of the twayne,
Sooner done, and ſhorter payne.

[The *Schole-houſe of Women* became tolerably popular, and was republiſhed in 1541, 1560, and 1572. But in 1542, a reply to it in alliterative verſe appeared, entitled *A Dyalogve defenſyue for Women agaynſt malycyovs detractoures.* In the colophon, the piece is called *The Faucon and the Pye.* The name of Robert Vaughane, or Vaughan, is attached to ſome verſes at the end; but this perſon, perhaps only for the ſake of evading the reſponſibilities of authorſhip, tells us that the main poem was not his, but was confided to him by a friend for publication.

In or about 1544, Edward Goſynhyll undertook a further and more general vindication of the fair ſex in a poetical tract, entitled *The prayſe of all women, called Mulierū Pean.* This gallant, if not very brilliant, performance paſſed through at leaſt two editions, the ſecond appearing about 1558. Goſynhyll's book opens thus:

What time y^e^ crabbe h^e^ courſe had paſt
And Phebus atteyned the Aquarye
The ſelfe ſame tyme whā it froſe faſt
A myddes the moneth of Januarye
I in my bedde, and ſlepe in myne eye,
A ſodeyne aſſemblē before me dyd appere
And women they ſemed by abyte and chere.

This may not ſtrike the reader as a very promiſing exordium. It ſhould, perhaps, be pointed out that two impreſſions were publiſhed about the ſame period, of *A lytell treatyſe of the Beauté of women;* but this is profeſſedly a tranſlation from the French, and ſcarcely enters into the ſeries. Probably the earlieſt production in our language, not derived directly from abroad, is the *Interlocucyon with an argument betwixt man and woman y^t^ whiche of them could proue to be moſt excellēt*, printed by W. de Worde about 1520, or even before. But of courſe there are ſeveral of the books or tracts more immediately bearing upon the ſoft paſſion and on marriage, which help to illuſtrate the preſent ſubject.

The *Scole houſe of Women* found, after ſome lapſe of time, a third challenger in the perſon of] Edward More, of Hambledon in Buckinghamſhire. It required no very powerful abilities, either of genius

[1] [This and the notice of Vaughan's *Faucon and Pye* are brought hither from other parts of the Hiſtory, where Warton introduced them in his peculiarly deſultory faſhion.]

or judgment, to confute ſuch a groundleſs and malignant invective. More's book, [which was written in 1557, before he was twenty years of age,] is entitled *The Defence of Women, and eſpecially of Engliſh women, made againſt the School-houſe of Women.* It is dedicated to Maſter William Page, ſecretary to his neighbour and patron, Sir Edward Hoby, of Biſham Abbey, and was printed in 1560.[1]

With the Catholic liturgy, all the pageantries of Popery were reſtored to their ancient ſplendour by Queen Mary. Among others, the proceſſion of the boy-biſhop was too popular a mummery to be forgotten. In the reign of [Henry VIII.], Hugh Rhodes, a gentleman or muſician of the royal chapel, publiſhed an Engliſh poem with the title, [*Stans*[2] *puer ad menſâ otherwyſe called the boke of Norture, newly imprinted and very neceſſary vnto all youthe.* It is founded on Lydgate's poem and on the *Boke of Nurture*, by John Ruſſell, an author unknown to Warton and his editors, and ſervant (as he calls himſelf) to Humphrey Duke of Glouceſter. Ruſſell's performance is in Harl. MS. 4011, and has been recently edited, with many other early educational tracts of great curioſity,[3] by Mr. Furnivall.] In the reign of Mary, [Rhodes] printed a poem, conſiſting of thirty-ſix octave ſtanzas, entitled *The Song of the Chyldbyſhop, as it was ſonge*[4] *before the queenes maieſtie in her priuie chamber at her manour of ſaynt James in the Feeldes on ſaynt Nicholas day and Innocents day this yeare nowe preſent, by the chylde byſhope of Poules churche*[5] *with his company.*[6] By admitting this ſpectacle into her preſence, it appears that her majeſty's bigotry condeſcended to give countenance to the moſt ridiculous and unmeaning ceremony of the Roman ritual. As to the ſong itſelf, it is a fulſome panegyric on the queen's devotion, in which ſhe is compared to Judith, Eſther, the Queen of Sheba, and the Virgin Mary.[7]

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[1] [Reprinted in Utterſon's *Collection*, 1817.]

[2] [From the preſs of John Redman (*circa* 1530), 4to. twelve leaves. There are ſeveral other editions. See *Handb. of E. E. Lit.*, art. RHODES (and *Appx.*)]

[3] [*The Babees Book, The Bokes of Nurture, The Boke of Kervynge*, &c. 1868.]

[4] In the church of York, no choriſter was to be elected boy-biſhop, "niſi habuerit claram vocem puerilem."—*Regiſtr. Capitul. Eccles. Ebor.* ſub. ann. 1390, *MS. ut ſupr.*

[5] In the old ſtatutes of Saint Paul's are many orders about this mock ſolemnity. One is that the canon, called Stagiarius, ſhall find the boy-biſhop his robes, and "equitatum honeſtum."—MS. fol. 86, *Diceto dean.* In the ſtatutes of Saliſbury Cathedral, it is ordered that the boy-biſhop ſhall not make a feaſt, "ſed in domo communi cum ſociis converſetur, niſi eum ut Choriſtam, ad domum Canonici, cauſa ſolatii, ad menſam contigerit evocari." Sub anno 1319. Tit. xlv.—*De Statu Choriſtarum, MS.*

[6] In quarto, bl. lett. Strype ſays, that in 1556, "On S. Nicolas even, Saint Nicolas—that is, a boy habited like a biſhop *in pontificalibus*—went abroad in moſt parts of London, ſinging after the old faſhion, and was received with many ignorant but well-diſpoſed people into their houſes, and had as much good cheer as ever was wont to be had before."—*Eccl. Mem.* vol. iii. p. 310, ch. xxxix. See alſo p. 387, ch. l. In 1554, Nov. 13, an edict was iſſued by the Biſhop of London to all the clergy of his dioceſe, to have a boy-biſhop in proceſſion, &c.—Strype, *ibid.* p. 202, ch. xxv. See alſo pp. 205, 206, ch. xxvi.

[7] [Compare the *Paradyce of daynty deuyſes*, ed. 1578, repr. Collier, p. 49.]

## SECTION LV.

IT appears, however, that the cultivation of an Engliſh ſtyle began to be now regarded. At the general reſtoration of knowledge and taſte, it was a great impediment to the progreſs of our language, that all the learned and ingenious, aiming at the character of erudition, wrote in Latin. Engliſh books were written only by the ſuperficial and illiterate, at a time when judgment and genius ſhould have been exerted in the nice and critical taſk of poliſhing a rude ſpeech. Long after the invention of typography, our vernacular ſtyle, inſtead of being ſtrengthened and refined by numerous compoſitions, was only corrupted with new barbariſms and affectations, for want of able and judicious writers in Engliſh. Unleſs we except Sir Thomas More, whoſe *Dialogue of Comfort in Tribulation* and *Hiſtory of Richard the Third* were eſteemed ſtandards of ſtyle ſo low as the reign of James the Firſt, Roger Aſcham was, perhaps, the firſt of our ſcholars who ventured to break the ſhackles of Latinity by publiſhing his *Toxophilus* in Engliſh; chiefly with a view of giving a pure and correct model of Engliſh compoſition, or rather of ſhowing how a ſubject might be treated with grace and propriety in Engliſh as well as in Latin. His own vindication of his conduct in attempting this great innovation is too ſenſible to be omitted, and reflects light on the revolutions of our poetry: "As for y^e^ Latin or greke tonge, euery thing is ſo excellently done in them, that none can do better: In the Englyſh tonge contrary, euery thinge in a maner ſo meanly, bothe for the matter and handelynge, that no man can do worſe. For therein the leaſt learned for the moſte parte haue ben alwayes mooſt redye to wryte. And they whiche had leaſt hope in latin haue bene moſte boulde in englyſhe: when ſurelye euery man that is moſte ready to taulke, is not mooſt able to wryte. He that wyll wryte well in any tongue, muſte folowe thys councel of Ariſtotle, to ſpeake as the common people do, to thinke as wiſe men do; and ſo ſhoulde euery man vnderſtande hym, and the iudgement of wyſe men alowe hym. Many Engliſh writers haue not done ſo; but vſinge ſtraunge wordes, as latin, french and Italian, do make all thinges darke and harde. Ones I communed with a man, whiche reaſoned the englyſhe tongue to be enryched and encreaſed therby, ſaying: Who wyll not prayſe that feaſte where a man ſhall drinke at a diner bothe wyne, ale and beere? Truely, quod I, they be all good, euery one taken by hym ſelfe alone; but if you putte Malmeſye and ſacke, read wyne and white, ale and beere, and al in one pot, you ſhall make a drynke neyther eaſie to be knowen, nor yet holſom for the bodye. Cicero in folowyng Iſocrates, Plato and Demoſ-

thenes, increaſed the latine tongue after an other ſorte. This waye, bycauſe diuers men y^t^ write do not know, they can neyther folowe it bycauſe of theyr ignorauncie, nor yet will prayſe it for verye arrogauncie: ii. faultes ſeldome the one out of the others companye. Englyſh writers by diuerſitie of tyme haue taken diuerſe matters in hande. In our fathers tyme nothing was red, but bookes of fayned cheualrie, wherein a man by redinge ſhuld be led to none other ende but onely to manſlaughter and baudrye. Yf any man ſuppoſe they were good ynough to paſſe the time with al, he is deceyued. For ſurelye vayne woordes doo woorke no ſmal thinge in vayne, ignoraunt, and young mindes, ſpecially yf they be gyuen any thynge thervnto of theyr owne nature. Theſe bokes (as I haue heard ſay) were made the moſte parte in Abbayes and Monaſteries, a very lickely and fit fruite of ſuche an ydle and blynde kinde of lyuynge.[1] In our tyme now, whan euery manne is gyuen to knowe much rather than to liue wel, very many do write but after ſuche a faſhion as very many do ſhoote. Some ſhooters take in hande ſtronger bowes than they be able to mayntayne. This thynge maketh them ſummtyme to outſhoote the marke, ſummtyme to ſhote far wyde and perchaunce hurt ſumme that looke on. Other that neuer learned to ſhote, nor yet knoweth good ſhafte nor bowe, wyll be as buſie as the beſt."[2]

Aſcham's example was followed by other learned men. But the chief was Thomas Wilſon, who publiſhed a ſyſtem of Logic and Rhetoric, both in Engliſh. Of his Logic I have already ſpoken. I have at preſent only to ſpeak of the other, which is not only written in Engliſh, but with a view of giving rules for compoſing in the Engliſh language. It appeared in 1553, the firſt year of Queen Mary, and is entitled *The Arte of Rhetorike*[3] *for the vſe of all ſuche as are ſtudious of eloquence, ſette foorthe in Engliſhe by Thomas Wilſon.*[4]

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[1] He ſays in his *Schoolemaſter*, written ſoon after the year 1563, "There be more of theſe vngracious bookes ſet out in print within theſe few monethes, than have bene ſeene in England many ſcore years before."—B. i. fol. 26, a, edit. 1589.

[2] *To all Gentle Men and Yomen of Englande.* Prefixed to Toxophilvs, *The ſchole of ſhootinge conteyned in two bookes.* 1545.

[3] [Puttenham tells us that "Maſter ſecretary Wilſon, giving an Engliſh name to his *Arte of Logicke*, called it *Witcraft*." Qu. whether this term was not the conceit of Ralphe Lever, who in 1573 publiſhed *The Arte of Reaſon, rightly termed Witcraft, teaching a perfect way to argue and diſpute.* This quaint author was fond of new deviſed terms, whence he uſes "ſpeachcraft" for rhetoric, and "forespeach" for preface. Dudley Fenner, who has before been mentioned as a Puritan preacher, printed at Middleburgh in 1584, *The Artes of Logike and Rethorike, plainelie ſet foorth in the Engliſhe tounge; togeather with examples for the practiſe of the ſame*, &c. Theſe examples and their illuſtrations are conſtantly drawn from Scripture.—*Park.*]

[4] Dedicated to John Dudley, Earl of Warwick. In the Dedication he ſays, that he wrote great part of this treatiſe during the laſt ſummer vacation ["in my countrey"], at the houſe of Sir Edward Dimmoke, and that it originated from a late converſation with his lordſhip, "amonge other talke of learnyng." It was reprinted in 1560, with *A Prologue to the Reader*, dated Dec. 7, 1560. Again, 1567, 1580, and 1584. In the *Prologue*, he mentions his eſcape at Rome, which

Leonarde Cox, a ſchoolmaſter, patroniſed by Farringdon the laſt Abbot of Reading, had publiſhed in 153[2], as I have obſerved, an Engliſh tract on rhetoric, which is nothing more than a technical and elementary manual. Wilſon's treatiſe is more liberal and diſcurſive, illuſtrating the arts of eloquence by example, and examining and aſcertaining the beauties of compoſition with the ſpeculative ſkill and ſagacity of a critic. It may, therefore, be juſtly conſidered as the firſt book or ſyſtem of criticiſm in our language. A few extracts from ſo curious a performance need no apology; which will alſo ſerve to throw light on the preſent period, and indeed on our general ſubject, by diſplaying the ſtate of critical knowledge and the ideas of writing which now prevailed.

I muſt premiſe that Wilſon, one of the moſt accompliſhed ſcholars of his time, was originally a fellow of King's College,[1] where he was tutor to the two celebrated youths, Henry and Charles Brandon, [ſucceſſively] Dukes of Suffolk. Being a doctor of laws, he was afterwards one of the ordinary maſters of requeſts, maſter of Saint Katharine's hoſpital near the Tower, a frequent ambaſſador from Queen Elizabeth to Mary Queen of Scots, and into the Low countries,[2] a ſecretary of ſtate, and a privy counſellor; and at length, in 1579, Dean of Durham. He died in 1581. His remarkable diligence and diſpatch in negotiation is ſaid to have reſulted from an uncommon ſtrength of memory. It is another proof of his attention to the advancement of our Engliſh ſtyle, that he tranſlated ſeven orations of Demoſthenes which, in 1570, he dedicated to Sir William Cecill.[3]

Under that chapter of his third book of *Rhetoric*, which treats of the four parts belonging to *Elocution*, *Plainneſs*, *Aptneſs*, *Compoſition*, *Exornation*, Wilſon has theſe obſervations on ſimplicity of ſtyle,

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I have above related: and adds, "If others neuer get more by bookes then I have doen, it wer better be a Carter then a Scholer, for worldlie profite."

[1] Admitted ſcholar in 1541. A native of Lincolnſhire.—*MS. Hatcher.*

[2] [From a *Prologue to the reader*, before the ſecond edition of his *Rhetoric* in 1560, we learn that he was in Italy and at Rome in 1558, where he was "coumpted an heretike," for having written his two books on Logic and Rhetorick, where he underwent impriſonment, was convened before the college of Cardinals, and narrowly eſcaped with life to England, "his deare countrie, oute of greate thraldome and forrein bondage."—*Park.*]

[3] Which had been alſo tranſlated into Latin by Nicholas Carr. To whoſe verſion Hatcher prefixed this diſtich.—[*MSS. More*, 102; Carr's *Autograph. MS.*]:

"Hæc eadem patrio Thomas ſermone polivit
Wilſonus, patrii gloria prima ſoli."

In Gabriel Harvey's *Smithus*, 1578, dedicated to Sir Walter Mildmay, he is ranked with his learned cotemporaries. See Signat. D iii.—E ii.—I i.

[Barnaby Barnes has a ſonnet in [Harvey's] *Pierces Supererogation* [1593], in which he ſpeaks of our rhetorician as—

"Wilſon, whoſe diſcretion did redreſſe
Our Engliſh barbariſme."

Haddon, in his *Poemata*, 1567, pays twofold tribute to Wilſon's *Arts of Logic and Rhetoric*; and Dr. Knox, in his *Liberal Education*, regards the latter of theſe as doing honour to Engliſh literature, if we conſider the ſtate of the times.—*Park.*]

which are immediately directed to thoſe who write in the Engliſh tongue.[1] "Among all other leſſons this ſhould firſt be learned, that we neuer affect any ſtraunge ynkehorne termes, but to ſpeake as is cōmonly receiued: neither ſeking to be ouer fine, nor yet liuyng ouer-careleſſe, vſing our ſpeeche as moſte men doe, and ordering our wittes as the feweſt haue done. Some ſeke ſo far for outlandiſhe Engliſh, that thei forget altogether their mothers langage. And I dare ſweare this, if ſome of their mothers were aliue, thei were not able to tell what thei ſaie: & yet theſe fine Engliſh clerkes wil ſaie thei ſpeake in their mother tonge, if a manne ſhould charge them for counterfeityng the kinges Engliſhe. Some far iourneyed gentlemen at their returne home, like as thei loue to goe in forraine apparell, ſo thei will pouder their talke with ouerſea langage. He that commeth lately out of Fraunce will talke Frēche Engliſh, and neuer bluſhe at the matter. An other chops in with Engliſhe Italinated, and applieth the Italian phraſe to our Engliſhe ſpeakyng:[2] the whiche is, as if an Oratour that profeſſeth to vtter his minde in plaine Latine, would needes ſpeake Poetrie, and farre fetched colours of ſtraunge antiquitie. The Lawyer will ſtore his ſtomacke with the pratyng of Pedlers. The Auditor, in makyng his accompt and reckenyng, cometh in with 'ſiſe ſould,' and 'cater denere,'[3] for vj.s. and [viij.]d. The fine courtier will talke nothing but *Chaucer*.[4] The miſticall wiſemen and Poeticall Clerkes will ſpeake nothing but quainte Prouerbes and blinde Allegories, delightyng muche in their owne darckneſſe, eſpecially when none can tell what thei doe ſaie. The vnlearned or fooliſhe phantaſticall, that ſmelles but of learnyng (ſuche fellowes as haue ſeen learned men in their daies) wil ſo Latin their tongues, that the ſimple can not but wonder at their talke, and thinke ſurely thei ſpeake by ſome reuelation. I knowe them, that thinke Rhetorique to ſtande wholie vpon darke woordes; and he that can catche an ynke horne terme by the taile, him thei coumpt to bee a fine Engliſheman and a good Rhetorician.[5]

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[1] [*Art of Rhet.* edit. 1584, ſign. M 2.]

[2] [There is a proverb: "Ingleſe Italianato e un diavolo incarnato."—*Rye.*]

[3] [*i.e.* accounts kept in French or Latin, ſize ſous and quatre deniers.—*Aſhby.*]

[4] And yet Puttenham, a little afterwards, in the paſſage quoted by Mr. Warton, alleges that the language of Chaucer was then out of uſe, which made it unadviſable for poets to follow it. Spenſer, however, thought otherwiſe, and Webbe ſeems to have applauded his practice.—*Park.*]

[5] Puttenham, in *The Arte of Engliſh Poeſie*, where he treats of ſtyle and language, brings ſome illuſtrations from the practice of oratory in the reign of Queen Mary, in whoſe court he lived: and although his book is dated 1589, it was manifeſtly written much earlier. He refers to Sir Nicholas Bacon, who began to be high in the departments of the law in Queen Mary's time, and died in 157[8]. Having told a ſtory from his own knowledge in the year 1553, of a ridiculous oration made in Parliament by a new ſpeaker of the houſe, who came from Yorkſhire, and had more knowledge in the affairs of his country, and of the law, than gracefulneſs or delicacy of language, he proceeds: "And though graue and wiſe counſellours in their conſultations doe not vſe much ſuperfluous eloquence, and alſo in their iudiciall hearings do much miſlike all ſcholaſticall rhetoricks: yet in ſuch a caſe as it may be (and as this Parliament was), if the Lord Chancelour of England

And the rather to ſette out this folie, I will adde ſuche a letter as William Sommer[1] himſelf, could not make a better for that purpoſe . . . . a letter deuiſed by a Lincolneſhire man for a voide

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or Archbiſhop of Canterbury himſelfe were to ſpeake, he ought to doe it cunningly and eloquently, which can not be without the vſe of figures: and neuertheleſſe none impeachment or blemiſh to the grauitie of their perſons or of the cauſe: wherein I report me to them that knew Sir Nicholas Bacon, Lord keeper of the great Seale, or the now Lord Treaſorer of England, and haue bene conuerſant with their ſpeeches made in the Parliament houſe and Starre Chamber. From whoſe lippes I haue ſeene to proceede more graue and naturall eloquence, then from all the Oratours of Oxford or Cambridge. I haue come to the Lord Keeper Sir *Nicholas Bacon*, and found him ſitting in his gallery alone, with the works of *Quintilian* before him. In deede he was a moſt eloquent man and of rare learning and wiſedome as euer I knew England to breed, and one that ioyed as much in learned men and men of good witts."—Lib. iii. ch. ii. p. 116, *ſeq.* What follows ſoon afterwards is equally appoſite: "This part in our maker or Poet muſt be heedyly looked vnto, that it [his language] be naturall, pure, and the moſt vſuall of all his countray: and for the ſame purpoſe, rather that which is ſpoken in the kings Court or in the good townes and Cities within the land, then in the marches and frontiers, or in port townes where ſtraungers haunt for traffike ſake, or yet in Vniuerſities where Schollers vſe much peeuiſh affectation of words out of the primatiue languages: or finally, in any vplandiſh village or corner of a Realme. . . . . But he ſhall follow generally the better brought vp ſort, ſuch as the Greekes call *charientes*, men ciuill and graciouſly behauoured and bred. Our maker therfore at theſe dayes ſhall not follow *Piers plowman* nor *Gower*, nor *Lydgate*, nor yet *Chaucer*, for their language is now out of vſe with vs: neither ſhall he take the termes of Northerne-men, ſuche as they vſe in dayly talke, whether they be noble men or gentlemen, or of their beſt clarkes, all is a matter. . . . . Ye ſhall therefore take the vſuall ſpeach of the Court, and that of London, and the ſhires lying abovt London within lx. myles, and not mvch aboue. I ſay not this bvt that in euery ſhyre of England there be gentlemen and others that ſpeake, but ſpecially write, as good Southerne as we of Middleſex or Surrey do, bvt not the common people of euery ſhire, to whom the gentlemen and alſo their learned clarkes do for the moſt part condeſcend: but herein we are already ruled by th' Engliſh Dictionaries, and other bookes written by learned men. . . . . Albeit peraduenture ſome ſmall admonition be not impertinent; for we finde in our Engliſh writers many wordes and ſpeaches amendable, and ye ſhall ſee in ſome many inkhorne termes ſo ill affected brought in by men of learning, as preachers and ſchoolemaſters, and many ſtraunge termes of other languages by Secretaries and Marchaunts and trauailours, and many darke wordes and not vſuall nor well ſounding, though they be dayly ſpoken in Court."—*Ibid.* ch. [iv.] fol. 120, 121.

[1] King Henry's Jeſter. In another place he gives us one of Sommer's jeſts: "Willyam Somer ſeying muche a doe for accomptes makyng, and that the Kynges Maieſtie of moſte worthie memorie Henrie the eight wanted money, ſuche as was due vnto hym; and pleaſe your grace (q. he) you haue ſo many Frauditours, ſo many Conueighers, and ſo many Deceiuers, to get vp your money, that they get all to themſelues." That is, Auditors, Surveyors, and Receivers. [Ed. 1584, fol. 204.] I have ſeen an old narrative of a progreſs of King Henry the Eighth and Queen Katharine, to Newbery in Berkſhire, where Sommer, who had accompanied their majeſties as court buffoon, fell into diſgrace with the people for his impertinence, was detained, and obliged to ſubmit to many ridiculous indignities: but extricated himſelf from all his difficulties by comic expedients and the readineſs of his wit. On returning to court, he gave their majeſties, who were inconſolable for his long abſence, a minute account of theſe low adventures, with which they were infinitely entertained. [The jeſts of Sommers, or Summers, are nothing more than *aliæ lectiones* of Scogin's, collected by Dr. Andrew Borde, and purporting to repreſent adventures at the court, or in the reign, of Edward IV.]

benefice."[1] This point he illuſtrates with other familiar and pleaſant inſtances.[2]

In enforcing the application and explaining the nature of fables, for the purpoſe of amplification, he gives a general idea of the Iliad and Odyſſey: "The ſaying of Poetes, and all their fables, are not to be forgotten, for by them wee maie talke at large, and win men by perſwaſion, if we declare before hand, that theſe tales were not fained of ſuche wiſemen without cauſe, neither yet continued vntill this time and kept in memorie without good conſideration, and thervpon declare the true meaning of all ſvche writing. For vndoubtedly there is no one tale among all the Poetes, but vnder the ſame is comprehēded ſome thing that parteineth either to the amendement of maners, to the knowledge of the truth, to the ſettyng forth of Natures work, or els the vnderſtanding of ſome notable thing done. For what other is the painful trauaile of *Vleſſes*, deſcribed ſo largely by *Homer*, but a liuely picture of mans miſerie in this life? And as *Plutarch* ſaith, and like wiſe *Baſilius Magnus:* in the *Iliades* are deſcribed ſtrength and valiantneſſe of the bodie: in *Odiſſea*, is ſet forth a liuely paterne of the mynde. The Poetes were wiſemen, and wiſhed in hart the redreſſe of thinges, the whiche when for feare they durſt not openly rebuke, they did in colours paint them out, and tolde men by ſhadowes what they ſhould doe in good ſooth: or els becauſe the wicked were vnworthie to heare the truthe, they ſpake ſo that none might vnderſtande but thoſe vnto whom they pleaſe[d] to vtter their meanyng, and knewe them to be men of honeſt conuerſation."[3]

Wilſon thus recommends the force of circumſtantial deſcription, or what he calls, "An euident or plaine ſettyng forth of a thing as though it were preſently done: An example: If our enemies ſhal inuade and by treaſon win the victorie, we ſhall all dye euery mothers ſonne of vs, and our Citie ſhalbe deſtroyed ſticke and ſtone. I ſee our children made ſlaues, our daughters rauiſhed, our wiues caried awaye, the father forced to kil his owne ſonne, the mother her daughter, the ſonne his father, the ſucking child ſlaine in the mothers boſome, one ſtāding to the knees in anothers blood, Churches ſpoyled, houſes plucte doune, and all ſet on fire rounde about vs, euery one curſing the daie of their birth, children crying, women wayling, . . . . Thus, where I might haue ſaid, 'We ſhall al bee deſtroyed,' and ſaie no more, I haue by deſcripthion ſet the euill forthe at large."[4] It muſt be owned that this picture of a ſacked city is literally tranſlated from Quintilian. But it is a proof

[1] Viz. "Ponderyng, expendyng, and reuolutyng with myſelf, your ingent affability, and ingenious capacity for mundaine affaires, I cānot but ſelebrate and extol your magnificall dexteritie aboue all other. For how could you haue adepted ſuche illuſtrate prerogatiue, and domiſticall ſuperioritie, if the fecunditie of your ingenie had not been ſo fertile and wonderfull pregnant," &c. It is to the Lord Chancellor.—[Ed. 1584, fol. 165.]

[2] B. iii. fol. 82, b. edit. 1567.

[3] Lib. iii. fol. [198-9, edit. 1584].

[4] [*Ibid.* fol. 181.]

that we were now beginning to make the beauties of the ancients our own.

On the neceſſity of a due preſervation of character he has the following precepts, which ſeem to be directed to the writers of Hiſtorical Plays: "In deſcribyng of perſons, there ought alwaies a comelineſſe to be vſed, ſo that nothyng be ſpoken which maie bee thought is not in them. As if one ſhall deſcribe Henry the ſixth, he might call hym gentle, milde of nature, led by perſwaſion, and readie to forgiue, careleſſe for wealth, ſuſpectyng none, mercifull to all, fearefull in aduerſitie, and without forecaſt to eſpie his misfortune. Againe, for Richarde the third, I might bring him in, cruell of hart, ambicious by nature, enuious of minde, a deepe diſſembler, a cloſe man for weightie matters, hardie to reuenge and fearfull to loſe his high eſtate, truſtie to none, liberall for a purpoſe, caſtyng ſtill the worſt, and hopyng euer the beſt.[1] By this figure[2] alſo wee imagine a talke for ſome one to ſpeake, and accordyng to his perſon wee frame the Oration. As if one ſhould bryng in noble Henrie the eight of moſt famous memorie, to enuelgh againſt Rebelles, thus he might order his Oration. 'What if Henry the eight were aliue, and ſaw ſuche Rebellion in this Realme, would not he ſaie thus and thus? Yea, me thinkes I heare him ſpeake euen now.' And ſo ſet forth ſuche wordes as we would haue him to ſaie."[3] Shakeſpeare himſelf has not delineated the characters of theſe Engliſh monarchs with more truth. And the firſt writers of the *Mirrour for Magiſtrates*, who "imagine a talke for ſome one to ſpeak, and according to his perſon frame the oration," appear to have availed themſelves of theſe directions, if not to have caught the notion of their whole plan from this remarkable paſſage.

He next ſhows the advantages of perſonification in enlivening a compoſition. "Sometymes it is good to make God, the Countrey, or ſome one Towne, to ſpeake and looke what we would ſaie in our owne perſone, to frame the whole tale to them. Suche varietie doeth much good to auoyde tediouſneſſe. For he that ſpeaketh all in one ſorte, though he ſpeake thynges neuer ſo wittelie, ſhall ſone wearie his hearers. Figures therefore were inuented, to auoid ſatietie, and cauſe delite: to refreſhe with pleaſure, and quicken with grace, the dulneſſe of mans braine. Who will looke of a white wall an houre together where no workmanſhip is at all? Or who will eate ſtill one kinde of meate and neuer deſire chaunge?"[4]

Prolix narratives, whether jocoſe or ſerious, had not yet ceaſed to

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[1] Richard the Third ſeems to have been an *univerſal* character for exemplifying a cruel diſpoſition. Our author, meaning to furniſh a chamber with perſons famous for the greateſt crimes, ſays in another place, "In the Bedſtead I will ſet Richard the third king of England, or ſome notable murtherer."—Fol. [218, edit. *ut ſupr.* Shakeſpeare's Richard was partly the creation of his own genius, but was alſo to a certain extent moulded on the traditionary account of him, and on the older dramas on the ſubject.]

[2] Lively deſcription. [3] Fol. 91, b. [4] [Fol. 182-3, *ut ſupr.*]

be the entertainment of polite companies; and rules for telling a tale with grace now found a place in a book of general rhetoric.[1] In treating of Pleaſaunt ſport made rehearſing of a whole matter, he ſays, "Thei that can liuely tell pleaſaunt tales and mery deedes doen, and ſet them out aſwel with geſture as with voice, leauying nothing behinde that maie ſerue for beautifying of their matter, are moſt mete for this purpoſe, wherof aſſuredly ther are but fewe. And what ſoeuer he is, that can aptly tel his tale, and with countenaunce, voice and geſture ſo temper his report, that the hearers maie ſtill take delite, hym compte I mann worthie to be heihgly eſtemed. For

[1] Yet he has here alſo a reference to the utility of tales both at the bar and in the pulpit. For in another place, profeſſedly both ſpeaking of pleadings and ſermons, he ſays, "And if time maie ſo ſerue, it were good when men be wearied, to make them ſomwhat mery, and to begin with ſome pleaſaunt tale, to take occaſion to ieſte wittely," &c. [p. 106]. Again, "Men commonly tarie the ende of a merie Plaie, and can not abide the half hearyng of a ſower checkyng Sermon. Therefore euen theſe auncient Preachers muſt nowe and then plaie the fooles in the pulpit to ſerue y^e^ tickle eares of their fleting audience." [p. 3.] I know not if he means Latimer here, whom he commends, "There is no better Preacher among them all except *Hugh Latimer*, the Father of all Preachers." [p. 127.] And again, "I would thinke it not amiſſe to ſpeake much according to the nature and phanſie of the ignorant, that the rather thei might be wonne through Fables to learne more weightie and graue matters. For all men can not brooke ſage cauſes and auncient collations: but will like earneſt matters the rather, if ſomethyng be ſpoken there among agreeing to their natures. The multitude (as *Horace* doth ſaie,) is a beaſt, or rather a monſter that hath many heddes, and therefore, like vnto the diuerſitie of natvres, varietie of inuention muſt alwaies be vſed. Talke altogether of moſte graue matters, or deepely ſearch out the ground of thinges, or vſe the quiddities of Dunce [Duns Scotus] to ſet forth Gods miſteries you ſhall ſee: and the ignorant, I warrant you, either fall a ſleepe, or els bid you farewell. The multitude muſt nedes be made merie: & the more fooliſhe your talke is, the more wiſe will thei compt it to be. And yet it is no fooliſhneſſe but rather wiſedome to win men, by tellyng of Fables to heare of Gods goodneſſe." [p. 200-1.] Much to the ſame purpoſe he ſays, "Euen in this our tyme, ſome offende much in tediouſneſſe, whoſe part it were to comfort all men with cheerfulneſſe. Yea, the Preachers of God mind ſo much edifiyng of ſoules, that thei often forget we haue any bodies. And therfore, ſome doe not ſo muche good with tellyng the truthe, as they doe harme with dulling the hearers; being ſo farre gone in their matters, that oftentimes thei can not tel when to make an end." [p. 139.] Yet ſtill he allows much praiſe to the preachers in general of his age. "Yea, what tell I now of ſuche leſſons, ſeyng God hath raiſed ſuche worthie Preachers in this our tyme, that their Godly and learned doynges maie bee a moſte iuſt example for all other to followe." [p. 110.] By the way, although a zealous goſpeller, in another place he obliquely cenſures the rapacity with which the reformation was conducted under Edward VI. "I had rather," ſaid one, "make my child a cobler than a preacher, a tankard-bearer than a ſcholer. For what ſhall my ſonne ſeke for learnyng, when he ſhall neuer get thereby any livyng? Set my ſonne to that whereby he maie get ſomewhat. Doe you not ſee, how euery one catcheth and pulleth from the churche what thei can? I feare me, one daie they will plucke downe churche and all. Call you this the Goſpell, when men ſeke onlie for to prouide for their bellies, and care not a groate though their ſoules go to helle? A patrone of a benefice will haue a poore yngrame ſoule to beare the name of a parſone for twentie marke or tenne pounde: and the patrone hymſelf will take vp, for his ſnapſhare, as good as an hundred marke. Thus, God is robbed, learnyng decaied, England diſhonoured, and honeſtie not regarded." Fol. 9, a. [Edit. 1567.]

vndoubtedly no man can doe any ſuche thyng, excepte thei haue a greate mother witt, and by experience confirme ſuche their comelineſſe, whervpon by nature thei were moſte apt. Many a man readeth hiſtories, heareth Fables, ſeeth worthie actes dooen, euen in this our age; but fewe can ſet them out accordyngly, and tell them liuely, as the matter ſelf requireth to be tolde. The kindes of delityng in this ſorte are diuers: whereof I will ſet forthe many, as hereafter thei ſhall followe." [He then proceeds to inſtance:] "Sporte moued by tellyng of old tales.—If there bee any olde tale or ſtraunge hiſtorie, well and wittely applied to ſome man liuing, all menne loue to heare it of life. As if one wer called Arthur, ſome good fellowe that were well acquainted with kyng Arthures booke and the knightes of the rounde table, would want no matter to make good ſport, for a nede would dub him knight of the round Table, or els proue hym to be one of his kin, or els (which were muche) proue hym to be *Arthur* himſelf. And ſo likewiſe of other names, merie panions[1] would make mad paſtime. Oftentimes the deformitie of a mannes bodie giueth matter enough to bee right merie, or els a picture in ſhape like an other man will make ſome to laugh right hartely," &c.[2] This is no unpleaſing image of the arts and accompliſhments which ſeaſoned the mirth and enlivened the converſations of our forefathers. Their wit ſeems to have chiefly conſiſted in mimicry.[3]

He thus deſcribes the literary and ornamental qualifications of a young nobleman which were then in faſhion, and which he exemplifies in the characters of his lamented pupils,[4] Henry Duke of Suffolk and Lord Charles Brandon, his brother.[5] "I maie commende hym for his learnyng, for his ſkill in the French or in the Italian, for his knowlege in Coſmographie, for his ſkill in the Lawes, in the hiſtories of al countries, and for his gift of endityng. Againe, I maie commende hym for plaiying at weapons, for runnyng vppon a greate horſe, for chargyng his ſtaffe at the Tilt, for vawting, for playying upon Inſtrumentes, yea, and for paintyng, or drawyng of a Plat, as in olde Tyme noble Princes muche delited therein."[6] And again, "Suche a man is an excellent fellow (ſaieth one) he can ſpeake the tongues well, he plaies of Inſtrumentes, fewe men better, he feigneth to the Lute marueilous ſweetly,[7] he

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[1] Companions. [2] [P. 147.] [3] See fol. 70, a.

[4] ["All Englande," he ſays, "lament the death of Duke Henry and Duke Charles, two noble brethren of the houſe of Suffolk. Then may we well iudge that theſe two Gentlemen were wonderfully beloued when they both were ſo lamented." [P. 129,]—*Park.*]

[5] He gives a curious reaſon why a young nobleman had better be born in London than any other place. "The Shire or Towne helpeth ſomewhat towardes the encreaſe of honor. As it is muche better to bee borne in Paris then in Picardie, in London then in Lincolne. For that bothe the ayre is better, the people more ciuill, and the wealth muche greater, and the men for the moſt parte more wiſe" [P. 8.]

[6] [P. 8.]

[7] He mentions the lute again. "The tongue giueth a certaine grace to euery

endites excellētly; but for all this (the moreis the pitie) he hath his faultes, he will be dronke once a daie, he loues women well," &c.[1]

The following paſſage [which opens the Section *Of Compoſition*] acquaints us, among other things, that many now ſtudied, and with the higheſt applauſe to write elegantly in Engliſh as well as in Latin. "When we haue learned vſual and accvſtomable wordes to ſet forthe our meanyng, wee ought to ioyne them together in apt order, that the Eare maie delite in hearyng the harmonie. I knowe ſome Engliſhemen, that in this poincte haue ſuche a gifte in the Engliſhe as fewe Latine hath the like, and therefore delite the wiſe and learned ſo muche with their pleaſaunte compoſition, that many reioyce when thei maie heare ſuche, and thinke muche learnyng is got when thei maie talke with them."[2] But he adds the faults which were ſometimes now to be found in Engliſh compoſi-

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matter, and beautifieth the cauſe, in like maner as a ſweete ſounding Lute much ſetteth forth a meane deuiſed Ballad." [P. 221.]

[1] [P. 133.]

[2] [Edit. 1584, p. 169.] This work is enlivened with a variety of little illuſtrative ſtories, not ill told, of which the following is a ſpecimen. "An Italian hauing a ſute here in Englande to the Archbuſhop of Yorke that then was, and commyng to Yorke Toune at that tyme, when one of the Prebēdaries there brake his bread, as thei terme it, and thervpon made a ſolemne long diner, the which perhaps began at eleuen and continued well nye [till] fower in the after noone, at the whiche diner this Biſhoppe was: It ſo fortuned that as thei were ſet, the Italian knockt at the Gate, vnto whom the Porter, perceiuyng his errande, anſwered that my lorde Buſhop was at diner. The Italian departed, and returned betwixt xii. and one; the Porter anſwered thei were yet at diner. He come again at twoo of the clocke; the Porter told hym thei had not half dined. He came at three a clocke, vnto whom the Porter in a heate anſwered neuer a woorde, but churliſhely did ſhut the gates vpon hym. Whervpon others told the Italian, that ther was no ſpeaking with my lorde almoſte al that daie, for the ſolēne diner ſake. The gentleman Italian, wonderyng much at ſuche long ſitting, and greatly greeued becauſe he could not then ſpeake with the Biſhoppes grace, departed ſtraight towardes London; and leauyng the diſpatch of his matters with a deare freend of his, tooke his iourney towardes Italie. Three yeres after, it happened that an Engliſheman came to Rome, with whom this Italian by chaunce fallyng acquainted, aſked hym if he knewe the Biſhop of Yorke? The Engliſheman ſaied he knewe hym right well. I praie you tell me, (quoth the Italian) hath that Biſhoppe yet dined? The Engliſheman, much meruailyng at his queſtion, could not tell what to ſaie. The Italian vp and told him all, as I haue ſaied before, whereat thei bothe laughed hartely." [P. 156-7.]

He commends Dr. Haddon's latinity, which is not always of the pureſt caſt. "There is no better Latine man within England, except Gualter Haddon, the Lawyer." [P. 125.] Again, he commends a proſopopeia of the ducheſs of Suffolk, in Haddon's *Oratio de vita et obitu fratrum Suffolcienſium Henrici et Caroli Brandon*, [edit. Hatcher, 1577, p. 89, viz. *Lucubrationes G. Haddon*,] fol. 94, a.

He condemns, in an example, the growing practice of mothers, who do not ſuckle their own children, which he endeavours to prove to be both againſt the law of nature and the will of God [fol. 56, a, ed. 1567.] Here is an early proof of a cuſtom, which may ſeem to have originated in a more luxurious and delicate age.

To theſe miſcellaneous extracts I ſhall only add, that our author, who was always eſteemed a ſincere advocate for Proteſtantiſm, and never ſuſpected of leaning to Popery, ſpeaking of an artificial memory, has this theory concerning the uſe of mages in churches. "When I ſee a Lion, the Image thereof abideth faſter in my mynde, then if I ſhould heare ſome reporte made of a Lion. Among all the

tion, among which he cenſures the exceſs of alliteration.—"Sōe will be ſo ſhort, and in ſuche wiſe curtall their ſentences, that thei had nede to make a cōmentary immediatly after [of] their meanyng, or els the moſte that heare them ſhalbe forced to keepe counſaile. Some will ſpeake Oracles, that a manne can not tell which waie to take them. Some will bee ſo fine and ſo poeticall withall that to their ſeemyng there ſhall not ſtande one haire amiſſe, and yet euery bodie els ſhall thinke them meeter for a Ladies chamber, then for an earneſt matter in any open aſſemblie.—Some vſe ouermuch repetition of ſome one letter, as 'pitifull pouertie praieth for a penie, but puffed preſumſion paſſeth not a poinct, pamperyng his panche with peſtilent pleaſure, procuryng his paſſeporte to poſte it to hell pitt, there to be puniſhed with paines perpetuall.'" Others, he blames for the affectation of ending a word with a vowel and beginning the next with another. "Some," he ſays, "ende their ſentences all alike, makyng their talke rather to appeare rimed Meter, then to ſeeme plaine ſpeeche.—I heard a preacher[1] delityng muche in this kinde of compoſition, who vſed ſo often to ende his ſentence with wordes like vnto that which went before, that in my iudgment there was not a doſen ſentences in his whole ſermon but thei ended all in Rime for the moſte parte. Some not beſt diſpoſed wiſhed the Preacher a Lute, that with his rimed ſermon he might vſe ſome pleaſant melody, and ſo the people might take pleaſure diuers waies, & dāce if thei liſte." Some writers, he obſerves, diſturbed the natural arrangement of their words; others were copious, when they ſhould be conciſe. The moſt frequent fault ſeems to have been the rejection of common and proper phraſes, for thoſe that were more curious, refined and unintelligible.[2]

The Engliſh *Rhetoric* of Richard Sherry, ſchool-maſter of Magdalene College at Oxford, publiſhed in 1555, is a jejune and a very different performance from Wilſon's, and ſeems intended only as a manual for ſchool-boys.[3]

William Fullwood, in his *Enemie of Idleneſs*[4] [1568], written

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ſences, the eye ſight is moſte quicke, and conteineth the impreſſion of thinges more aſſuredlie then any of the other ſenſes doe. And the rather, when a man bothe heareth and ſeeth a thing (as by artificiall memorie he doeth almoſt ſee thinges liuely), he doth remember it muche the better. The ſight printeth thinges in a mans memorie as a Seale doeth print a mans name in waxe. And therefore, heretofore Images were ſet vp for remembraunce of Saincts, to bee laie mens bookes, that the rather by ſeying the Pictures of ſuche men, they might be ſtirred to follow their good liuyng.—Marie, for this purpoſe whereof we now write they would haue ſerued gaily well." [P. 221, edit. 1584.]

[1] Preaching and controverſial tracts occaſioned much writing in Engliſh after the reformation.

[2] [Edit. *ut ſupra*, p. 170.]

[3] It is entitled *A Treatiſe of the Figures of Grammer and Rhetorike, profitable to al that be ſtudious of Eloquence, and in eſpeciall for ſuche as in grammer ſcholes doe reade moſte eloquente Poetes and Oratours: Whereunto is ioygned the oration which Cicero made to Ceſar, geuing thankes vnto him for pardonyng and reſtoring again of that noble mā Marcus Marcellus. Sette foorth by Richarde Sherrye Londonar.*"

[4] "This booke, by practiſe of the pen
And judgement of the wiſe,

partly in proſe and partly in verſe, has left this notice: "Whoſo will more circumſpectly and narrowly entreat of ſuch matters, let them read the rhetorike of maiſter doctour Wilſon, or of maiſter Richard Rainolde." [This refers to a book called the *Foundation of Rhetorike*, becauſe all other parts of Rhetorike are grounded thereupon, &c. By Richard Rainolde, Maiſter of Arte of the Univerſitie of Cambridge. Lond. 1563. 4to.][1] The author, Rainolde, was of Trinity College in Cambridge, and created Doctor of Medicine in 1567.[2] He wrote alſo a Latin tract dedicated to the Duke of Norfolk, on the condition of princes and noblemen:[3] and there is an old Chronicle by one Richard Reynolds [but this was a different perſon.][4] I truſt it will be deemed a pardonable anticipation, if I add here for the ſake of connection, that Richard Mulcaſter, who from King's College in Cambridge was removed to a Studentſhip of Chriſt-Church in Oxford about the year 1555, and ſoon afterwards, on account of his diſtinguiſhed accompliſhments in philology, was appointed the firſt maſter of Merchant-Taylors' School in London, publiſhed a book which contains many judicious criticiſms and obſervations on the Engliſh language.[5]

In 1561 [Merchant-Taylors' School had been recently] founded as a proſeminary for St. John's College, Oxford, in a houſe called the Manour of the Roſe in St. Lawrence Pounteney, by the company of Merchant-Taylors. St. John's College had been then eſtabliſhed about ſeven years, which Mulcaſter ſoon filled with excellent ſcholars till the year 1586. In the Latin plays acted before Queen Elizabeth and James the Firſt at Oxford, the ſtudents of this college were diſtinguiſhed. This was in conſequence of their being educated under

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Stands Enemie to Idleneſſe,
And friend to exerciſe."—*Park.*

It is dedicated to the maſter, wardens, and company of Merchant Taylors, London. "Think not Apelles painted piece." *Pr.* "The ancient poet Lucanus." The ſame perſon tranſlated into Engliſh, *The Caſtle of Memorie*, from [Gratarolus], dedicated to Lord Robert Dudley, maſter of the horſe to the queen, 1573. *Ded.* begins, "Syth noble Maximilian kyng."

[Robinſon [of Alton] thus introduces him in *The Rewarde of wickedneſſe*, 157[3:]

"Let Studley, Hake, or Fulwood take,
That William hath to name,
This piece of worke in hande, that bee
More fitter for the ſame."—*Park.*]

[1] This work is much leſs attractive than that of Dr. Wilſon, and hence perhaps it has become proportionably rare. The following compliment ſeems liberally offered to his predeceſſor: "In fewe yeres paſt, a learned woorke of Rhetorike is compiled and made in the Engliſhe toungue, of one who floweth in all excellencie of arte, who in judgement is profounde, in wiſedome and eloquence moſt famous." Addreſs to the reader.—*Park.*]

[2] MSS. Cat. Graduat. Univ. Cant.

[3] MSS. Stillingfl. 160, *De ſtatu nobilium virorum et principum.*

[4] *Of the Emperors of the romaines from Julius Cæſar to Maximilian.* [Printed in 1571, 4to. See Herb. p. 860. Doubtleſs by the writer on Rhetoric, ſince he deſignates himſelf "Doctor in phiſicke."—*Park.*]

[5] Entitled, *The firſt part of the Elementarie, which entreateth chefely of the right writing of our Engliſh tung, ſet furth by Richard Mulcaſter*, 1582.

Mulcaſter. He was afterwards, in 1596, Maſter of St. Paul's School. He was a prebendary of Saliſbury, and at length was rewarded by the queen with the opulent rectory of Stanford-Rivers in Eſſex, where he died in 1611. He was elected ſcholar of King's College, Cambridge, in 1548.[1] Celebrated in its time was his *Catechiſmus Paulinus in uſum Scholæ Paulinæ conſcriptus* [1599.] It is in long and ſhort verſe. Many of Mulcaſter's panegyrics in Latin verſe may be ſeen prefixed to the works of his contemporaries. A copy of his Latin verſes was ſpoken before Queen Elizabeth at Kenilworth Caſtle in 1575.[2]

[But before the appearance of the *Elementarie* in 1582, Mulcaſter printed a work to which the latter, indeed, was a ſort of ſequel, namely,] "Poſitions, wherin thoſe primitiue circumſtances be examined which are neceſſarie for the training vp of children either for ſkill in their booke or health in their bodie." He tells his readers that the ſtream of diſcourſe in his firſt book named *Poſitions* did carry him on to promiſe, and bind him to perform, his book named *Elementarie;* that is "the hole matter which childern ar to learn, and the hole maner how maſters ar to teach them, from their firſt beginning to go to anie ſchool untill theie paſſe to grammer." The latter therefore was a ramification from the former, and treated chiefly of five points—reading, writing, drawing, ſinging, and playing.

I take this opportunity of obſerving that William Bullokar publiſhed a *Bref Grammar for Engliſh*, 1586. This little piece is alſo called, *W. Bullokars abbreuiation of his Grammar for Engliſh extracted out of his Grammar at larg for the ſpedi parcing of Engliſh ſpech, and the eazier coming to the knowledge of grammar for other langages.*[3] It is in the black letter, but with many novelties in the type, and affectations of ſpelling. In the preface, which is in verſe, and contains an account of his life, he promiſes a dictionary of the Engliſh language which, he adds, will make his third work. Here he ſays alſo, that he has another volume lying by him of more fame, which is not to ſee the light till chriſtened and called forth by the queen. His firſt work I apprehend to be *A Treatiſe of Orthographie in Engliſhe by William Bullokar*, licenſed to Henry Denham in 1580.[4] But I muſt not forget, that in 1585 he publiſhed *Eſops fables in tru .orthography, with grammar notz. Her-unto ar alſo coioned the ſhorte ſentencez of the wyz Cato, imprinted with lyke form and order: both of which authorz ar tranſlated out of Latin intoo Engliſh by William Bullokar.* Among Tanner's books is a copy of his *Bref grammar* above mentioned, interpolated and corrected with the author's own hand, as it appears, for a new impreſſion. In one of theſe manuſcript inſertions, he calls this, "the firſt grammar for Engliſhe that euer waz, except my grammar at large."[5] In his metrical preface he ſays, that he ſerved in the army under Sir Richard Wingfield, in

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[1] MSS. Hatcher and Contin. Heath.

[2] See Gaſcoigne's *Poems*, Roxburghe Library edit. vol. ii. p. 96.]

[3] Fol. 1. [4] Jun. 10. *Regiſtr. Station. B.* fol. 169, a. [5] Fol. 68.

Queen Mary's time. There is "A petee ſchole of ſpellinge and writinge Engliſhe," licenſed to Butter, Jul. 20, 1580.

The French have vernacular critical and rhetorical ſyſtems at a much higher period. I believe one of their earlieſt is *Le Jardin de Plaiſance et fleur de Rhetorique* [printed by Verard late in 1499 or early in 1500.][1] In one of its poems, *La Pipee ou chaſſe de dieu d'amour* is cited the year 1491.[2] Beſide the ſyſtem of Rhetoric, which is only introductory, and has the ſeparate title of *L'Art de Rhetorique, de ſes couleurs, figures et eſpeces*,[3] it comprehends a miſcellaneous collection of Balades, rondeaux, chanſons, dicties, comedies, and other entertaining little pieces,[4] chiefly on the ſubject of the ſentimental and ceremonious love which then prevailed.[5] The *Rhetoric* is written in the ſhort French rhyme: and the tenth chapter conſiſts of rules for compoſing moralities, farces, myſteries, and other Romans. That chapter is thus introduced, under the Latin rubric Proſecutio:

Expediez ſont neuf chapitres,
Il faut un dixième expoſer:
Et comme auſſi des derniers titers,
Qu'on doit a ſe propos poſer,
Et comme l'on doit compoſer
Moralités, Farces, Miſteres;
Et d'autres Rommans diſpoſer
Selon les diverſes matieres.

The Latin rubrics to each ſpecies are exceedingly curious. *Decimum Capitulum pro forma compilandi Moralitates.—Pro Comedis.*[6]—*Pro Miſteriis compilandis.* Receipts to make poems have generally been thought dull. But what ſhall we think of dull receipts for making dull poems? Gratian du Pont, a gentleman of Toulouſe, printed in 1539 the *Art et Science de Rhetorique metrifiée.*[7] It muſt be remembered that there had been an early eſtabliſhment of prizes in poetry at Toulouſe, and that the ſeven troubadours or rhetoricians at Toulouſe were more famous in their time than the ſeven ſages of Greece.[8]

But the *Grand et vrai Art de plein Rhetorique*, in two books, written by Pierre Fabri, properly Le Fevre, an eccleſiaſtic of Rouen,

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[1] Brunet (*Manuel du Libraire*, 1862, vol. iii. p. 506) ſpecifies eight editions, of which that mentioned in the text was the firſt.]

[2] Stance 22, fol. 134.—[Edit. de Lyon.]

[3] From fol. 2 a, to fol. 14 a.—[*Ibid.*]

[4] But the compiler has introduced "Le Donnet, traité de grammaire baillé au feu roi Charles viii." fol. 20 a.—[*Ibid.*] One of the pieces is a Moriſque, in which the actors are Amoreuſe grace, Enuieuſe jalouſie, Eſpoir de parvenir, Tout habandonne, Sot penſer, fol. 32 b.—[*Ibid.*]

[5] This was the remains of one half of chivalry-love, romantic and platonic beyond belief: the other half was juſt the contrary, and equally indelicate from the ſame ſource. He refers for examples to Sect. xliii. pp. 410, 411.—*Aſhby.*]

[6] The farce, or comedy, muſt have,

"Choſe qui ſoit mélodieuſe,
Matiere qui ſoit comédieuſe," &c.

[7] See the full title in Brunet, laſt edit. *v. Dupont.*] [8] See Verdier, ii. 649.

for teaching elegance in proſe as well as rhyme, is dated ſtill higher. Goujet mentions a Gothic edition of this tract in 1521.[1] It contains remarks on the verſification of myſteries and farces, and throws many lights on the old French writers.

But the French had even an *Art of Poetry* ſo early as the year 1548. In that year Thomas Sibilet publiſhed his *Art poetique* at Paris [anonymouſly]. This piece preſerves many valuable anecdotes of the old French poetry: and, among other particulars which develope the ſtate of the old French drama, has the following ſenſible ſtrictures: "The French farce contains little or nothing of the Latin comedy. It has neither acts nor ſcenes, which would only ſerve to introduce a tedious prolixity: for the true ſubject of the French farce, or *Sottie*, is every ſort of foolery which has a tendency to provoke laughter. The ſubject of the Greek and Latin comedy was totally different from everything on the French ſtage. For it had more morality than drollery, and often as much truth as fiction. Our *Moralities* hold a place indifferently between tragedy and comedy: but our farces are really what the Romans called mimes or *Priapées*, the intended end and effect of which was exceſſive laughter, and on that account they admitted all kinds of licentiouſneſs, as our farces do at preſent. In the meantime, their pleaſantry does not derive much advantage from rhymes, however flowing, of eight ſyllables."[2] Sibilet's work is chiefly founded on Horace. His definitions are clear and juſt, and his precepts well explained. The moſt curious part of it is the enumeration of the poets who in his time were of moſt repute. Jacques Pelletier du Mans, a phyſician, a mathematician, a poet, and a voluminous writer on various ſubjects both in proſe and verſe, alſo publiſhed an *Art Poetique* at Lyons, in 1555.[3] This critic had ſufficient penetration to perceive the falſe and corrupt taſte of his cotemporaries. "Inſtead of the regular ode and ſonnet, our language is ſophiſticated by *ballads*, *roundeaux*, *lays*, and *triolets*. But with theſe we muſt reſt contented, till the farces which have ſo long infatuated our nation are converted into comedy, our martyr-plays into tragedy, and our romances into heroic poems."[4] And again, "We have no pieces in our language written in the genuine comic form, except ſome affected and unnatural moralities, and other plays of the ſame character, which do not deſerve the name of comedy. The drama would appear to advantage, did it but reſume its proper ſtate and antient dignity. We have, however, ſome tragedies in French learnedly tranſlated, among which is the *Hecuba* of Euripides by Lazare de Baïf," &c.[5] Of rhyme the ſame writer ſays, "S'il n'etoit queſtion que de parler

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[1] *Bibl. Fr.* 361. He mentions another edition in 1539.

[2] Liv. ii. ch. viii. At the end of Sibilet's work is a critical piece of Quintil againſt Ch. Fontaine, firſt printed ſeparately at Paris, 1538. 16mo.

[3] By Jean de Tournes. 8vo. [4] Ch. de l'Ode.

[5] Ch. de la Comedie et de la Tragedie. See alſo, to the ſame purpoſe, Collettet *Sur la poeſie morale*, and Guillaume des Autels, *Repos d'un plus grand travail*.

ornement, il ne faudroit ſinon écrire en proſe, ou s'il n'etoit queſtion que de rimer, il ne faudroit ſinon rimer en farceur: mais en poeſie, il faut faire tous les deux, et bien dire, et bien rimer."[1] His chapters on *Imitation* and *Tranſlation* have much more philoſophy and reflection than are to be expected for his age, and contain obſervations which might edify modern critics.[2] Nor muſt I forget, that Pelletier alſo publiſhed a French tranſlation of Horace's *Art of Poetry* at Paris in 154[1].[3] Joachim du Bellay's *Defenſe et Illuſtration de la Langue Françoiſe* was publiſhed [in 1549]. He has the ſame juſt notion of the drama. "As to tragedies and comedies, if kings and ſtates would reſtore them in their antient glory, which has been uſurped by farces and *Moralities*, I am of opinion that you would lend your aſſiſtance; and if you wiſh to adorn our language, you know where to find models."[4]

The Italian vernacular criticiſm began chiefly in commentaries and diſcourſes on the language and phraſeology of Dante, Petrarch, and Boccaccio. I believe one of the firſt of that kind is, *Le tre fontane di meſſer Nicolò Liburnio ſopra la grammatica e l'eloquenza di Dante, del Petrarcha, e del Boccaccio*, 1526.[5] Numerous expoſitions, lectures, annotations, and diſcourſes of the ſame ſort, eſpecially on Dante's *Inferno* and the Florentine dialect, appeared ſoon afterwards. Immediately after the publication of their reſpective poems, Arioſto (whoſe *Orlando Furioſo* was ſtyled the *nuova poeſia*) and Taſſo were illuſtrated or expounded by commentators more intricate than their text. One of the earlieſt of theſe is *Spoſizione de Simon Fornari da Reggio ſopra l'Orlando Furioſo di Lodovico Arioſto*, 1549[-50, 8vo.] Perhaps the firſt criticiſm on what the Italians call the *Lengua Volgare* is by Pietro Bembo: *Proſe di Pietro Bembo della volgar Lingua diviſe in tre libri*, 154[8].[6] But the firſt edition ſeems to have been in 1525. This ſubject was diſcuſſed in an endleſs ſucceſſion of *Regole grammaticali*, *Oſſervazioni*, *Avvertimenti* and *Ragionamenti*. Here might alſo be mentioned the annotations, although they are altogether explanatory, which often accompanied the early tranſlations of the Greek and Latin claſſics into Italian. But I reſign this labyrinth of reſearch to the ſuperior opportunities and abilities of the French and Italian antiquaries in their native literature. To have ſaid nothing on the ſubject might have been thought an omiſſion, and to have ſaid more, impertinent. I therefore return to our own poetical annals.

Our three great poets, Chaucer, Gower and Lydgate, ſeem to have maintained their rank, and to have been in high reputation during the period of which we are now treating. Splendid impreſſions of large works were at this time great undertakings. Sumptuous edition[s] of Gower's *Confeſſio Amantis* [were] publiſhed by Berthelet in [1532 and] 1554. On the ſame ample plan, in 1555, Robert

[1] Liv. ii. ch. i. De la Rime.
[2] See Liv. i. ch. v. and vi.
[3] [Chez Jean Granjean, petit en 8vo. See Brunet, laſt edit. iii. 331.]
[4] Liv. ii. ch. iv.
[5] In quarto. Again, 1534. 8vo.
[6] [But ſee Brunet, laſt edit. i. 764.]

Braham printed with great accuracy and a diligent inveſtigation of the ancient copies, the firſt correct edition of Lydgate's *Troy-book*.[1] I have before incidentally remarked that Nicholas Briggam, a polite ſcholar, a ſtudent at Oxford and at the Inns of Court, and a writer of poetry, in the year 1555 depoſited the bones of Chaucer under a new tomb, erected at his own coſt, and inſcribed with a new epitaph, in the chapel of Biſhop Blaſe in Weſtminſter Abbey, which ſtill remains.[2] Wilſon, as we have juſt ſeen in a citation from his *Rhetoric*, records an anecdote, that the more accompliſhed and elegant courtiers were perpetually quoting Chaucer. Yet this muſt be reſtricted to the courtiers of Edward VI. And indeed there is a peculiar reaſon why Chaucer, excluſive of his real excellence, ſhould have been the favourite of a court which laid the foundations of the reformation of religion. It was, that his poems abounded with ſatirical ſtrokes againſt the corruptions of the church and the diſſolute manners of the monks. And undoubtedly Chaucer long before, a lively and popular writer, greatly aſſiſted the doctrines of his cotemporary Wickliffe, in opening the eyes of the people to the abſurdities of popery, and expoſing its impoſtures in a vein of humour and pleaſantry. Fox the martyrologiſt, a weak and a credulous compiler, perhaps goes too far in affirming that Chaucer has undeniably proved the Pope to be the anti-Chriſt of the Apocalypſe.[3]

Of the reign of Queen Mary we are accuſtomed to conceive everything that is calamitous and diſguſting. But when we turn our eyes from its political evils to the objects which its literary hiſtory preſents, a fair and flouriſhing ſcene appears. In this proſpect, the mind feels a repoſe from contemplating the fates of thoſe venerable prelates, who ſuffered the moſt excruciating death for the purity and inflexibility of their faith; and whoſe unburied bodies, diſſipated in aſhes, and undiſtinguiſhed in the common maſs, have acquired a more glorious monument than if they had been interred in magnificent ſhrines which might have been viſited by pilgrims, loaded with ſuperſtitious gifts, and venerated with the pomp of miſtaken devotion.

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[1] Nothing can be more incorrect than the firſt edition in 1513.

[2] Undoubtedly Chaucer was originally buried in this place. Leland cites a Latin elegy, or *Nænia*, of thirty-four lines, which he ſays was compoſed by Stephanus Surigonius of Milan, at the requeſt of William Caxton the printer: and which, Leland adds, was written on a white tablet by Surigonius, on a pillar near Chaucer's grave in the ſouth aiſle at Weſtminſter. *Script. Brit.* Galfrid. Chaucerus. See Caxton's *Epilogue* to Chaucer's *Book of Fame*, in Caxton's *Chaucer*. Wood ſays, that Briggam "exerciſed his muſe much in poetry, and took great delight in the works of Jeffrey Chaucer: for whoſe memory he had ſo great a reſpect, that he removed his bones into the ſouth croſs-ile or tranſept of S. Peter's church," &c. *Ath. Oxon.* i. 130. I do not apprehend there was any removal, in this caſe, from one part of the abbey to another. Chaucer's tomb has appropriated this aiſle, or tranſept, to the ſepulture or to the honorary monuments of our poets.

[3] Tom. ii. p. 42, edit. 1684.

## SECTION LVI.

THE firſt poem which preſents itſelf at the commencement of the reign of Queen Elizabeth is the play of *Gorboduc*, written by Thomas Sackville Lord Buckhurſt, the original contriver of the *Mirror for Magiſtrates*.[1] Thomas Norton, already mentioned as an aſſociate with Sternhold and Hopkins in the metrical verſion of David's Pſalms, is ſaid to have been his coadjutor.[2]

It is no part of my plan accurately to mark the progreſs of our drama, much leſs to examine the merit of particular plays. But as this piece is perhaps the firſt ſpecimen in our language of an heroic tale, written in blank verſe, divided into acts and ſcenes, and clothed in all the formalities of a regular tragedy, it ſeems juſtly to deſerve a more minute and a diſtinct diſcuſſion in this general view of our poetry.

It was firſt exhibited in the great Hall of the Inner Temple by the ſtudents of that ſociety, as part of the entertainment of a grand Chriſtmas,[3] and afterwards before Queen Elizabeth at Whitehall, [January 18, 1561-2.] It was never intended for the preſs. But being ſurreptitiouſly and very careleſsly printed in 1565, an exact edition, with the conſent and under the inſpection of the authors, appeared [about 1570,] in black letter, [from the preſs of John

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[1] It is ſcarcely worth obſerving, that one Thomas Brice, at the acceſſion of Elizabeth, [wrote, among other works (ſee *Handb. of E. E. Lit.* in voce), *A Compendious Regiſter in metre, containing the names and pacient Suffryngs of the membres of Jeſus Chriſt and the tormented; and cruelly burned within England, ſince the death of our famous Kynge. . . . . Edwarde the ſixt*, &c.], 1559, 8vo. [Again, 1599, 8vo.]

[Brice, at the end of his Metrical *Regiſter*, has a poem of the ballad kind, which he calls *The Wiſhes of the Wiſe*. It begins:

"When ſhal this time of travail ceaſe,
Which we with wo ſuſtayne?
When ſhal the daies of reſt and peace
Returne to us againe?"

Before his Regiſter he expreſſes an earneſt wiſh and deſire, that "the authour and endightynge were halfe ſo worthye as the matter, that it myght bee conveyed and delyvered to the Quenes Majeſties owne handes."—*Park.*]

[2] See Preface to *Gorboduc*, edit. [Day.] Strype ſays, that Thomas Norton was a . . . Puritan, a man of parts and learning, well known to ſecretary Cecil and Archbiſhop Parker, and that he was ſuſpected, but without foundation, of writing an anſwer to Whitgift's book againſt the Puritans, publiſhed in 1572.—*Life of Parker*, p. 364; *Life of Whitgift*, p. 28. I forgot to mention before, that Norton has a copy of recommendatory verſes prefixed to Turner's *Preſervative*, a tract againſt the Pelagians, dedicated to Hugh Latimer. 1551. 12mo.

[3] See a deſcription of the magnificent celebration of that feſtival in Dugdale's *Origines Juridiciales*, p. 150.—*Park.*]

Day.][1] In the edition of 1565 it is called the *Tragedie of Gorboduc.* I have a moſt incorrect black-lettered copy in duodecimo without title, but with the printer's monogram in the laſt page—I ſuſpect of 1569—which once belonged to Pope,[2] and from which the late Mr. Spence moſt faithfully printed a modern edition of the tragedy, in the year 1736. I believe it was printed before that of 1571, for it retains all the errors of Griffith's firſt or ſpurious edition of 1565. In the Preface prefixed to the edition of [1570,] is the following paſſage: "Where [whereas] this tragedy was for furniture of part of the grand Chriſtmaſſe in the Inner-temple, firſt written about nine years ago by the right honourable Thomas now lord Buckhurſt, and by T. Norton; and afterwards ſhowed before her maieſtie, and neuer intended by the authors thereof to be publiſhed: Yet one W[illiam] G[riffith] getting a copie thereof at ſome young mans hand, that lacked a little money and much diſcretion in the laſt great plague *anno* 1565, about fiue yeares paſt, while the ſaid lord was out of England, and T. Norton far out of London, and neither of them both made priuy, put it forth exceedingly corrupted," &c.

Theſe are the circumſtances of the fable of this tragedy: Gorboduc, a king of Britain about ſix hundred years before Chriſt, made in his life-time a diviſion of his kingdom to his ſons Ferrex and Porrex. The two young princes within five years quarrelled for univerſal ſovereignty. A civil war enſued, and Porrex ſlew his elder brother Ferrex. Their mother Viden, who loved Ferrex beſt, revenged his death by entering Porrex's chamber in the night, and murdering him in his ſleep. The people, exaſperated at the cruelty and treachery of this murder, roſe in rebellion, and killed both Viden and Gorboduc. The nobility then aſſembled, collected an army, and deſtroyed the rebels. An inteſtine war commenced between the chief lords: the ſucceſſion to the crown became uncertain and arbitrary, for want of the lineal royal iſſue: and the country, deſtitute of a king, and waſted by domeſtic ſlaughter, was reduced to a ſtate of the moſt miſerable deſolation.

In the dramatic conduct of this tale, the unities of time and place are eminently and viſibly violated: a defect which Shakeſpeare ſo frequently commits, but which he covers by the magic of his poetry. The greater part of this long and eventful hiſtory is included in the repreſentation. But in a ſtory ſo fertile of bloodſhed, no murder is committed on the ſtage. It is worthy of remark that the death of Porrex in the bed-chamber is only related. Perhaps the players had not yet learned to die, nor was the poniard ſo eſſential an article as

[1] The ed. of 1565 is reprinted by the Shakeſp. Soc., 1847, 8vo.; that of (1570) in Sackville's Works, ed. Weſt.]

[2] In the year 1717, my father, then a fellow of Magdalene College at Oxford, gave this copy to Mr. Pope, as appears by a letter of Pope to R. Digby, dat. Jun. 2, 1717. See Pope's *Letters*, vol. ix. p. 39, edit. 12mo. 1754: "Mr. Warton forced me to take Gorboduc," &c. Pope gave it to the late Biſhop Warburton, who gave it to me about ten years ago, 1770.

at preſent among the implements of the property-room. Nor is it improbable that to kill a man on the ſtage was not now avoided as a ſpectacle ſhocking to humanity, but becauſe it was difficult and inconvenient to be repreſented. The writer has followed the ſeries of facts related in the chronicles without any material variation or fictitious embarraſſments, and with the addition only of a few neceſſary and obvious characters.

There is a Chorus of Four Ancient and Sage Men of Britain, who regularly cloſe every act, the laſt excepted, with an ode in long-lined ſtanzas, drawing back the attention of the audience to the ſubſtance of what has juſt paſſed, and illuſtrating it by recapitulatory moral reflections, and poetical or hiſtorical alluſions. Of theſe the beſt is that which terminates the fourth Act, in which Prince Porrex is murdered by his mother Viden. Theſe are the [opening lines :] [1]

> Whan greedy luſt in royall ſeat to reigne,
> Hath reft all care of Goddes and eke of men,
> And cruell hart, wrath, treaſon, and diſdaine
> Within ambicious breſt are lodged, then
> Beholde how miſchiefe wide her ſelfe diſplayes,
> And with the brothers hand the brother ſlayes.
> When bloud thus ſhed doth ſtaine the heauens face,
> Crying to Ioue for vengeance of the deede,
> The mightie God euen moueth from his place,
> With wrath to wreke: then ſendes he forth with ſpede
> The dreadfull furies, daughters of the night,
> With Serpentes girt, carying the whip of ire,
> With heare of ſtinging Snakes, and ſhining bright
> With flames and bloud, and with a brand of fire.
> Theſe for reuenge of wretched murder done
> Do make the mother kill her onely ſonne.
>
> Blood aſketh blood, and death muſt death requite:
> Ioue by his iuſt and euerlaſting doome
> Juſtly hath euer ſo requited it, &c.[2]

In the imagery of theſe verſes we diſcern no faint traces of the hand which drew the terrible guardians of hell-gate, in the *Induction* to the *Mirror for Magiſtrates*.

The moral beauties and the ſpirit of the following ode, which cloſes the third act, will, perhaps, be more pleaſing to many readers:

> The luſt of kingdome[3] knowes no ſacred faith,
> No rule of reaſon, no regarde of right,
> No kindely loue, no feare of heauens wrath:
> But with contempt of Goddes, and mans deſpite,
> Through blodie ſlaughter doth prepare the waies
> To fatall ſcepter and accurſed reigne.
> The ſonne ſo lothes the fathers lingering daies,
> Ne dreades his hand in brothers blode to ſtaine.

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[1] [The extracts of Warton from *Gorboduc* have been collated with Day's undated octavo edition. In the modern edition of the *Works*, 1859, it occurs with a modernized orthography.]

[2] Act iv. ſc. ult.

[3] "kingdoms," edit. 1565.

O wretched prince, ne doeſt thou yet recorde
The yet freſh murthers done within the lande
Of thy forefathers, when the cruell ſworde
Bereft Morgan his life with coſyns hand?
Thus fatall plagues purſue the giltie race,
Whoſe murderous hand imbrued with giltleſſe blood,
Aſkes vengeaunce ſtill before the heauens face,
With endleſſe miſchiefes on the curſed broode.
The wicked childe thus bringes to wofull fire
The mournefull plaintes, to waſt his wery[1] life:
Thus do the cruell flames of ciuyll fier
Deſtroy the parted reigne with hatefull ſtrife.
And hence doth ſpring the well from which doth flow
The dead black ſtreames of mourning, plaints & woe.[2]

Every act is introduced, as was the cuſtom in our old plays, with a piece of machinery called the Dumb Show, ſhadowing by an allegorical exhibition the matter that was immediately to follow. In the conſtruction of this ſpectacle and its perſonifications much poetry and imagination was often diſplayed. It is ſome apology for theſe prefigurations, that they were commonly too myſterious and obſcure to foreſtall the future events with any degree of clearneſs and preciſion. Not that this mute mimicry was always typical of the enſuing incidents. It ſometimes ſerved for a compendious introduction of ſuch circumſtances as could not commodiouſly be comprehended within the bounds of the repreſentation. It ſometimes ſupplied deficiencies, and covered the want of buſineſs. Our anceſtors were eaſily ſatisfied with this artificial ſupplement of one of the moſt important unities, which abundantly filled up the interval that was neceſſary to paſs while a hero was expected from the Holy Land, or a princeſs was imported, married, and brought to bed. In the meantime the greater part of the audience were probably more pleaſed with the emblematical pageantry than the poetical dialogue, although both were alike unintelligible.

I will give a ſpecimen in the "Dumb Shewe" preceding the fourth act: "Firſt, the muſick of howboies begā to plaie, duringe which there came from vnder the ſtage, as though out of hell, three furies, Alecto, Megera, and Cteſiphone,[3] clad in black garmentes ſprinkled with bloud and flames, their bodies girt with ſnakes, their heds ſpred with ſerpentes in ſteed of heare, the one bearing in her hand a Snake, the other a whip, and the thirde a burning Firebrand: ech driuing before them a king and a queene, which moued by furies vnnaturally had ſlaine their owne children. The names of the kings and queenes were theſe: Tantalus, Medea, Athamas, Ino, Cambiſes, Althea. After that the furies and theſe had paſſed about the ſtage thriſe, they departed, and than the muſick ceaſed: hereby was ſignified the vnnaturall murders to follow, that is to ſaie, Porrex ſlaine by his owne mother. And of king Gorboduc and queene Viden, killed by their owne ſubiectes." Here, by the way, the viſionary proceſſion of

[1] "Very," a worſe reading, in edit. 1571.
[2] Act iii. ſc. ult.
[3] Tiſiphone.

kings and queens, long ſince dead, evidently reſembles our author Sackville's original model of the *Mirror for Magiſtrates*, and for the ſame reaſon reminds us of a ſimilar train of royal ſpectres in the tent ſcene of Shakeſpeare's *King Richard the Third.*

I take this opportunity of expreſſing my ſurpriſe that this oſtenſible comment of the Dumb Shew ſhould not regularly appear in the tragedies of Shakeſpeare. There are even proofs that he treated it with contempt and ridicule. Although ſome critics are of opinion that, becauſe it is never deſcribed in form at the cloſe or commencement of his acts, it was therefore never introduced. Shakeſpeare's aim was to collect an audience, and for this purpoſe all the common expedients were neceſſary. No dramatic writer of his age has more battles or ghoſts. His repreſentations abound with the uſual appendages of mechanical terror, and he adopts all the ſuperſtitions of the theatre. This problem can only be reſolved into the activity or the ſuperiority of a mind, which either would not be entangled by the formality, or which ſaw through the futility, of this unnatural and extrinſic ornament. It was not by declamation or by pantomime that Shakeſpeare was to fix his eternal dominion over the hearts of mankind.

To return to Sackville. That this tragedy was never a favourite among our anceſtors, and has long fallen into general oblivion, is to be attributed to the nakedneſs and unintereſting nature of the plot, the tedious length of the ſpeeches, the want of a diſcrimination of character, and almoſt a total abſence of pathetic or critical ſituations. It is true that a mother kills her own ſon. But this act of barbarous and unnatural impiety, to ſay nothing of its almoſt unexampled atrocity in the tender ſex, proceeds only from a brutal principle of ſudden and impetuous revenge. It is not the conſequence of any deep machination, nor is it founded in a proper preparation of previous circumſtances. She is never before introduced to our notice as a wicked or deſigning character. She murders her ſon Porrex, becauſe in the commotions of a civil diſſenſion, in ſelf-defence, after repeated provocations, and the ſtrongeſt proofs of the baſeſt ingratitude and treachery, he had ſlain his rival brother, not without the deepeſt compunction and remorſe for what he had done. A mother murdering a ſon is a fact which muſt be received with horror; but it required to be complicated with other motives, and prompted by a co-operation of other cauſes, to rouſe our attention and work upon our paſſions. I do not mean that any other motive could have been found to palliate a murder of ſuch a nature. Yet it was poſſible to heighten and to divide the diſtreſs, by rendering this bloody mother, under the notions of human frailty, an object of our compaſſion as well as of our abhorrence. But perhaps theſe artifices were not yet known or wanted. The general ſtory of the play is great in its political conſequences; and the leading incidents are important, but not ſufficiently intricate to awaken our curioſity, and hold us in ſuſpenſe. Nothing is perplexed and nothing unravelled. The oppoſition of intereſts is ſuch as does not affect our

nicer feelings. In the plot of a play our pleaſure ariſes in proportion as our expectation is excited.

Yet it muſt be granted, that the language of *Gorboduc*[1] has great purity and perſpicuity; and that it is entirely free from that tumid phraſeology which does not ſeem to have taken place till playwriting had become a trade, and our poets found it their intereſt to captivate the multitude by the falſe ſublime, and by thoſe exaggerated imageries and pedantic metaphors which are the chief blemiſhes of the ſcenes of Shakeſpeare, and which are at this day miſtaken for his capital beauties by too many readers. Here alſo we perceive another and a ſtrong reaſon why this play was never popular.[2]

Sir Philip Sydney, in his admirable [*Apology for Poetry*, 1595,] remarks, that this tragedy is full of "notable moralitie." But tragedies are not to inſtruct us by the intermixture of moral ſentences, but by the force of example and the effect of the ſtory. In the firſt act, the three counſellors are introduced debating about the diviſion of the kingdom in long and elaborate ſpeeches, which are replete with political advice and maxims of civil prudence. By this ſtately ſort of declamation, whatever eloquence it may diſplay, and whatever policy it may teach, is undramatic, unanimated, and unaffecting. Sentiment and argument will never ſupply the place of action upon the ſtage. Not to mention, that theſe grave harangues have ſome tincture of the formal modes of addreſs and the ceremonious oratory which were then in faſhion. But we muſt allow, that in the ſtrain of dialogue in which they are profeſſedly written, they have uncommon merit, even without drawing an apology in their favour from their antiquity; and that they contain much dignity, ſtrength of reflection, and good ſenſe, couched in clear expreſſion and poliſhed numbers. I ſhall firſt produce a ſpecimen from the ſpeech of Aroſtus, who is ſtyled a Counſellor to the King, and who is made

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[1] [Rymer termed *Gorboduc* "a fable better turn'd for tragedy than any on this ſide the Alps, in the time of Lord Buckhurſt, and might have been a better direction to Shakeſpeare and Ben Jonſon than any guide they have had the luck to follow."—*Short View of Tragedy*, p. 84. Mr. Pope alſo obſerved, that "the writers of the ſucceeding age might have improved by copying from this drama, a propriety in the ſentiments and dignity in the ſentences, and an unaffected perſpicuity of ſtyle, which are eſſential to tragedy." Yet Dryden and Oldham both ſpoke contemptuouſly of this piece, and apparently without having peruſed it; ſince they ſuppoſed *Gorboduc* to have been a female, and the former calls it the tragedy of "Queen Gorboduc." See Scott's Edit. of his (Dryden's) Works, vol. ii. p. 118, and *Biog. Dram.* vol. ii. p. 238.—*Park.*]

[2] [If Shakeſpeare could not of himſelf find out what was natural and right in language and ſentiment, *Gorboduc* might have taught him. But Mr. Warton ſuppoſes that what we now reckon a beauty and merit was a ſtrong reaſon why Gorboduc never became popular. Was not this reaſon enough for Shakeſpeare, whoſe only endeavours were *populo ut placerent quas feciſſet fabulas*, to take another courſe? Had Shakeſpeare ever ſtretched his views to fame and poſterity he would at leaſt have printed ſome of his plays. But it is not eaſy to conceive how a man can write for a future generation. It is not in his power to know what they will like; though he may be able to pleaſe his contemporaries, by giving them what they have been accuſtomed to approve.—*Aſhby.*]

to defend a ſpecious yet perhaps the leaſt rational ſide of the queſtion.

And in your life while you ſhall ſo beholde
Their rule, their vertues, and their noble deedes,
Such as their kinde behighteth to vs all;
Great be the profites that ſhall growe therof:
Your age in quiet ſhall the longer laſt,
Your laſtinge age ſhalbe their longer ſtay,
For cares of kynges, that rule as you haue ruled,
For publique wealth and not for priuate ioye,
Do waſt mannes lyfe, and haſten crooked age,
With furrowed face and with enfeebled lymmes,
To draw on creepyng death a ſwifter pace.
They two yet yong ſhall beare the parted reigne
With greater eaſe than one, nowe olde, alone
Can welde the whole: for whom muche harder is
With leſſened ſtrength the double weight to beare.
Your eye, your counſell, and the graue regarde
Of Father, yea of ſuche a fathers name,
Nowe at beginning of their ſondred reigne,
When is the hazarde of their whole ſucceſſe,
Shall bridle ſo the[1] force of youthfull heates,
And ſo reſtreine the rage of inſolence
Which moſt aſſailes the yong and noble mindes,
And ſo ſhall guide and traine in tempred ſtay
Their yet greene bending wittes with reuerent awe,
As now inured with vertues at the firſt.
Cuſtome (O king) ſhall bring delightfulneſſe:
By vſe of vertue vice ſhall growe in hate,
But if you ſo diſpoſe it, that the daye
Which endes your life, ſhal firſt begin their reigne,
Great is the perill. What will be the ende,
When ſuch beginning of ſuch liberties,
Voide of ſuche ſtayes as in your life do lye,
Shall leaue them free to randon of their will,
An open praie to traiterous flatterie,
The greateſt peſtilence of noble youthe:
Whiche perill ſhalbe paſt, if in your life
Their tempred youthe with aged fathers awe
Be brought in vre of ſkilfull ſtayedneſs, &c.[2]

From an obſequious complaiſance to the king, who is preſent, the topic is not agitated with that oppoſition of opinion and variety of arguments which it naturally ſuggeſts, and which would have enlivened the diſputation and diſplayed diverſity of character. But Eubulus, the king's ſecretary, declares his ſentiments with ſome freedom, and ſeems to be the moſt animated of all our three political orators:

To parte your realme vnto my lordes your ſonnes,
I thinke not good for you, ne yet for them,
But worſte of all for this our natiue lande,
Within one lande one ſingle rule is beſt:
Diuided reignes do make diuided hartes,
But peace preſerues the countrey and the prince.
Suche is in man the gredie minde to reigne,

[1] [Day's edit. reads *their*, the copy which Warton uſed, rightly, *the*.]
[2] Act i. Sc. ii. [edit. *ut ſupr.* ſign. B ii.]

So great is his deſire to climbe alofte,
In worldly ſtage the ſtatelieſt partes to beare,
That faith and iuſtice and all kindly loue
Do yelde vnto deſire of ſoueraigntie.
Where egall ſtate doth raiſe an egall hope
To winne the thing that either wold attaine.
Your grace remembreth, how in paſſed yeres
The mightie Brute, firſt prince of all this lande,
Poſſeſſed the ſame, and ruled it well in one:
He, thinking that the compaſſe did ſuffice
For his three ſonnes three kingdomes eke to make,
Cut it in three, as you would now in twaine.
But how much Brittiſh bloud hath ſince bene ſpilt,
What princes ſlaine before their timely houre,
To ioyne againe the ſondred vnitie?
What waſt of townes and people in the lande?
What treaſons heaped on murders and on ſpoiles?
Whoſe iuſt reuenge euen yet is ſcarcely ceaſed,
Ruthefull remembraunce is yet rawe in minde, &c.[1]

The illuſtration from Brutus is here both appoſite and poetical.

Spence, with a reference to the ſituation of the author Lord Buckhurſt in the court of Queen Elizabeth, has obſerved in his preface to the modern edition of his tragedy, that "'tis no wonder, if the language of kings and ſtateſmen ſhould be leſs happily imitated by a poet than a privy counſellor."[2] This is an inſinuation that Shakeſpeare, who has left many hiſtorical tragedies, was leſs able to conduct ſome parts of a royal ſtory than the ſtateſman Lord Buckhurſt. But I will venture to pronounce, that whatever merit there is in this play, and particularly in the ſpeeches we have juſt been examining, it is more owing to the poet than the privy counſellor. If a firſt miniſter was to write a tragedy, I believe the piece will be the better the leſs it has of the firſt miniſter. When a ſtateſman turns poet, I ſhould not wiſh him to fetch his ideas or his language from the cabinet. I know not why a king ſhould be better qualified than a private man to make kings talk in blank verſe.

The chaſte elegance of the following deſcription of a region abounding in every convenience will gratify the lover of claſſical purity:

Yea, and that halfe, which in abounding ſtore
Of things that ſerue to make a welthy realme,
In ſtately cities and in frutefull ſoyle,[3]
In temperate breathing of the milder heauen,
In thinges of nedeful vſe, which frendly ſea
Tranſportes by traffike from the forreine partes,
In flowing wealth, in honour and in force, &c.[4]

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[1] Act i. ſc. ii. [ſign. B iv.]

[2] [If Norton wrote the firſt three acts of Gorboduc, as the title-page of 1565 ſets forth, and the later edition does not contradict, then the excellence of the ſpeech above cited from Act i. cannot have ariſen from its being penned by a privy-counſellor.—*Park.*]

[3] [Though the country is repreſented as fruitful, yet *impoſts* only are mentioned. This was preciſely the caſe of England then. Stafford's *Compendious Examination*, &c., 1581.—*Aſhby.*]

[4] Act ii. ſc. i. [ſign. C iii.]

The cloſe of Marcella's narration of the murder of Porrex by the queen, which many poets of a more enlightened age would have exhibited to the ſpectators, is perhaps the moſt moving and pathetic ſpeech in the play.[1] The reader will obſerve that our author, yet to a good purpoſe, has transferred the ceremonies of the tournament to the court of an old Britiſh king:

O Queene of adamant, O marble breſt;
If not the fauour of his comely face,
If not his princely chere and countenaũce,
His valiant actiue armes, his manly breſt,
If not his faire and ſeemely perſonage,
His noble limmes in ſuch proportion[2] caſte,
As would have wrapt[3] a fillie womans thought,
If this mought not haue moued thy bloudy hart,
And that moſt cruell hand the wretched weapon
Euen to let fall, and kiſſe him in the face,
With teares for ruthe to reaue ſuche one by death:
Should nature yet conſent to ſlay her ſonne?
O mother, thou to murder thus thy childe!
Euen Ioue with iuſtice muſt with lightening flames
From heauen ſend downe ſome ſtrange reuenge on thee.
Ah noble prince, how oft haue I beheld
Thee mounted on thy fierce and traumpling ſtede,
Shining in armour bright before the tilt,
And with thy miſtreſſe' ſleue tied on thy helme,
And charge thy ſtaffe, to pleaſe thy ladies eye,
That bowed the head peece of thy frendly foe?
How oft in armes on horſe to bend the mace?[4]
How oft in armes on foote to breake the ſworde?
Which neuer now theſe eyes may ſee againe![5]

Marcella, the only lady in the play except the queen, is one of the maids of honour; and a modern writer of tragedy would have made her in love with the young prince who is murdered.

The queen laments the loſs of her eldeſt and favourite ſon, whoſe defeat and death had juſt been announced, in the following ſoliloquy. The ideas are too general, although happily expreſſed: but there is ſome imagination in her wiſhing the old maſſy palace had long ago fallen, and cruſhed her to death:

Why ſhould I lyue, and lynger forth my time
In longer liefe, to double my diſtreſſe?
O me moſt wofull wight, whome no miſhap
Long ere this daie could haue bereued hence!
Mought not theſe handes, by fortune or by fate,
Haue perſt this breſt, and life with iron reft?

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[1] [This ſpeech had before been commended as very much in the manner of the ancients by Mr. Hawkins, who adds: "There are few narrations of Euripides, not excepting even that in the Alceſtes, which are ſuperior to it in tenderneſs and ſimplicity."—Preface to the *Orig. of the Eng. Drama*, 1773, p. x.—*Park.*]

[2] In the edition of 1565 this word is "preparacion." I mention this, as a ſpecimen of the great incorrectneſs of that edition.

[3] Wrapped, rapt, *i. e.* raviſhed. I once conjectured "warped." We have "wrapped in wo." Act iv. ſc. ii.

[4] The ſhaft of the lance.

[5] Act iv. ſc. ii. [ſign. F 4, edit. *ut ſupr.*]

Or in this pallaice here, where I ſo longe
Haue ſpent my daies, could not that happie houre
Ones, ones, haue hapt, in which theſe hugie frames
With death by fall might haue oppreſſed me!
Or ſhould not this moſt hard and cruell ſoile,
So oft where I haue preſt my wretched ſteps,
Somtyme had ruthe of myne accurſed liefe,
To rend in twaine, and ſwallowe me therin!
So had my bones poſſeſſed nowe in peace
Their happie graue within the cloſed grounde,
And greadie wormes had gnawen this pyned hart
Without my feelynge paine! So ſhould not nowe
This lyvynge breſt remayne the ruthefull tombe
Wherein my hart, yelden to dethe, is graued, &c.[1]

There is ſome animation in theſe imprecations of Prince Ferrex upon his own head, when he proteſts that he never conceived any malicious deſign, or intended any injury, againſt his brother Porrex:[2]

The wrekefull gods poure on my curſed head
Eternall plagues and neuer dyinge woes!
The helliſh prince[3] adiudge my dampned ghoſte
To Tantales[4] thirſte, or proude Ixions wheele,
Or cruel gripe,[5] to gnaw my growing harte;
To durynge tormentes and vnquenched flames;
If euer I conceiued ſo foule a thought,
To wiſhe his ende of life, or yet of reigne.

It muſt be remembered that the ancient Britons were ſuppoſed to be immediately deſcended from the Trojan Brutus, and that conſequently they were acquainted with the Pagan hiſtory and mythology. Gorboduc has a long alluſion to the miſeries of the ſiege of Troy.[6]

In this ſtrain of correct verſification and language, Porrex explains to his father Gorboduc the treachery of his brother Ferrex:

Whan thus I ſawe the knot of loue unknitte,
All honeſt league and faithfull promiſe broke,
The law of kinde and trouth thus rent in twaine,
His hart on miſchiefe ſet, and in his breſt
Blacke treaſon hid: then, then did I diſpeire
That euer time could winne him frend to me;
Then ſaw I howe he ſmiled with ſlaying knife
Wrapped vnder cloke, then ſawe I depe deceite
Lurke in his face, and death prepared for me, &c.[7]

As the notions of ſubordination, of the royal authority, and the divine inſtitution of kings, predominated in the reign of Queen Elizabeth, it is extraordinary that eight lines, inculcating in plain terms the doctrine of paſſive and unreſiſting obedience to the prince, which appeared in the fifth act of the firſt edition of this tragedy, ſhould have been expunged in the [undated] edition publiſhed [in or about 1571], under the immediate inſpection of the authors.[8] It is well known that the Calviniſts carried their ideas of reformation and

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[1] Act iv. ſc. i.
[2] Act ii. ſc. i.
[3] Pluto.
[4] *Tantalus*, edit. 1565.
[5] The vulture of Prometheus.
[6] Act iii. ſc. i.
[7] Act iv. ſc. ii. [ſign. F ii.]
[8] See ſignat. D. v. [Day's undated edit.]

refinement into government as well as religion: and it ſeems probable that theſe eight verſes were ſuppreſſed by Thomas Norton, Sackville's ſuppoſed aſſiſtant in the play, who was not only an active and, I believe, a ſenſible Puritan, but a licencer of the publication of books under the commiſſion of the Biſhop of London.

[The reflections of Eubulus at the cloſe of the drama on the miſeries of civil war, are ſo patriotically intereſting, that I am impelled to take the occaſion of placing an extract from them in the [text]:

> And thou, O Brittaine! whilome in renowme,
> Whilome in wealth and fame, ſhalt thus be torne,
> Diſmembred thus, and thus be rent in twaine,
> Thus waſted and defaced, ſpoyled and deſtroyed,
> Theſe be the fruites your ciuil warres will bring.
> Hereto it commes, when kinges will not conſent
> To grave aduiſe, but followe wilfull will.
> This is the end, when in fonde princes hartes
> Flattery preuailes, and ſage rede hath no place.
> Theſe are the plages, when murder is the meane
> To make new heires vnto the royall crowne.
> Thus wreke the Gods, when that the mothers wrath
> Nought but the bloud of her owne childe may ſwage.
> Theſe miſchiefes ſpring when rebells will ariſe,
> To worke reuenge, and iudge their princes fact.
> This, this enſues, when noble men do faile
> In loyall trouth, and ſubiectes will be kinges.
> And this doth growe, when loe vnto the prince,
> Whom death or ſodeine happe of life bereaues,
> No certaine heire remaines; ſuch certaine heire
> As not all onely is the rightfull heire,
> But to the realme is ſo made knowen to be,
> And trouth therby veſted in ſubiectes hartes.[1]]

As to Norton's aſſiſtance in this play, it is ſaid on better authority than that of Anthony Wood, who ſuppoſes *Gorboduc* to have been in old Engliſh rhyme, that the three firſt acts were written by Thomas Norton, and the two laſt by Sackville.[2] But the force of internal evidence often prevails over the authority of aſſertion, a teſtimony which is diminiſhed by time, and may be rendered ſuſpicious from a variety of other circumſtances. Throughout the whole piece there is an invariable uniformity of diction and verſification. Sackville has two poems of conſiderable length in the *Mirror for Magiſtrates*, which fortunately furniſh us with the means of compariſon: and every ſcene of *Gorboduc* is viſibly marked with his characteriſtical

[1] [Mr. Park's addition collated (edit. *ut ſupr.* ſign. H. iii.)]

[2] [Could we ſuppoſe that Norton wrote the firſt three acts of *Gorboduc*, it would infinitely diminiſh Sackville's merit; becauſe the deſign and example muſt be given to the former. Norton might write dully, as we find moſt poets do, on ſacred ſubjects; and with more ſpirit when left to his own invention. Shakeſpeare himſelf wrote but dully in his hiſtoric poem of *Lucrece*. Yet it is difficult to conceive how Sackville and Norton, whoſe general poetic talents were ſo widely different, could write diſtinct parts of a play, the whole of which ſhould appear of uniform merit: like the famous ſtatue made by two ſculptors in different countries, which ſo greatly excited the wonder of Pliny.—*Aſhby.*]

manner, which conſiſts in a perſpicuity of ſtyle, and a command of numbers, ſuperior to the tone of his times.[1] Thomas Norton's poetry is of a very different and a ſubordinate caſt: and if we may judge from his ſhare in our metrical pſalmody, he ſeems to have been much more properly qualified to ſhine in the miſerable mediocrity of Sternhold's ſtanza, and to write ſpiritual rhymes for the ſolace of his illuminated brethren, than to reach the bold and impaſſioned elevations of tragedy.

## SECTION LVII.

THIS appearance of a regular tragedy, with the diviſion of acts and ſcenes, and the accompaniment of the ancient chorus, repreſented both at the Middle Temple and at Whitehall, and written by the moſt accompliſhed nobleman of the court of Queen Elizabeth, ſeems to have directed the attention of our more learned poets to the ſtudy of the old claſſical drama, and in a ſhort time to have produced vernacular verſions of the *Jocaſta* of Euripides, as it is called, and of the ten tragedies of Seneca. I do not find that it was ſpeedily followed by any original compoſitions on the ſame legitimate model.

The [*Pheniſſæ*] of Euripides was tranſlated by George Gaſcoigne and Francis Kinwelmerſh, both ſtudents of Gray's-Inn, and acted in the refectory of that ſociety, in the year 1566. Gaſcoigne tranſlated the ſecond, third,[2] and fifth acts, and Kinwelmerſh the firſt and fourth.[3] [It is in blank verſe.] It was printed in Gaſcoigne's poems, of which more will be ſaid hereafter, in 157[3], under the following title. *Iocaſta: A Tragedie written in Greeke by Euripides, tranſlated and digeſted into Acte, by George Gaſcoygne and Francis Kinwelmerſhe of Graies Inne, and there by them preſented*, 1566. The Epilogue was written in quatrains by Chriſtopher Yelverton, then one of their brother ſtudents. So ſtrongly were our audiences ſtill attached to ſpectacle, that the authors did not venture to preſent their play without introducing a dumb ſhew at the beginning of every act. For this, however, they had the example and authority of *Gorboduc*. Some of the earlieſt ſpecimens of Inigo Jones's Grecian architecture are marred by Gothic ornaments.

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[1] The ſame may be ſaid of Sackville's *Sonnet* prefixed to Hoby's Engliſh verſion of Caſtiglio's *Cortegiano*, firſt printed in [1561.]

[2] [The name of the tranſlator is not mentioned in the firſt 4to (1573). But in the Guilford MS. it is ſubſcribed by Gaſcoigne in his own handwriting, and his name occurs at the end of it in the edits. of 1575 and of 1587.]

[3] [But the Guilford MS. ſeems to have been written in 1568. See Gaſcoigne's *Poems*, Roxburghe Library edit. Introd. p. vi.]

It muſt, however, be obſerved, that this is by no means a juſt or exact tranſlation of the *Jocaſta*, that is the *Phœniſſæ*, of Euripides. It is partly a paraphraſe, and partly an abridgment, of the Greek tragedy. There are many omiſſions, retrenchments, and tranſpoſitions. The chorus, the characters, and the ſubſtance of the ſtory are entirely retained, and the tenor of the dialogue is often preſerved through whole ſcenes. Some of the beautiful odes of the Greek chorus are neglected, and others ſubſtituted in their places, newly written by the tranſlators. In the favourite addreſs to Mars,[1] Gaſcoigne has totally deſerted the rich imagery of Euripides, yet has found means to form an original ode, which is by no means deſtitute of pathos or imagination:[2]

O fierce and furious *Mars*, whoſe harmefull harte
Reioyceth moſt to ſhed the giltleſſe blood,
Whoſe headie wil doth all the world ſubuert,
And doth enuie the pleaſant mery moode
Of our eſtate, that erſt in quiet ſtoode:
Why doeſt thou thus our harmeleſſe towne annoye,
Which mightie *Bacchus* gouerned in ioye?

Father of warre and death, that doſt remoue
With wrathfull wrecke from wofull mothers breaſt
The truſtie pledges of their tender loue,
So graunt the Gods, that for our finall reſt
Dame Uenus pleaſant lookes may pleaſe thee beſt:
Wherby, when thou ſhalt all amazed ſtand,
The ſword may fall out of thy trembling hand:[3]

And thou maiſt proue ſome other way full well
The bloudie proweſſe of thy mightie ſpeare,
Wherwith thou raiſeſt from the depth of hell
The wrathfull ſprites of all the furies there
Who, when they wake, doe wander euerywhere,
And neuer reſt to range about the coaſtes,
Tenriche that pit with ſpoile of damned ghoſtes.

And when thou haſt our fieldes forſaken thus,
Let cruell diſcorde beare thee companie,
Engirt with ſnakes and ſerpents venemous;
Euen ſhe that can with red virmilion dye
The gladſome greene that floriſht pleaſantly:
And make the greedie ground a drinking cup,
To ſup the bloud of murdered bodyes vp.

Yet thou returne, O ioye and pleaſant peace,
From whence thou didſt againſt our wil depart,

---

[1] See *Phoeniſſ.* p. 140, edit. Barnes:

Ὦ πολύμαχθος Ἄρης,
Τί ποθ' αἵματι
Καὶ θανάτῳ κατίσχῃ, &c.

[2] [Warton quoted from a copy of the edit. of 1587 of Gaſcoigne's *Works*, given to him by Warburton. But all the extracts have now been collated with the Roxburghe Library edit. 1869-70, in which the text has been formed from a collation of all the old editions.]

[3] So Tibullus, where he cautions Mars not to gaze on his miſtreſs. Lib. iv. ii. 3:

. . . . . "At tu, violente, caveto,
Ne tibi miranti turpiter arma cadant."

Ne let thy worthie minde from trauell ceaſe,
To chaſe diſdaine out of the poyſned harte,
That raiſed warre to all our paynes and ſmarte
Euen from the breſt of *Oedipus* his ſonne,
Whoſe ſwelling pride hath all this iarre begonne, &c.[1]

I am of opinion that our tranſlators thought the many mythological and hiſtorical alluſions in the Greek chorus too remote and unintelligible, perhaps too cumberſome, to be exhibited in Engliſh. In the ode to *Concord*, which finiſhes the fourth act, tranſlated by Kilwelmerſhe, there is great elegance of expreſſion and verſification. It is not in Euripides:

O blisful concord, bredde in ſacred breſt
Of him that guides the reſtleſſe rolling ſky,
That to the earth for mans aſſured reſt
From height of heauens vouchſafeſt downe to flie!
In thee alone the mightie power doth lie,
With ſwete accorde to kepe the frouning ſtarres
And euery planet elſe from hurtfull warres.

In thee, in thee, ſuch noble vertue bydes,
As may commaund the mightieſt Gods to bend,
From thee alone ſuch ſugred frendſhip ſlydes
As mortall wightes can ſcarcely comprehend:
To greateſt ſtrife thou ſetſt delightfull ende.
O holy peace, by thee are onely founde
The paſſing ioyes that euery where abound.

Thou, onely thou, through thy celeſtiall might
Didſt firſt of al the heauenly pole deuide
From th' olde confuſed heape that *Chaos* hight:
Thou madſte the Sunne, the Moone, and ſtarres to glide
With ordred courſe about this world ſo wyde:
Thou haſt ordainde *Dan Tytans* ſhining light
By dawne of day to chaſe the darkeſome night.

When tract of time returnes the luſtie *Ver*,[2]
By thee alone the buddes and bloſſomes ſpring,
The fieldes with floures be garniſht euery where,
The blooming trees aboundant fruite do bring,
The cherefull birds melodiouſly do ſing.
Thou doſt appoint the crop of ſommers ſeede
For mans reliefe, to ſerue the winters neede.

Thou doeſt inſpire the heartes of princely peeres
By prouidence proceeding from aboue,
In flowring youth to chooſe their worthie feeres;[3]
With whome they liue in league of laſting loue,
Till fearefull death doth flitting life remoue:
And loke how faſt to death man payes his due,
So faſt againe doſte thou his ſtocke renue.

By thee the baſeſt thing aduaunced is:
Thou euery where doſt graffe ſuch golden peace,
As filleth man with more than earthly bliſſe:
The earth by thee doth yelde her ſwete increaſe,
At becke of thee all bloudy diſcords ceaſe.
And mightieſt Realmes in quiet do remaine,
Wheras thy hand doth holde the royall reine.

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[1] Act ii. ſc. ult. [Gaſcoigne's *Poems*, edit. Roxb. Libr. vol. i. pp. 299-300.]
[2] Spring. [3] Mates.

But if thou fayle, then al things gone to wracke :
The mother then doth dread hir naturall childe :
Then euery towne is ſubiect to the ſacke,
Then ſpotleſſe maids, thē virgins, be defilde,
Then rigor rules, then reaſon is exilde ;
And this, thou wofull *Thebes*, to our great paine
With preſent ſpoile art likely to ſuſtaine.

Methinke[s] I heare the wailfull weeping cries
Of wretched dames in euerie coaſt reſound :
Me thinkes I ſee, how vp to heauenly ſkies
From battred walls the thundring clappes rebound :
Methinke[s] I heare, how all things go to ground :
Methinke[s] I ſee how ſouldiers wounded lye
With gaſping breath, and yet they can not dye, &c.[1]

The conſtant practice of ending every act with a long ode, ſung by the chorus, ſeems to have been adopted from *Gorboduc*.[2]

But I will give a ſpecimen of this performance as a tranſlation from that affecting ſcene, in which Oedipus, blind and exiled from the city, is led on by his daughter Antigone, the rival in filial fidelity of Lear's Cordelia, to touch the dead and murdered bodies of his Queen Jocaſta, and his ſons Eteocles and Polynices. It appears to be the chief fault of the tranſlators that they have weakened the force of the original, which conſiſts in a pathetic brevity, by needleſs dilatations and the affectations of circumlocution. The whole dialogue in the original is carried on in ſingle lines. Such, however, is the pregnant ſimplicity of the Greek language that it would have been impoſſible to have rendered line for line in Engliſh :[3]

*Oed.* Daughter, I muſt commende thy noble heart.
*Ant.* Father, I will not liue in company,[4]
And you alone wander in wilderneſſe.
*Oed.* O yes, deare daughter, leaue thou me alone
Amid my plagues : be merrie, while thou maiſt.
*Ant.* And who ſhal guide theſe aged feete of yours,
That baniſht bene, in blinde neceſſitie ?
*Oed.* I will endure, as fatal lot me driues,
Reſting theſe crooked ſorie ſides of mine
Where ſo the heauens ſhall lend me harborough.

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[1] Act iv. ſc. ult. [*ut ſupra*, vol. i., pp. 326-8.]

[2] It may be proper to obſerve here, that the tragedy of *Tancred and Giſmund*, acted alſo before the queen at the Inner Temple, in 1568, has the chorus. The title of this play, not printed till 159[1], ſhews the quick gradations of taſte. It is ſaid to be "Newlie reuived and poliſhed according to the Decorum of theſe daies, by R[obert] W[ilmot," who is] mentioned with applauſe as a poet in Webbe's *Diſcourſe*, [1586], Signat. c 4. The play was the joint production of five ſtudents of the ſociety. Each ſeems to have taken an act. At the end of the fourth is *Compoſuit Chr. Hatton*, or Sir Chriſtopher Hatton, undoubtedly the ſame who was afterwards exalted by the queen to the office of Lord Keeper for his agility in dancing. [See Nicolas's *Life of Hatton*, 1847, p. 4.]

[3] [The Reviewers pronounced Mr. Potter's attempt to preſerve this ſingle-line dialogue, "ſnip-ſnap," and inſiſt upon it, that however agreeable it might appear on the Athenian ſtage, it cannot be borne with us. Yet Mr. Hayley not quite unſucceſsfully has tried it in ſome of his rhyming dramas.—*Park.*]

[4] I will not marry.

And, in exchange of rich and ſtately towers,
The woodes, the wilderneſſe, the darkeſome dennes,
Shall be the bowre of mine vnhappie bones.
*Ant.* O father, now where is your glorie gone?
*Oed.* One happie day did raiſe me to renoune,
One hapleſſe day hath throwne mine honour doune.
*Ant.* Yet will I beare a part of your miſhappes.
*Oed.* That fitteth not amid thy pleaſant yeares.
*Ant.* Deare father, yes: let youth giue place to age.
*Oed.* Where is thy mother? Let me touch hir face:
That with theſe handes I may yet feele the harme
That theſe blinde eyes forbid me to beholde.
*Ant.* Here father, here hir corps, here put your hande.
*Oed.* O wife, O mother! O both wofull names,
O wofull mother and O wofull wyfe,
O woulde to God, alas, O woulde to God,
Thou nere had bene my mother nor my wyfe.
But where lye now the paled bodies two
Of myne vnluckie ſonnes, oh, where be they?
*Ant.* Lo, here hey lye, one by an other deade.
*Oed.* Stretch out this hand, dere daughter, ſtretch this hand
Upon their faces.
*Ant.* Loe, father, here; now lo, you touche them both.
*Oed.* O bodies deare, O bodies dearely boughte
Unto your father, bought with high miſſehap.
*Ant.* O louely name of my deare *Pollinice*,
Why can I not of cruel *Creon* craue,
Ne with my death nowe purchaſe thee a graue?
*Oed.* Now commes *Apollos* oracle to paſſe,
That I in *Athens* towne ſhould end my dayes.
And ſince thou doeſt, O daughter myne, deſire
In this exile to be my wofull mate,
Lend me thy hande, and let vs goe togither.
*Ant.* Loe, here all preſt,[1] my deare beloued father,
A feeble guyde and eke a ſimple ſcowte,
To paſſe the perills of our doubtful waye.
*Oed.* Vnto the wretched be a wretche guyde.
*Ant.* In this alonly equall to my father.
*Oed.* And where ſhal I ſet foorth my trembling feete?
O reach me yet ſome ſurer ſtaffe,[2] to ſtay
My ſtaggering pace amyd theſe wayes vnknowen.
*Ant.* Here, father, here, and here, ſet foorth your feete.
*Oed.* Nowe can I blame none other for my harmes
But ſecret ſpite of fore-decreed fate.
Thou art the cauſe, that crooked, old, and blind,
I am exilde farre from my countrey ſoyle, &c.[3]

That it may be ſeen in ſome meaſure how far theſe two poets, who deſerve much praiſe for even an attempt to introduce the Grecian drama to the notice of our anceſtors, have ſucceeded in tranſlating this ſcene of the tendereſt expoſtulation, I will place it before the reader in a plain literal verſion:

*Oed.* My daughter, I praiſe your filial piety. But yet—
*Ant.* But if I was to marry Creon's ſon, and you, my father, be left alone in baniſhment?

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[1] Ready.
[2] "She giueth him a ſtaffe and ſtayeth him hir ſelfe alſo."—Stage direction.
[3] Act v. ſc. ult. [*ut ſupr.* p. 344-5.]

*Oed.* Stay at home, and be happy. I will bear my own misfortunes patiently.
*Ant.* But who will attend you, thus blind and helpleſs, my father?
*Oed.* I ſhall fall down, and be found lying in ſome field on the ground, as it may chance to happen.[1]
*Ant.* Where is now that Oedipus, and his famous riddle of the Sphinx?
*Oed.* He is loſt! one day made me happy, and one day deſtroyed me!
*Ant.* Ought I not, therefore, to ſhare your miſeries?
*Oed.* It will be but a baſe baniſhment of a princeſs with her blind father!
*Ant.* To one that is haughty: not to one that is humble, and loves her father.
*Oed.* Lead me on then, and let me touch the dead body of your mother.
*Ant.* Lo, now your hand is upon her.[2]
*Oed.* O my mother! O my moſt wretched wife!
*Ant.* She lies a wretched corpſe, covered with every woe.
*Oed.* But where are the dead bodies of my ſons Eteocles and Polynices?
*Ant.* They lie juſt by you, ſtretched out cloſe to one another.
*Oed.* Put my blind hand upon their miſerable faces!
*Ant.* Lo, now, you touch your dead children with your hand.
*Oed.* O, dear, wretched carcaſes of a wretched father!
*Ant.* O, to me the moſt dear name of my brother Polynices![3]
*Oed.* Now, my daughter, the oracle of Apollo proves true.
*Ant.* What? Can you tell any more evils than thoſe which have happened?
*Oed.* That I ſhould die an exile at Athens.
*Ant.* What city of Attica will take you in?
*Oed.* The ſacred Colonus, the houſe of equeſtrian Neptune. Come, then, lend your aſſiſtance to this blind father, ſince you mean to be a companion of my flight.
*Ant.* Go then into miſerable baniſhment! O my ancient father, ſtretch out your dear hand! I will accompany you, like a favourable wind to a ſhip!
*Oed.* Behold, I go! Daughter, be you my unfortunate guide!
*Ant.* Thus, am I, am I, the moſt unhappy of all the Theban virgins!
*Oed.* Where ſhall I fix my old feeble foot? Daughter, reach to me my ſtaff.
*Ant.* Here, go here, after me. Place your foot here, my father, you that have the ſtrength only of a dream.
*Oed.* O moſt unhappy baniſhment! Creon drives me in my old age from my country. Alas! alas! wretched, wretched things have I ſuffered, &c.[4]

So ſudden were the changes or the refinements of our language, that in the ſecond edition of this play [1575], it was thought neceſſary to affix marginal explanations of many words, not long before in common uſe, but now become obſolete and unintelligible. Among others, are *beheſt* and *quell*.[5] This, however, as our author ſays, was done at the requeſt of a lady, ["who vnderſtode not poetycall words or termes"].[6]

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[1] It is impoſſible to repreſent the Greek, v. 1681:

Ποῦ, ὤπου μοι μοῖρα, κἀλοφώνει πέδῳ.

[2] "The dear old woman," in the Greek.

[3] Creon had refuſed Polynices the rites of ſepulture. This was a great aggravation of the diſtreſs.

[4] *Phoeniſſ.* v. 1677. ſeq. pag. 170. edit. Barnes. [In Sir John Davis's Epigrams, which appeared about ten years later, a new-fangled youth who gives into every faſhionable foolery of the time, is made to cloſe the catalogue of his abſurdities by giving praiſe to *Old George Gaſcoignes Rimes*. Epig. 22.—*Park.*]

[5] *Command, kill.* By the way, this is done throughout this edition of *Gaſcoigne's Poems*. So we have *Nill*, will not, [*not*, for *ne not*,] &c.

[6] [*Poems*, edit. 1869-70, i. 349.] Among others, words not of the obſolete kind are explained, ſuch as *Monarchie, Diademe*, &c. Gaſcoigne is celebrated by Gabriel

Seneca's ten Tragedies were tranſlated at different times and by different poets. Theſe were all printed together, under this title, *Seneca, his tenne Tragedies, tranſlated into Englyſh. Mercurij Nutrices horæ.* 1581. The book is dedicated from Butley in Cheſhire to Sir Thomas Henneage, treaſurer of the queen's chamber. I ſhall ſpeak of each man's tranſlation diſtinctly.

The *Hyppolitus*, *Medea*, *Hercules Oeteus*, and *Agamemnon*, were tranſlated by John Studley, educated at Weſtminſter ſchool, and afterwards a ſcholar of Trinity College in Cambridge. The *Hyppolitus*, which he calls the fourth and *moſt ruthfull tragedy*, the *Medea*,[1] in which are ſome alterations of the chorus, and the others, [were all printed ſeparately in 8vo. or 4to., before they were collected into a volume by Newton. No copy of the *Hyppolitus*, however, is at preſent known, although it was licenſed in 1566-7 and in 1579, and doubtleſs publiſhed in both caſes.] The *Agamemnon* was ſeparately publiſhed in 1566, and entitled, "The eyght Tragedie of Seneca entituled *Agamemnon*, tranſlated out of Latin into Engliſh by John Studley ſtudent in Trinitie college in Cambridge."[2] Recommendatory verſes are prefixed, in praiſe of our tranſlator's performance. It is dedicated[3] to ſecretary Cecil. To the end of the fifth act our tranſlator has added a whole ſcene for the purpoſe of relating the death of Caſſandra, the impriſonment of Electra, and the flight of Oreſtes. Yet theſe circumſtances were all known and told before. The narrator is Euribates, who in the commencement of the third act had informed Clitemneſtra of Agamemnon's return. Theſe efforts, however imperfect or improper to improve the plot of a drama by a new conduct or contrivance, deſerve particular notice at this infancy of our theatrical taſte and knowledge. They ſhew that authors now began to think for themſelves, and that they were not always implicitly enſlaved to the preſcribed letter of their models.

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Harvey, as one of the Engliſh poets who have written in praiſe of women. *Gratulat. Valdin.* 1578. Lib. iv. p. 22.

"Chauceruſque adſit, Surreius et inclytus adſit,
Gaſcoignoque aliquis ſit, mea Corda, locus."

[1] [The following lines which cloſe the fourth chorus in *Medea*, ſeem worthy o notice for their poetical expreſſion:

"Nowe Phœbus, lodge thy Chariot in the weſt,
Let neyther Raynes nor Bridle ſtay thy Race:
Let grouling light with *Dulceat* nyght oppreſt,
In cloking Cloudes wrap vp his muffled Face;
Let *Heſperus*, the lodeſman of the nyghte,
In Weſtern floode drench deepe the day ſo brighte."—*Park.*]

[2] [In the Bodleian library, marked 8°. 4. 44. Art. Seld.—*Park.* The bibliography of this ſubject is given at large in the *Handb. of E. E. Lit.* 1867, *v. Seneca.*]

[3] [In this dedication Studley says, he "was ſomtyme ſcholler in the Queenes maieſties Grammer ſchole at Weſtminſter." Wood ſpeaks of him as "a noted poet" in his day; and probably inferred this, from the metrical compliments of contemporaries prefixed to the early edition of his *Agamemnon*. Chetwood, whoſe authority is at all times very doubtful, tells us he was killed in Flanders in 1587. See *Brit. Bibl.* ii. 373.—*Park.*]

Studley, who appears to have been qualified for better ſtudies, miſ-applied his time and talents in tranſlating Bale's [*Pageant of Popes.*] That tranſlation, dedicated to Thomas [Earl of Suſſex], was printed in 1574. He has left twenty Latin diſtichs on the death of the learned Nicholas Carr, Cheke's ſucceſſor in the Greek profeſſorſhip at Cambridge.[1]

The *Octavia* is tranſlated by T[homas] N[uce,] a fellow of Pembroke Hall in 1562, afterwards rector of Oxburgh in Norfolk, Beccles, Weſton-Market, and vicar of Gayſley in Suffolk,[2] and at length prebendary of Ely Cathedral in 1586.[3] This verſion is for the moſt part executed in the heroic rhyming couplet. All the reſt of the tranſlators have uſed, except in the chorus, the Alexandrine meaſure in which Sternhold and Hopkins rendered the Pſalms, perhaps the moſt unſuitable ſpecies of Engliſh verſification that could have been applied to this purpoſe. Nuce's *Octavia* was firſt printed in 4to. without date [1566]. He has two very long copies of verſes, one in Engliſh and the other in Latin, prefixed to the firſt edition of Studley's *Agamemnon* in 1566, juſt mentioned.

Alexander Nevile tranſlated, or rather paraphraſed, the *Oedipus*, in the ſixteenth year of his age, and in the year 1560; [but it was not printed till 1563.] It is dedicated to Doctor Wootton, a privy counſellor and his godfather. Notwithſtanding the tranſlator's youth, it is by far the moſt ſpirited and elegant verſion in the whole collection, and it is to be regretted that he did not undertake all the reſt.[4] He ſeems to have been perſuaded by his friends, who were of the graver ſort, that poetry was only one of the lighter accompliſhments of a young man, and that it ſhould ſoon give way to the more weighty purſuits of literature. The firſt act of his *Oedipus* begins with theſe lines, ſpoken by Oedipus:

> The Night is gon, and dredfull day begins at length t'appeere,
> And Phœbus, all bedimde with Clowdes, himſelfe aloft doth reere.
> And glyding forth with deadly hue, a dolefull blaſe in Skies
> Doth beare: Great terror & diſmay to the beholders Eyes.
> Now ſhall the houſes voyde bee ſeene, with Plague deuoured quight,
> And ſlaughter that the night hath made, ſhall day bring forth to light.
> Doth any man in Princely throne reioyce? O brittle Joy,
> How many ills? how fayre a Face? and yet how much annoy

[1] At the end of Bartholomew Doddington's *Epiſtle of Carr's Life and Death*, addreſſed to Sir Walter Mildmay, and ſubjoined to Carr's Latin Tranſlation of ſeven Orations of Demoſthenes. 1571. Dodington, a fellow of Trinity College, ſucceeded Carr in the Greek chair, 1560. See Camden's *Monum. Eccles. Coll. Weſtmon.* edit. 1600. Signat. K. 2.

[2] Where he died in 1617, and is buried with an epitaph in Engliſh rhyme. See Bentham's *Ely*, p. 251.

[3] Feb. 21.

[4] ["On this point I differ, with the greateſt humility, from Warton."—*Collier.* Mr. Collier thinks Nevile "inferior to all his coadjutors," and he alſo points out that Warton having only peruſed his verſion in the reprint of 1581, ſaw it to great advantage, as ſince its original appearance in 1563 it underwent at the hands of author or editor important reviſion.]

In thee doth lurke, and hidden lies? What heapes of endles ſtrife?
They iudge amiſſe, that deeme the Prince to haue the happy life.[1]

Nevile was born in Kent in 1544,[2] and occurs taking a maſter's degree at Cambridge with Robert Earl of Eſſex, on the ſixth day of July, 1581.[3] He was one of the learned men whom Archbiſhop Parker retained in his family:[4] and at the time of the Archbiſhop's death in 1575 was his ſecretary.[5] He wrote a Latin narrative of the Norfolk inſurrection under Kett, which is dedicated to Archbiſhop Parker, and was printed in 1575.[6] To this he added a Latin account of Norwich printed the ſame year, called *Norvicus*, the plates of which were executed by Lyne and Hogenberg, Archbiſhop Parker's domeſtic engravers, in 1574.[7] He publiſhed the Cambridge verſes on the death of Sir Philip Sydney, which he dedicated to Lord Leiceſter, in 1587. He projected, but I ſuſpect never completed, an Engliſh tranſlation of Livy, in 1577.[8] He died in 1614[9].

The *Hercules Furens*, *Thyeſtes*, and *Troas*, were tranſlated into Engliſh by Jaſper Heywood,[10] [who deſerves the honour of having

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[1] [Edit. 1581, p. 78.] [2] Lambarde, *Peramb. Kent*, p. 72.

[3] MS. Catal. Grad. Univ. Cant.

[4] Strype's *Grindal*, p. 196.

[5] Strype, *Life of Parker*, p. 497. He is ſtyled Armiger. See alſo the dedication to his *Kettus* [1582].

[6] Again, 1582, 8vo. And in Engliſh, 1615 and 1623. The diſturbance was occaſioned by an encloſure in 1549, and began at an annual play, or ſpectacle, at Wymondham, which laſted two days and two nights, according to ancient cuſtom, p. 7, edit. 1582. He cites part of a ballad ſung by the rebels, which had a moſt powerful effect in ſpreading the commotion, p. 88. Prefixed is a copy of Latin verſes on the death of his patron Archbiſhop Parker. And a recommendatory Latin copy by Thomas Drant, the firſt tranſlator of Horace. See alſo Strype's *Parker*, p. 499. Nevile has another Latin work, *Apologia ad Walliæ proceres*, 1576. He is mentioned in G. Gaſcoigne's [*Memories* (*Poems*, edit. 1869-70, i. 67).] His name, and the date 1565, are inſcribed on the *Cartularium S. Gregorii Cantuariæ*, among Biſhop More's books, with two Latin lines, which I hope he did not intend for hexameters.

[7] It is ſometimes accompanied with an engraved map of the Saxon and Britiſh kings. See Holinſh. *Chron.* i. 139.

[8] See [Collier's *Extracts from Reg. Stat. Co.* 1849, ii. 37.] [Nevile has five pages of verſes in commendation of the author before Googe's *Eglogs*, &c. 1563.—*Park.*]

[9] Octob. 4. Batteley's *Canterb.* App. 7. Where ſee his Epitaph. He is buried in a chapel in Canterbury Cathedral with his brother Thomas, dean of that church. The publication of Seneca's *Oedipus* in Engliſh by Studley, or rather Gaſcoigne's *Jocaſta*, [poſſibly] produced a metrical tale of *Eteocles and Polynices*, in *The Forreſt of Fancy*, 1579. See Signat. B. ij. [Mr. Warton's copy of *The Forreſt of Fancy* came into the poſſeſſion of my reſpected friend James Bindley, Eſq., who favoured me with the peruſal, and from its great difference in ſtyle to the received productions of Conſtable, I ſhould heſitate to aſſign the work to him; nor does it much reſemble the compoſitions of Chettle: ſuch, at leaſt, as I have inſpected, viz. *Kind Harts Dreame* (1592), and *England's Mourning Garment*, on the death of Queen Elizabeth.—*Park.*]

[10] [To Heywood, Nevile, and other contemporary tranſlators, the following tribute was offered by T. B. in verſes to the Reader before Studley's verſion of the *Agamemnon*, 1566:

"When Heiwood did in perfect verſe
And dolfull tune ſet out,

been the firſt to preſent any of the tragedies of Seneca in an Engliſh dreſs. This tranſlation of the *Troas* was publiſhed in 1559, 8vo., and again without date.] The *Hercules Furens* was printed in 1561, and dedicated to William Herbert, Earl of Pembroke. The *Thyeſtes*, ſaid to be *faithfully engliſhed by Iaſper Heywood fellowe of Alſoule College in Oxforde*, was alſo firſt ſeparately printed in 1560.[1] He

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And by hys ſmouth and fyled ſtyle
Declared had aboute,
What toughe reproche the Troyans of
The hardy Greekes receyued,
When they of towne, of goods, & lyues,
Togyther were depryued &c.
May *Heywood* this alone get prayſe,
And *Phaer* be cleane forgott,
Whoſe verſe & ſtyle doth far ſurmount,
And gotten hath the lot?
Or may not *Googe* haue part with hym,
Whoſe trauayle and whoſe payne,
Whoſe verſe alſo is full as good,
Or better of the twaine?
A *Newyle* alſo one there is
In verſe that gyues no place
To *Heiwood* (though he be full good)
In uſyng of his grace.
Nor *Goldinge* can haue leſſe renoume,
Whych *Ouid* dyd tranſlate;
And by the thondryng of hys verſe
Hath ſet in chayre of ſtate;—
A great ſorte more I recken myght
With *Heiwood* to compare,
And this our Auƈthor one of them
To compte I will not ſpare;
Whoſe paynes is egall with the reſt
In thys he hath begon,
And leſſer prayſe deſerueth not
Then *Heiwoods* worke hath done.
Gyue therfore *Studley* parte of prayſe,
To recompence hys payne,
For egall labour euermore
Deſerueth egall gayne."—*Park*]

[1] It is dedicated in verſe to Sir John Maſon. Then follows in verſe alſo, "The tranſlatour to the booke." From the metrical Preface which next follows I have cited many ſtanzas. See *ſupr.* This is a Viſion of the poet Seneca, containing 25 pages. In the courſe of this Preface, he laments a promiſing youth juſt dead, whom he means to compliment by ſaying, that he now "lyues with Joue, another Ganymede." But he is happy that the father ſurvives, who ſeems to be Sir John Maſon. Among the old Roman poets he mentions Palingenius! After Seneca has delivered him the *Thyeſtes* to tranſlate, he feels an unuſual agitation, and implores Megaera to inſpire him with tragic rage:

"O thou Megæra, then I ſayde,
If might of thyne it bee
Wherwith thou Tantall droouſte from hell
That thus dyſturbeth mee,
Enſpyre my pen!"
This ſayde, I felte the furies force
Enflame me more and more:

has added a ſcene to the fourth act, a ſoliloquy by Thyeſtes, who bewails his own misfortunes, and implores vengeance on Atreus. In this ſcene, the ſpeaker's application of all the torments of hell to Atreus's unparalleled guilt of feaſting on the bowels of his children, furniſhes a ſort of nauſeous bombaſt, which not only violates the laws of criticiſm, but provokes the abhorrence of our common ſenſibilities. A few of the firſt lines are tolerable:

O kyng of Dytis dungeon darke, and gryſly Ghoſts of hell,
That in the deepe and dredfull Denne of blackeſt Tartare dwell,
Where leane and pale dyſeaſes lye, where feare and famyne are,
Where diſcord ſtands with bleeding browes, where euery kinde of care,
Where furies fight on beds of ſteele, and heares of crauling ſnakes,
Where Gorgon grimme, where Harpyes are, & lothſome Lymbo lakes,
Where moſt prodigious[1] vgly thinges the hollowe hell doth hyde,
If yet a monſter more myſhapt, &c.[2]

In the *Troas* he has taken greater liberties. At the end of the chorus after the firſt act, he has added about ſixty verſes of his own invention. In the beginning of the ſecond act he has added a new ſcene, in which he introduces the ſpectre of Achilles raiſed from hell, and demanding the ſacrifice of Polyxena. This ſcene, which is in the octave ſtanza, has much of the air of one of the legends in the *Mirror for Magiſtrates*. To the chorus of this act he has ſubjoined three ſtanzas. Inſtead of tranſlating the chorus of the third act, which abounds with the hard names of the ancient geography, and which would both have puzzled the tranſlator and tired the Engliſh reader, he has ſubſtituted a new ode. In his preface to the reader, from which he appears to be yet a fellow of All Souls' college, he modeſtly apologiſes for theſe licentious innovations, and hopes to be pardoned for his ſeeming arrogance, in attempting "to ſet forth in Engliſh this preſent piece of the flowre of all writers Seneca, among ſo many fine wittes and towardly youth, with which England this day floriſheth." Our tranſlator, Jaſper Heywood, has ſeveral poems extant in the *Paradiſe of Dainty Deviſes*, publiſhed in 157[6].

He was the ſon of John Heywood, commonly called the epigrammatiſt, and born in London. In 1547, at twelve years of age, he

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And ten tymes more now chafte I was
Then euer yet before.
My heare ſtoode vp, I waxed woode,
My ſynewes all dyd ſhake:
And, as the furye had me vext,
My teethe began to ake.
And thus enflamde," &c.

He then enters on his tranſlation. Nothing is here wanting but a better ſtanza. [Mr. Warton has omitted to notice that a fourth ſcene to the fifth act is added by the tranſlator. It conſiſts of a monologue or ſoliloquy aſſigned to Thyeſtes, who invokes all the infernal tribes of Tartarus to become his conjoined aſſociates.—*Park.*]

[1] So Milton, on the ſame ſubject, and in the true ſenſe of the word, *Par. L.* ii. 625.

"—All monſtrous, all *prodigious* things."

[2] [Edit. 1581, fol. 39.]

was ſent to Oxford, and in 1553 elected fellow of Merton College. But inheriting too large a ſhare of his father's facetious and free diſpoſition, he ſometimes in the early part of life indulged his feſtive vein in extravagances and indiſcretions, for which being threatened with expulſion he reſigned his fellowſhip.[1] He exerciſed the office of Chriſtmas-prince, or lord of miſrule, to the college, and ſeems to have given offence by ſuffering the levities and jocularities of that character to mix with his life and general converſation.[2] In the year 1558, he was recommended by Cardinal Pole as a polite ſcholar, an able diſputant, and a ſteady catholic, to Sir Thomas Pope, founder of Trinity College in the ſame Univerſity, to be put in nomination for a fellowſhip of that college, then juſt founded. But this ſcheme did not take place[3]. He was, however, appointed fellow of All Souls' College the ſame year. Diſſatisfied with the change of the national religion, within four years he left England, and became a Catholic prieſt and a Jeſuit at Rome, in 1562.[4] Soon afterwards he was placed in the theological chair at Dilling in Switzerland, which he held for ſeventeen years. At length returning to England in the capacity of a popiſh miſſionary, he was impriſoned, but releaſed by the intereſt of the Earl of Warwick. For the deliverance from ſo perilous a ſituation, he complimented the Earl in a copy of Engliſh

[1] In proof of this, I venture to print the two annexed epigrams by Harington, ed. 1625:—

OF OLD HAYWOODS SONNES.

Old *Haywoods* ſons did wax ſo wild & youthfull,
It made their aged father ſad and wrathfull.
A friend one day, the elder did admoniſh
With threats, as did his courage halfe aſtoniſh,
How that except he would begin to thriue,
His Sire of all his goods would him depriue.
For whom, quoth he? Eu'n for your yonger brother.
Nay then, ſaid he, no feare, if it be none other.
My brother's worſe then I, and till he mends,
I know, my father no ſuch wrong intends;
Sith both are bad, to ſhew ſo partiall wrath,
To giue his yonger vnthrift that he hath.

YONG HAYWOODS ANSWERE TO MY LORD OF WARWICKE.

One neere of kinne to *Heywood* by his birth,
And no leſſe neere in name, and moſt in mirth,
Was once for his Religion ſake committed,
Whoſe caſe a Noble Peere ſo lately pittied:
He ſent to know what things with him were ſcant,
And offered frankely to ſupply his want.
Thankes to that Lord, ſaid he, that will me good,
For I want all things ſauing hay and wood.

[2] Among Wood's papers, there is an oration *De Ligno et foeno*, ſpoken by Heywood's cotemporary and fellow collegian, David de la Hyde, in commendation of his execution of this office.

[3] MS. Collectan. Fr. Wiſe: See *Life of Sir T. Pope*.

[4] [Arthur Hall, before his *Homer* in 1581, ſpeaks of the learned and painful tranſlation of *part* of Seneca by M. Jaſper Heywood, "a man then (*circa* 1562) better learned than fortunate, and ſince more fortunate than he hath well beſtowed, as it is thought, the gifts God and nature hath liberally lent him."—*Park*.]

verſes, two of which, containing a moſt miſerable paronomaſy on his own name, almoſt bad enough to have condemned the writer to another impriſonment, are recorded in Harington's Epigrams[1]. At length he retired to Naples, where he died in 1597.[2] He is ſaid to have been an accurate critic in the Hebrew language.[3] His tranſlation of the *Troas* is mentioned in a copy of verſes by T. B.[4] prefixed to the firſt edition, above mentioned, of Studley's *Agamemnon*. He was intimately connected abroad with the biographer Pitts, who has given him rather too partial a panegyric.

Thomas Newton, the publiſher of all the ten tragedies of Seneca in Engliſh in one volume, as I have already remarked, in 1581,[5] himſelf added only one to theſe verſions of Studley, Nevile, Nuce, and Jaſper Heywood. This is the *Thebais*, probably not written by Seneca, as it ſo eſſentially differs in the cataſtrophe from his *Oedipus*. Nor is it likely the ſame poet ſhould have compoſed two tragedies on the ſame ſubject, even with a variation of incidents. It is without the chorus and a fifth act. Newton appears to have made his tranſlation in 1581, and perhaps with a view only of completing the collection. He is more proſaic than moſt of his fellow-labourers, and ſeems to have paid the chief attention to perſpicuity and fidelity. In the general *Epiſtle Dedicatory* to Sir Thomas Henneage, prefixed to the volume, he ſays: "I durſt not haue geuen the aduẽture to approch your preſence, vpon truſt of any ſingularity, that in this Booke hath vnſkilfully dropped out of myne owne penne, but that I hoped the perfection of others artificiall workmãſhip that haue trauayled herein, aſwell as my ſelfe, ſhould ſomewhat couer my nakedneſſe, and purchaſe my pardon.—Theirs I know to be deliuered with ſinguler dexterity: myne, I confeſſe to be an vnflidge [unfledged] neſtling, vnhable to flye; an vnnatural abortion, and an vnperfect Embryon: neyther throughlye laboured at Ariſtophanes and Cleanthes candle, neither yet exactly waighed in Critolaus his preciſe ballaũce. Yet this dare I ſaye, I haue deliuered myne Authors meaning with as much perſpicuity as ſo meane a Scholler, out of ſo meane a ſtoare, in ſo ſmal a time, and vpon ſo ſhort a warning, was well able to performe," &c.

Of Thomas Newton, a ſlender contributor to this volume, yet, perhaps, the chief inſtrument of bringing about a general tranſlation of Seneca, and otherwiſe deſerving well of the literature of this

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[1] *Ut ſupra.*

[2] *Ath. Oxon.* i. 290.

[3] H. Morus, *Hiſt. Provinc. Angl. Soc. Jes.* lib. iv. num. 11, ſub ann. 1585.

[4] With theſe initials there is a piece prefixed to Gaſcoigne's poems, 157[5].

[5] The Engliſh verſion ſeems to have produced an edition of the original in 1585.

I am informed by a manuſcript note of Oldys, that Richard Robinſon tranſlated the *Thebais*. Of this I know no more, but R. Robinſon was a large writer both in verſe and proſe. [See *Handb. of E. E. Lit.* in voce. Warton and his former editors were not aware that there were two writers of this name. See Chetham Soc. repr. of Robinſon's *Golden Mirrour*, Introd. by Rev. T. Corſer, and Collier's *Bibl. Cat.* 1865, vol. ii. p. 271.]

period, ſome notices ſeem neceſſary. The firſt letter of his Engliſh *Thebais* is a large capital D. Within it is a ſhield exhibiting a ſable lion rampant, croſſed in argent on the ſhoulder, and a half moon argent in the dexter corner, I ſuppoſe his armorial bearing. In a compartment, towards the head, and under the ſemicircle, of the letter, are his initials, T. N. He was deſcended from a reſpectable family in Cheſhire, and was ſent while very young, about thirteen years of age, to Trinity College in Oxford. Soon afterwards he went to Queen's College in Cambridge; but returned within a very few years to Oxford, where he was re-admitted into Trinity College. [In 1569, he prefixed Epiſtles to the Reader before Grafton's *Chronicle* and Bracton's *Treatiſe*, and in the ſame year publiſhed an Epitaph on Lady Knowles on a broad ſheet.] He quickly became famous for the pure elegance of his Latin poetry. Of this he has left a ſpecimen in his *Principum ac Illuſtrium aliquot Anglorum Encomia*, publiſhed in 1589.[1] He is, perhaps, the firſt Engliſhman that wrote Latin elegiacs with a claſſical clearneſs and terſeneſs after Leland, [to] whoſe *Encomia* and *Trophæa* he [annexed ſome additional matter of his own] in this little work.[2] Moſt of the learned and ingenious men of that age appear to have courted the favours of this polite and popular encomiaſt. His chief patron was the unfortunate Robert Earl of Eſſex. I have often incidentally mentioned ſome of Newton's recommendatory verſes, both in Engliſh and Latin, prefixed to cotemporary books, according to the mode of that age. One of his earlieſt philological publications is a *Notable Hiſtorie of the Saracens* (digeſted from ["Auguſtine Curio & Sundry other good Authours"]) in[to] three books, 1575.[3] [In 1586, he publiſhed *The Old Mans Dietarie*, a tranſlation from the Latin, apparently by an anonymous pen, and merely edited by Newton.] I unavoidably anticipate in remarking here, that [a perſon of the ſame name, ſuppoſed to be his ſon,] wrote a poem on the death of Queen Elizabeth, called *Atropoion Delion, or, the Death of Delia with the Tears of her funeral. A poetical excurſive diſcourſe of our late Eliza.* By T[homas] N[ewton] (*the Younger*)] G[entleman]. 1603. The next year he publiſhed a flowery romance, *A pleſant new hiſtory, or a fragrant poſie made of three flowers, Roſa, Roſalynd, and Roſemary*, London, 1604, [4to.] He ſeems to have been a partiſan of the Puritans, from his pamphlet of *Chriſtian Friendſhip, with an Invective againſt dice-play and other profane games*, [a tranſlation from Lambertus Danæus, Lond. 1586, 8vo.] For ſome time our author

[1] His maſter, John Brunſwerd, at Macclesfield in Cheſhire ſchoolmaſter, was no bad Latin poet. See his *Progymnaſmata* [*Quædam Poetica*,] 1590, [collected and edited by Newton]. See Newton's *Encom.* p. 128, 131. Brunſwerd died in 1589; and his epitaph, made by his ſcholar Newton, yet remains in the chancel of the church of Macclesfield:

"Alpha poetarum, coryphæus grammaticorum,
Flos παιδαγώγων, hac ſepelitur humo."

[2] Reprinted by Hearne, 1715.

[3] With a ſummary annexed on the ſame ſubject.

practiſed phyſic, and, in the character of that profeſſion, wrote or tranſlated many medical tracts. The firſt of theſe, on a curious ſubject, *A direction for the health of magiſtrates and ſtudents* from Gratarolus, appeared in 1574.[1] At length taking orders, he firſt taught ſchool at Macclesfield in Cheſhire, and afterwards at Little Ilford in Eſſex, where he was beneficed. In this department, [about] 1596, he publiſhed a correct edition of Stanbridge's *Latin Proſody*.[2] In the general character of an author, he was a voluminous and a laborious writer. He died at Little Ilford, and was interred in his church, in 1607. From a long and habitual courſe of ſtudious and induſtrious purſuits he had acquired a conſiderable fortune, a portion of which he bequeathed in charitable legacies.

It is remarkable that Shakeſpeare has borrowed nothing from the Engliſh Seneca.[3] Perhaps a copy might not fall in his way. Shakeſpeare was only a reader by accident. Holinſhed and tranſlated Italian novels ſupplied moſt of his plots or ſtories. His ſtorehouſe of learned hiſtory was North's *Plutarch*. The only poetical fable of antiquity, which he has worked into a play, is *Troilus*. But this he borrowed from the romance of Troy. Modern fiction and Engliſh hiſtory were his principal reſources. Theſe, perhaps, were more ſuitable to his taſte; at leaſt, he found that they produced the moſt popular ſubjects. Shakeſpeare was above the bondage of the claſſics.

Among Hatton's MSS. in the Bodleian library,[4] there is a long tranſlation from the *Hercules Oetaeus* of Seneca by Queen Elizabeth. It is remarkable that it is blank verſe, a meaſure which her majeſty perhaps adopted from *Gorboduc*; and which, [if ſo, may prove] it to have been done after the year 1561. It has, however, no other recommendation but its royalty.[5]

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[1] See *Britiſh Bibliographer*, ii. 414-418.

[2] *Vocabula magiſtri Stanbrigii ab infinitis quibus ſcatebant mendis repurgata, obſervata interim (quoad ejus fieri potuit) carminis ratione, et meliuſcule etiam correcta, ſtudio et induſtria Thomæ Newtoni Ceſtreſhyrii.* See [Herbert's *Ames*, iii. 1016; and] our author's *Encom.* p. 128. Our author publiſhed one or two tranſlations on theological ſubjects.

[3] [Yet, the learned Mr. Whalley remarks, it exceeds the uſual poetry of that age, and is equal, perhaps, to any of the verſions which have been made of it ſince. *Enquiry into the Learning of Shakeſpeare*, 1748.—PARK.]

[4] *MSS. Mus. Bodl.* 55, 12. [Olim. *Hyper. Bodl.*] It begins:

"What harminge hurle of Fortunes arme," &c.

[5] [Warton ſeems to have derived a good deal of information throughout his volumes from the Regiſter of the Stationers' Company. In one place he obſerves:] "I take this opportunity of acknowledging my great obligations to that very reſpectable ſociety, who in the moſt liberal manner have indulged me with a free and unreſerved examination of their original records: particularly to the kind aſſiſtance and attention of one of its members, Mr. Lockyer Davies, Bookſeller in Holbourn." [But theſe extracts are, unfortunately, of very little uſe, being given inaccurately, except where, as occaſionally happens, they ſupply an item overlooked by Collier, in his volumes, 1848-9.]

## SECTION LVIII.

BUT, as ſcholars began to direct their attention to our vernacular poetry, many more of the ancient poets now appeared in Engliſh verſe. Before the year 1600, Homer, Muſæus, Virgil, Horace, Ovid, and Martial, were tranſlated. Indeed, moſt of theſe verſions were publiſhed before the year 1580. For the ſake of preſenting a connected diſplay of theſe early tranſlators, I am obliged to treſpaſs, in a ſlight degree, on that chronological order which it has been my preſcribed and conſtant method to obſerve. In the meantime we muſt remember that their verſions, while they contributed to familiariſe the ideas of the ancient poets to Engliſh readers, improved our language and verſification; and that, in a general view, they ought to be conſidered as valuable and important acceſſions to the ſtock of our poetical literature. Theſe were the claſſics of Shakeſpeare.

I ſhall begin with thoſe that were tranſlated firſt in the reign of Elizabeth. But I muſt premiſe that this inquiry will neceſſarily draw with it many other notices much to our purpoſe, and which could not otherwiſe have been ſo conveniently diſpoſed and diſplayed.

Thomas Phaer, already mentioned as the writer of the ſtory of *Owen Glendower* in the *Mirror for Magiſtrates*, a native of Pembrokeſhire, educated at Oxford, a ſtudent of Lincoln's Inn, and an advocate to the council for the Marches of Wales, but afterwards doctorated in medicine at Oxford, tranſlated the ſeven firſt books of the Eneid of Virgil, on his retirement to his patrimonial ſeat in the foreſt of Kilgarran, in Pembrokeſhire, in the years 1555, 1556, 1557. They were printed in 1558, and dedicated to Queen Mary.[1]

[1] ["To the ende," ſays Phaer, "that like as my diligence employed in your ſervice in the Marches, maie otherwiſe appeare to your Grace by your hon'ble counſaile there: ſo your Highneſs hereby may receiue the accompts of my paſtyme in all my vacations, ſince I haue been prefered to your ſervice by your right noble and faithful counſaillour William lord marquis of Wincheſter, my firſt bringer-up and patron."—*Park.*] At the end of the ſeventh book is this colophon, "Per Thomam Phaer in foreſta Kilgerran finitum iii. Decembris. Anno 1557. Opus xii. dierum." And at the end of every book is a ſimilar colophon, to the ſame purpoſe. The firſt book was finiſhed in eleven days, in 1555. The ſecond in twenty days, in the ſame year. The third in twenty days, in the ſame year. The fourth in fifteen days, in 1556. The fifth in twenty-four days, on May the [fourth], in 1557, "poſt periculum eius Karmerdini," *i. e.* at Caermarthen. The ſixth in twenty days, in 1557.

Phaer is pathetically lamented by Sir Thomas Chaloner as a moſt ſkilful phyſician, *Encom.* p. 356, 1579. He has a recommendatory Engliſh poem prefixed to

He afterwards finiſhed the eighth book on the 10th of September, within forty days, in 1558. The ninth, in thirty days, in 1560. Dying at Kilgarran the ſame year, he lived only to begin the tenth.[1] All that was thus done by Phaer,[2] William Wightman,[3] [Receiver of South Wales,] publiſhed in 1562, with a dedication to Sir Nicholas Bacon: *The Nyne firſt Bookes of the Eneidos of Virgil converted into Engliſhe vearſe by Thomas Phaer, Doctour of Phyſike*, &c.[4] The imperfect work was at length completed, with Maphaeus's ſupplemental or thirteenth book, in [1573], by Thomas Twyne, a native of Canterbury, a phyſician of Lewes, in Suſſex, educated in both univerſities, an admirer of the myſterious [myſtical] philoſophy of John Dee, and patroniſed by Lord Buckhurſt the poet.[5] The ninth, tenth, eleventh and twelfth books were finiſhed

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Philip Betham's *Military Precepts*, tranſlated from the Latin of James, Earl of Purſilia, dedicated to Lord [Audley,] 1544.

[In his verſion of the *Æneid*, Phaer was thus complimented along with ſeveral of his cotemporaries:

"Who covets craggy rock to clime
Of high Parnaſſus hill,
Or of the happy Helicon
To drawe and drinke his fill:
Let him the worthy worke ſurview.
Of Phare the famous wight,
Or happy phraſe of Heywood's verſe,
Or Turberviles aright:
Or Googe, or Golding, Gaſcoine elſe,
Or Churchyard, Whetſtone, Twyne,
Or twentie worthy writers moe,
That drawe by learned line,
Whoſe paineful pen hath wel procured
Ech one his proper phraſe," &c.

Ded. to Fulwood's *Enemie of Idleneſſe*, 1568. And Hall, in the dedication to his tranſlation of Homer, 1581, ſays, he was abaſhed when he came to look upon Phaer's Virgilian Engliſh in his heroical Virgil, and his own poor endeavour to learn Homer to talk our mother-tongue.—*Park.*]

[1] Ex. coloph. *ut ſupr.*

[2] [In the poems of Barnabe Googe, written before March 1563, there is an epitaph "on maiſter Thomas Phayre, which flatters him with having excelled the Earl of Surrey, Grimaold, and Douglas (Biſhop of Dunkeld) in his ſtyle of tranſlating Virgil, and expreſſes regret that his death, in the midſt of his toil, had left a work imperfect which no other man could end."—*Park.*]

[3] [At the end of the edit. of 1562, are printed "The two verſes which Thomas Phaer did the daye before his death tranſlate and ſende to William Wightman Receyuour of South Wales," after which occurs:

"Nec potuit ſupplere moriens
Hoc fuit inſomnium eius nouiſſimum.

Thomas Phaer olim tuus nunc Dei."]

[4] For a complete liſt of the impreſſions of Phaer's Virgil, ſee *Handb. of E. L. Lit.*, 1867, v. VIRGIL.]

[5] His father was John Twyne, of Bolington, in Hampſhire, an eminent antiquary, author of the Commentary *De Rebus Albionicis*, &c. 1590. It is addreſſed to, and publiſhed by, his ſaid ſon Thomas, with an epiſtle. Laurence, a fellow of All Souls and a civilian, and John Twyne, both Thomas's brothers, have copies of verſes prefixed to ſeveral cotemporary books, about the reign of Queen Elizabeth. Thomas wrote and tranſlated many tracts, which it would be ſuperfluous and

at London in 1573.[1] The whole was printed at London in [that year, with the dedication to Sir Nicholas Bacon retained; Bacon dying in 1578, the book, on its re-appearance in] 1584, had a new dedication, dated the ſame year from Lewes, to Robert Sackville, the eldeſt ſon of Lord Buckhurſt, who lived in the diſſolved monaſtery of the Cluniacs at Lewes.[2] So well received was this work, that it was followed by [four other editions, publiſhed between 1596 and 1620.] In that of 1607, it is ſaid "to be newly ſet forth for the delight of ſuch as are ſtudious in poetry." Soon after the laſt-mentioned period, it became obſolete and was forgotten.

Phaer undertook this tranſlation for the defence, to uſe his own phraſe, of the Engliſh language, which had been by too many deemed incapable of elegance and propriety, and for the "honeſt recreation of you the nobilitie, gentlemen, and Ladies that ſtudye not Latyne." He adds, "By me firſt this gate is ſet open. If nowe the yong writers wil vouchesaue to enter, thei may find in this language both large & abvndãt campes [fields] of varietie, wherein they may gather innumerable ſortes of moſt beautifull floures, figures, and phraſes, not onely to ſupplie the imperfection of me, but alſo to garniſhe al kindes of their owne verſes with a more cleane and compendiovs order of meter than heretofore cõmonly hath ben accuſtomed.[3]" Phaer has omitted, miſrepreſented, and paraphraſed many paſſages; but his performance in every reſpect is evidently ſuperior to Twyne's continuation. The meaſure is the fourteen-footed Alexandrine of Sternhold and Hopkins. I will give a ſhort ſpecimen from the ſiege of Troy, in the ſecond book. Venus addreſſes her ſon Eneas:

> Thou to thy parents heaſt take heede (dread not) my minde obey.
> In yonder place where ſtones frõ ſtones, & bildings huge to ſwey
> Thou ſeeſt, & mixt w̃ duſt & ſmoke thick ſtreames of reekings riſe:
> Himſelf the God Neptùne that ſide doth turne in wonders[4] wiſe;
> With forck threytinde y^e^ walles vprootes, foudatiõs all vp ſhakes,
> And quyte frõ vnder ſoyl the town, w̃ groũd workes all vp rakes.
> On yonder ſide with furies moſt dame Juno fercely ſtandès,
> The gates ſhe keepes, and fro their ſhips the Grekes her frendly bandes

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tedious to enumerate here. To his *Breviarie of Britaine*, a tranſlation from the Latin of Humphrey Lhuyd, in 1573, are prefixed recommendatory verſes by Browne, prebendary, and Grant the learned ſchoolmaſter, of Weſtminſter: Llodowick Lloyd, a poet in the *Paradiſe of Daintie Deviſes*, and his two brothers, aforeſaid, Laurence and John.

Our tranſlator, Thomas Twyne, died in 1613, aged 70, and was buried in the chancel of St. Anne's church at Lewes, where his epitaph of fourteen verſes ſtill, I believe, remains on a braſs plate affixed to the eaſtern wall.

Large antiquarian and hiſtorical manuſcript collections by the father, John Twyne, are now in Corpus Chriſti library at Oxford. In his *Collectanea Varia*, (*ibid.* vol. iii. fol. 2,) he ſays he had written the lives of T. Rob[ynſon,] T. Lupſet, Rad. Barnes, T. Eliot, R. Sampſon, T. Wriotheſle, Gul. Paget, G. Day, Joh. Chriſtopherſon, N. Wooton. He is in Leland's *Encomia*, p. 83.

[1] Coloph. *ut ſupr.*

[2] Now ruined. But to this day called Lord's Place.

[3] See *Maiſter Phaers Concluſion to his interpretation of the Aeneidos of Virgil, by him conuerted into Engliſh verſe*, [edit. 1562, ſign. Gg 3 *verſo.*]

[4] Wondrous.

In armour gyrt ſhe calls.
Lo there agayne where Pallas ſittes, on fortes and caſtle towres,
With Gorgons eies in lightī̃ng cloudes incloſyd grim ſhe loures.
The father god him ſelf to Grekes their mightes & courage ſteres,
Him ſelfe againſt the Troian blood both gods & armour reres.
Betake the to thy flight my ſon thy labours end procure,
I will the neuer faile, but the to reſting place aſſure.
Thus ſaid ſhe, & through the dark night ſhade her ſelf ſhe drew frō ſight:
Apperes the griſly facys than, Trois enmies vgly dight.[1]

The popular ear, from its familiarity, was tuned to this meaſure. It was now uſed in moſt works of length and gravity, but ſeems to have been conſecrated to tranſlation. Whatever abſolute and original dignity it may boaſt, at preſent it is almoſt ridiculous, from an unavoidable aſſociation of ideas, and becauſe it neceſſarily recalls the tone of the verſification of the Puritans. I ſuſpect it might have acquired a degree of importance and reverence, from the imaginary merit of its being the eſtabliſhed poetic vehicle of Scripture, and its adoption into the celebration of divine ſervice.

I take this opportunity of obſerving, that I have ſeen an old ballad called *Gads-hill* by Faire, that is probably, our tranſlator Phaer. In the Regiſters of the Stationers, among ſeven *Ballettes* licenced to William Bedell and Richard Lante, one is entitled *The Robery at Gads-Hill*, under the year 1558.[2] I know not how far it might contribute to illuſtrate Shakeſpeare's *Henry the Fourth*. The title is promiſing.

After the aſſociated labours of Phaer and Twyne, it is hard to ſay what could induce[3] Richard Stanyhurſt, a native of Dublin, to tranſlate the firſt four books in Virgil's *Eneid* into Engliſh hexameters, which he printed at [Leyden] in [1582], and dedicated to his brother Peter Plunket,[4] the "lorde baron of Dunſanay in Ireland."[5]

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[1] [*The Nyne fyrſt Bookes of the Eneidos*, &c. 1562, ſign. E 3.]

[2] *Regiſtr.* A. fol. 32, b. See Clavell's *Recantation*, 16[28]. Clavell was a robber, and here recites his own adventures on the high-way. His firſt depredations are on Gad's-hill. See fol. 1. [*Shooter's Hill* is alluded to in the play of *Hyckeſcorner*, printed by W. de Worde about 1520, or perhaps earlier.]

[3] [His apparent inducement was to try his ſtrength againſt Phaer; at whoſe tranſlation though he frequently carps, yet he gives him credit for having effected his taſk "with ſurpaſſing excellence." Ded. to the Lord Baron of Dunſanye. Naſh alludes to this when he writes: "But fortune reſpecting Maſter Stanihurſts praiſe, would that Phaer ſhoulde fall that hee might riſe, whoſe heroicall poetry infired, I ſhould ſay inſpired, with an hexameter furie recalled to life whatever hiſſed barbariſme hath bin buried this hundred yeare, and revived by his ragged quill ſuch carterlie varietie as no hedge plowman in a countrie but would have held as the extremitie of clownerie," &c. Epiſt. before Greene's *Menaphon*. 1589.—*Park.*]

[4] [Query whether this was not his brother-in-law; ſince he and the dedicator appear to have married two ſiſters. The father of Stanyhurſt was recorder of Dublin, and himſelf was educated under Peter Whyte, ſome time Dean of Waterford. He married Janetta, the daughter of Sir Charles Barnwell, knt. who died in child-birth at Knightſbridge near London 1579. His poetical conceits convey this information, and contain a deſcription of his miſtreſs at the Hague 1582. Vid. *Cens. Liter.* iv. 364.—*Park.*]

[5] [Reprinted at London, 1583, 8vo.] At the end of the Virgil are the four firſt

Stanyhurſt at this time was living at Leyden, having left England for ſome time on account of the change of religion. In the choice of his meaſure, he is more unfortunate than his predeceſſors, and in other reſpects ſucceeded worſe. It may be remarked, that Meres, in his *Wits Treaſurie*, 1598, among the learned tranſlators mentions only "Phaier, for Virgil's *Aeneads*."[1] And William Webbe, in his *Diſcourſe of Engliſh Poetrie*, 1586,[2] entirely omits our author, and places Phaer at the head of all the Engliſh tranſlators.[3] Thomas Naſh, in his [*Strange Newes of the intercepting certaine Letters*, printed twice, if not thrice, during 1592 and 1593], obſerves, that "Maſter Stanyhurſt (though otherwiſe learned) trod a foule, lumbring boyſtrous, wallowing meaſure in his tranſlation of Virgil. He had neuer been praiſd by Gabriel[4] for his labour, if therein he had not bin

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of David's pſalms Engliſhed in Latin meaſures, p. 82. Then follow "Certayne Poetical Conceits (in Latyn and Engliſh)." Afterwards are printed Epitaphs, written by our author, both in Latin and Engliſh. The firſt, in Latin, is on James Earl of Ormond, who died at Ely Houſe, Octob. 18, 1546. There is another on his father, James Stanyhurſt, Recorder of Dublin, who died, aged 51, Dec. 27, 1573. With tranſlations from More's *Epigrams*. Stanyhurſt has a copy of recommendatory verſes prefixed to Verſtegan's *Reſtitution of Decayed Intelligence*, 1605.

[Two other epitaphs by Stanyhurſt are in Engliſh: one upon the Baron of Louth, who was traitorouſly murdered about 1577; another upon the death of Gerald Fitzgerald Baron of Offalye, who died June 30, 1580, with verſes by the latter entitled "A penitent ſonnet," which conſtitutes him a noble author.—*Park.*]

[1] Fol. 289, p. 2.

[2] [Puttenham evidently refers to the verſion of Stanyhurſt, which (as Mr. Southey has obſerved before in his poetic ſpecimens) "could excite nothing but wonder, ridicule and diſguſt,"] where he ſays, "And as one who tranſlating certaine bookes of Virgil's *Æneidos* into Engliſh meetre, ſaid, that Æneas was fayne to trudge out of Troy, which terme became better to be ſpoken of a beggar, or of a rogue or a lackey," &c. Lib. iii. ch. xxiii. p. 229.

[Naſh has aptly characterized the tenor of this tranſlation by the term "Thraſonical huffe-ſnuffe," a term indeed derived from the tranſlator himſelf. "So terrible," he adds, "was his ſtile to all milde eares, as would have affrighted our able poets from intermeddling hereafter with that quarreling kinde of verſe, had not ſweete Maſter Fraunce, by his excellent tranſlation of Maſter Thomas Watſons ſugred Amyntas animated their dulled ſpirits to ſuch high witted endevors." *Epiſt. ubi ſupra.* Biſhop Hall had alſo ſlurred theſe uncouth fooleries in his Satires, and exclaimed:

> "Fie on the forged mint that did create
> New coin of words, never articulate."

One of our modern poets had ſupplied the following remarks: "As Chaucer has been called the well of Engliſh undefiled, ſo might Stanyhurſt be denominated the common ſewer of the language. It ſeems impoſſible that a man could have written in ſuch a ſtyle without intending to burleſque what he was about, and yet it is certain that Stanyhurſt intended to write heroic poetry. His verſion is exceedingly rare, and deſerves to be reprinted for its incomparable oddity." Southey's *Omniana*, i. 193.—*Park.*]

[3] Fol. 9.

[4] Gabriel Harvey, in his *Foure Letters and certaine Sonnets*, ſays, "I cordially recommend to the dere louers of the Muſes, and namely, to the profeſſed ſonnes of the ſame, Edmond Spencer, Richard Stanihurſt, Abraham France, Thomas Watſon, Samuell Daniell, Thomas Naſh, and the reſt, whome I affectionately

ſo famouſly abſurd."[1] Harvey, Spenſer's friend, was one of the chief patrons, if not the inventor, of the Engliſh hexameter here uſed by Stanyhurſt. I will give a ſpecimen in the firſt four lines of the ſecond book:

> With tentiue liſtning eache wight was ſetled in harckning;
> Then father Æneas chronicled from loftie bed hautie:
> You me bid, O Princeſſe, too ſcarrifie a feſtered old ſoare,
> How that the Troians wear preſt by Grecian armie.[2]

With all this fooliſh pedantry, Stanyhurſt was certainly a ſcholar. But in this tranſlation he calls Chorebus, one of the Trojan chiefs, a bedlamite; he ſays that old Priam girded on his ſword Morglay, the name of a ſword in the Gothic romances, that Dido would have been glad to have been brought to bed even of a cockney, a *Dandiprat hopthumb*, and that Jupiter, in kiſſing his daughter, *buſt his pretty prating parrot*. He was admitted at Univerſity college in 1563, where he wrote a ſyſtem of logic in his eighteenth year.[3] Having taken one degree, he became ſucceſſively a ſtudent at Furnival's and Lincoln's Inns. He has left many theological, philoſophical and hiſtorical books. In one of his *Epitaphs* called *Commune Defunctorum*, he mentions Julietta among the celebrated heroines.[4] The title and ſome of the lines deſerve to be cited, as they ſhew the poetical ſquabbles about the Engliſh hexameter.

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thancke for their ſtudious endeuours commendably employed in enriching and poliſhing their natiue tongue," &c. *Lett.* iii. 29.

[In the ſame publication he exclaims: "If I never deſerve anye better remembraunce, let mee rather be epitaphed the Inventour of the Engliſh hexameter! whom learned M. Stanihurſt imitated in his *Virgill*, and excellent Sir Philip Sidney diſdained not to follow in his *Arcadia* and elſewhere." Aſcham in [1570] had well obſerved that "carmen hexametrum doth rather trotte and hoble than runne ſmoothly in our Engliſh tong." *Scholemaſter*, p. 60. Yet Stanyhurſt ſtrangely profeſſes in his dedication to take upon him "to execute ſome part of Maiſter Aſchams will, who had recommended carmen iambicum while he diſpraiſed carmen hexametrum."—*Park.*]

[1] Signat. B.

[2] Fol. 21. ["Infandum, Regina, jubes renovare dolorem." Stanyhurſt is thus alluded to in an anonymous, and probably unique, volume in the Britiſh Muſeum:—

> "If the Poet Stanihurſt yet live, and feedeth on ayer,
> I do requeſt him (as one that wiſheth a grace to the meter)
> With wordes ſignificant to refile and finely to poliſhe
> Thoſe fower Æneiis, that he late tranſlated in Engliſh,
> I doe the man reverence as a fine, as an exquiſite Author;
> For that he firſt did attempt to tranſlate verſe as a Doctor."
> *The Firſt Booke of the Preſervation of King Henry the vij.*, 1599.—*Rye.*]

[3] "Harmonia ſive Catena Dialectica in Porphyrianas conſtitutiones," a commentary on Porphyry's *Iſagoge*. 1570. Campion, then of St. John's College, afterwards the Jeſuit, to whom it was communicated in manuſcript, ſays of the author, "Mirifice lætatus ſum, eſſe adoleſcentem in academia noſtra, tali familia, eruditione, probitate, cujus extrema pueritia cum multis laudabili maturitate viris certare poſſit." *Epiſtol.* edit. Ingoldſtat. 1602, fol. 50. Four or five of Campion's *Epiſtles* are addreſſed to Stanyhurſt.

[4] Meres mentions Stanyhurſt and Gabriel Harvey as "Jambical poets." *Ubi ſupr.* fol. 282, p. 2.

"*An Epitaph Entitvled Commvne Defunctorum, ſuch as our vnlearned Rithmours accuſtomably make vpon the death of euerie Tom Tyler, as if it were a laſt for euery one his foote, in which the quantities of ſillables are not to be heeded:*"

A Sara for goodneſſe, a greate Bellona for hudgeneſſe,
For myldneſſe Anna, for chaſtitye godlye Suſanna.
Heſter in a good ſhift, a Iudith ſtoute at a dead lift:
Alſo Iulietta, with Dido, ritch Cleopatra:
With ſundrie nameleſſe, and woomen more many blameleſſe, &c.[1]

His Latin *Deſcriptio Hiberniæ*, tranſlated into Engliſh, appears in the firſt volume of [the ſecond edition of] Holinſhed's *Chronicles*. He is ſtyled by Camden "Eruditiſſimus ille nobilis Richardus Stanihurſtus."[2] He is ſaid to have been careſſed for his literature and politeneſs by many foreign princes.[3] He died at Bruſſels in 1618.

Abraham Fleming, brother to Samuel,[4] publiſhed a verſion of the *Bucolics* of Virgil, in 1575, with notes and a dedication to Peter Oſborne, Eſquire. This is the title, *The Bukolikes of Publius Virgilius Maro, with Alphabetical annotations, &c. Drawne out into plaine and familiar Engliſhe, verſe for verſe, by Abraham Fleming, Student, &c.* 1575.[5] His plan was to give a plain and literal tranſlation, verſe for verſe. Theſe are the firſt five lines of the tenth Eclogue:

O Arethuſa, graunt this labour be my laſt indeede!
A few ſonges vnto Gallo, but let them Lycoris reede:
Needes muſt I ſinge to Gallo mine, what man would ſonges deny?
So when thou ronneſt vnder Sicane ſeas, where froth doth fry,
Let not that bytter Doris of the ſalte ſtreame mingle make.

Fourteen years afterwards the ſame author publiſhed a new verſion both of the *Bucolics* and *Georgics* of Virgil with notes, which he dedicated to John Whitgift, Archbiſhop of Canterbury. This is commonly ſaid and ſuppoſed to be in blank verſe, but it is in the regular Alexandrine without rhyme. It is entitled, *The Bucolics of P. Virgilius Maro, &c. otherwiſe called his paſtoralls or Shepherds Meetings;*[6] *Together with his Georgics, or Ruralls, &c. All newly*

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[1] At the end of his *Virgil*, ſignat. H iij, he mentions the friends Damon and Pythias in the ſame piece.

[2] In *Hibernia*, Com. Weſt Meath.

[3] In the title of his *Hebdomada Mariana*, 1609, he ſtyles himſelf "Sereniſſimorum principum Sacellanus." That is, Albert Archduke of Auſtria and his princeſs Iſabell.

[4] They were both born in London. Thinne apud Holinſh. vol. ii. 1590. Samuel wrote an elegant Latin Life of Queen Mary, never printed. He has a Latin recommendatory poem prefixed to Edward Grant's *Spicilegium* of the Greek tongue, a Dialogue, dedicated to Lord Burleigh, and printed in 1575.

[5] See the title more in full, with an account of the book, in Collier's *Bibl. Cat.* 1865, i. 286-8.]

[6] ["The Georgicks of Publius Virgilius Maro; otherwiſe called his Italian Huſbandrie. Grammaticallie tranſlated into Engliſh meter in ſo plaine and familiar ſort, as a learner may be taught thereby to his profit and contentment." In a ſhort addreſs to the reader, the Tranſlator hints a future intention "to make this interpretation of his verſion run in round rime, as it ſtandeth now upon bare metre:" but this was not performed.—*Park.*]

*tranſlated into Engliſh verſe by A. F.* 1589. I exhibit the five firſt verſes of the fourth Eclogue:

> O Muſes of Sicilia ile, let's greater matters ſinge!
> Shrubs, groves, and buſhes lowe, delight and pleaſe not every man:
> If we do ſinge of woodes, the woods be worthy of a conſul.
> Nowe is the laſt age come, whereof Sybilla's verſe foretold;
> And now the Virgin come againe, and Saturnes kingdom come.

The fourth Georgic thus begins:

> O my Mecenas, now will I diſpatch forthwith to ſhew
> The heauenly gifts, or benefits, of airie honie ſweet.
> Look on this piece of worke likewiſe, as thou haſt on the reſt.

[But beſides his tranſlation of the *Bucolics* and *Georgics* of Virgil, Fleming, it muſt be remembered, executed a verſion (the earlieſt in our language) of the *Hero and Leander* of the grammarian Muſæus. For ſo it is to be preſumed that we ought to interpret a marginal note in his blank-verſe edition of the *Georgics* in 1589, to the effect that he had printed *a hiſtorie of Leander and Hero* a dozen years ago. Fleming's *Muſæus*, however, is one of thoſe numerous works in early Engliſh literature, which no doubt once exiſted, but which, if not loſt, at leaſt remain ſtill unrecovered.][1]

Abraham Fleming ſuperviſed, corrected and enlarged the ſecond edition of Holinſhed's Chronicle in 1586-7.[2] He tranſlated Aelian's *Various Hiſtory* into Engliſh in 1576, which he dedicated to Goodman, Dean of Weſtminſter, [under the title of] *Ælian's Regiſtre of Hyſtories*. He publiſhed alſo *Certaine ſelect epiſtles of Cicero into Engliſh*, in 1576; and, in the ſame year, he imparted to our countrymen a fuller idea of the elegance of the ancient epiſtle by his *Panoplie of Epiſtles from Tully, Iſocrates, Pliny and others*. He tranſlated Syneſius's Greek *Panegyric on Baldneſs*, which had been brought into vogue by Eraſmus's *Moriæ Encomium*.[3] Among ſome other pieces, he Engliſhed many celebrated books written in Latin about the fifteenth century and at the reſtoration of learning, which was a frequent practice, after it became faſhionable to compoſe in Engliſh, and our writers had begun to find the force and uſe of their own tongue.[4] Sir William Cordell, the queen's ſolicitor-general, was his chief patron.[5]

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[1] [Collier's *Bibl. Cat.* 1865, i. 288.]

[2] His brother Samuel aſſiſted in compiling the *Index*, a very laborious work, and made other improvements.

[3] Lond. 1579, 12mo. At the end, is [The Tale of Hemetes the Heremite, by G. Gaſcoigne, falſely claimed by Fleming. A MS. of it is in the Britiſh Muſeum. Mr. Collier (*Bibl. Cat.* 1865, i. 289) remarks that Fleming "has altered Gaſcoigne's language in a few places, not generally for the better." *The Hermit's Tale* is of courſe included in the Roxburghe Library edit. of Gaſcoigne, 1869-70.]

[4] See *ſupra*. Among his original pieces are, *The Battel between the Virtues and Vices*, 1582. *The Diamant of Devotion* in ſix parts, 1586. *The Cundyt of Comfort*, 1579. He prefixed a recommendatory Latin poem in iambics to the *Voyage* of Dennis Settle, a retainer of the Earl of Cumberland, and the companion of Martin Frobiſher, Lond. 1577, 12mo. Another, in Engliſh, to Kendal's *Flowers of Epigrammes*, 1577. Another to John Baret's *Alvearie*, or quadruple Lexicon, 1580,

William Webbe, who is ſtyled a graduate, tranſlated the *Georgics* into Engliſh verſe, as he himſelf informs us in the *Diſcourſe of Engliſh Poetrie*, lately quoted, and printed in 1586.[1] And in the ſame diſcourſe, which was written in defence of the new faſhion of Engliſh hexameters, he has given us his own verſion of two of Virgil's *Bucolics*, written in that unnatural and impracticable mode of verſification. I muſt not forget here, that the ſame Webbe ranks Abraham Fleming as a tranſlator after Barnabe Googe the tranſlator of Palingenius's *Zodiac*, not without a compliment to the poetry and the learning of his brother Samuel, whoſe excellent *Inventions*, he adds, had not yet been made public.

Abraham Fraunce,[2] in 1591, tranſlated Virgil's *Alexis* into Engliſh hexameters, verſe for verſe, which he calls *The Lamentation of Corydon for the love of Alexis.*[3] It muſt be owned that the ſelection of this particular Eclogue from all the ten for an Engliſh verſion is ſomewhat extraordinary. But in the reign of Queen Elizabeth I could point out whole ſets of ſonnets written with this ſort of attachment, for which perhaps it will be but an inadequate apology, that they are free from direct impurity of expreſſion and open immodeſty of ſentiment. Such at leaſt is our obſervance of external propriety, and ſo ſtrong the principles of a general decorum, that a writer of the preſent age who was to print love-verſes in this ſtyle, would be ſeverely reproached and univerſally proſcribed. I will

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[See *Mus. Aſhmol.* Oxon. 835]. Another to Whetſtone's *Rock of Regard.* I take this opportunity of obſerving that the works of one John Fleming, an ancient Engliſh poet, are in Dublin College library, of which I have no farther notice, than that they are numbered 304. See *Regiſtr. Station.* B. fol. 160, a; 171, a; 168, a.

[a] His *Panoplie* is dedicated to Cordell. See *Life of Sir Thomas Pope*, p. 226, ed. 2.

[1] For the ſake of juxtapoſition, I obſerve here, that Virgil's *Bucolics* and fourth *Georgic* were tranſlated by [John Brinſley, and printed in 1620 and 1633, 4to.] And the "ſecond parte of Virgill's *Æneids* in Engliſh, tranſlated by Sir Thomas Wroth knight," [was publiſhed (with his *Abortive of an Idle Hour*) in 1620, 4to. See *Ath. Oxon.* ii. 258; and Lyſons' *Environs*, ii. 316.—*Park.*]

[2] Abraham Fraunce was entered of Gray's Inn after being eight years at Cambridge, and had the honour of being intimate with Sir P. Sidney, from whoſe production he drew the illuſtrative examples of his rare little volume entitled *The Arcadian Rhetorike.* A very curious MS. in the Bodleian Library (MS. Rawl. Poet. 85) contains the *Recreations of his leiſure hours;* being, as Mr. P. Bliſs obligingly informs me, the firſt copy of a work he afterwards publiſhed: *Inſignium armorum emblematum*, &c. The ſymbols are finely finiſhed with a pen; and in a concluding addreſs to Sir P. Sidney, he propoſes, if theſe meet his approbation, to continue them. He ends with—"Iterum vive, atque iterum vale, Mæcenas ornatiſſime." A. F.—*Park.*]

[3] At the end of *the Counteſſe of Pembrokes Ivy-church*, in the ſame meaſure. He wrote alſo in the ſame verſe, *The lamentation of Amyntas for the death of Phillis*, [which went through four editions between 1587 and 1596: it is a paraphraſe from Taſſo.] He tranſlated into Engliſh hexameters the beginning of Heliodorus's *Ethiopics* [which is alſo at the end of the *Ivy-church*, 1591. The full title of the three parts of the *Ivichurch*, 1591-2, may be ſeen in *Handb. of E. E. Lit.* 1867, art. FRAUNCE. "The firſt piece (the *Paſtorall*) is an entire tranſlation of Taſſo's *Aminta*, made in Taſſo's lifetime; the *Funerall*, which is the ſecond part, is tranſlated from Thomas Watſon's Latin poem *Amyntas*, printed in 1585."—*Rye.*]

inſtance only in the *Affectionate Shepherd*[1] of Richard Barnefield, printed in 159[4]. Here, through the courſe of twenty ſonnets not inelegant, and which were exceedingly popular, the poet bewails his unſucceſsful love for a beautiful youth by the name of Ganymede, in a ſtrain of the moſt tender paſſion,[2] yet with profeſſions of the chaſteſt affection.[3] Many deſcriptions and incidents which have a like complexion may be found in the futile novels of Lodge and Lyly.

Fraunce is alſo the writer of a book, with the affected and unmeaning title of the *Arcadian Rhetorike, or the Præceptes of Rhetorike made plaine by examples, Greeke, Latyne, Engliſhe, Italyan, Frenche, and Spaniſhe.* It was printed in 1588, and is valuable for its Engliſh examples.[4]

It will perhaps be ſufficient barely to mention Spenſer's *Culex*, which is a vague and arbitrary paraphraſe of a poem not properly belonging to Virgil. From the teſtimony of many early Latin

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[1] [Only one edition of the *Affectionate Shepheard* is at preſent known. Warton refers to a ſecond printed, he ſays, with the ſame author's *Cynthia*, in which, according to Warton, he apologizes for his Sonnets, ſaying: "I will vnſhaddow my conceit: being nothing elſe but an imitation of Virgill in the ſecond Eclogue of *Alexis*." The *Affectionate Shepheard* was (imperfectly) printed for the Percy Society in 1845, and the *Cynthia* is among the not very correct iſſues of the Beldornie Preſs.] The volume compriſes *The teares of an affectionate ſhepheard, ſicke for love. The ſecond dayes lamentation of the affectionate Shepheard. The Shepheards content, or the happineſs of a harmleſs life. The complaint of Chaſtitie: and Hellens rape, or a light lanthorne for light ladies;* written in Engliſh hexameters.—*Park.*]

[2] [In the ſame ſtrain, and to a ſimilar object, the greater part of Shakeſpeare's Sonnets appeared to be addreſſed. Mr. Chalmers indeed, in his *Apology*, has perſuaded himſelf that the bard of Avon intended his for Queen Elizabeth; but ſo far as I can gather, he has failed to perſuade any other reader of the ſame.—*Park.*]

[3] See *Handb. of E. E. Lit.* art. BARNFIELD. In the preface Barnfield hopes the reader will bear with his rude conceit of *Cynthia* "if for no other cauſe, yet for that it is the firſt imitation of the verſe of that excellent poet Maiſter Spencer, in his *Fayrie Queene:*" to whom he again alludes in his 20th Sonnet, as "great Colin, the chief of Shepheards:" while he deſignates Drayton under the name of "*gentle* Rowland, his profeſſed friend." In 1598 were publiſhed by Richard Barnfield, graduate in Oxford, *The Encomium of Lady Pecunia, or the Praiſe of money. The complaint of Poetrie for the death of Liberalitie. The combat betweene Conſcience and Covetouſneſſe in the minde of man: and poems in divers humors.* Theſe pieces, it ſeems, he was encouraged to offer to the courteſy of his readers through the gentle acceptance of his *Cynthia.* One of his ſonnets thus addreſſes itſelf to his friend Maiſter R. L. the author probably of Diella:

> "If muſique and ſweet poetrie agree,
> As they muſt needs (the ſiſter and the brother),
> Then muſt the love be great 'twixt thee and mee,
> Becauſe thou lov'ſt the one, and I the other.
> Dowland to thee is dear, whoſe heavenly touch
> Upon the lute doeth raviſh human ſenſe;
> Spenſer to me, whoſe deepe conceit is ſuch,
> As paſſing all conceit, needs no defence," &c.—*Park.*]

[4] [Warton ſpeaks of Lyly's *Gallathea*, of which, though apparently licenſed in 1584, there is no edition at preſent known before 1592, as having appeared "*in conſequence* of the verſions of Virgil's *Bucolics.*"]

writers it may be juſtly concluded, that Virgil wrote an elegant poem with this title. Nor is it improbable that in the *Culex*, at preſent attributed to Virgil, ſome very few of the original phraſes, and even verſes, may remain, under the accumulated incruſtation of critics, imitators, interpolators and paraphraſts, which corrupts what it conceals. But the texture, the character, and ſubſtance of the genuine poem is almoſt entirely loſt. The *Ceiris*, or the fable of Niſus and Scylla, which follows, although never mentioned by any writer of antiquity, has much fairer pretenſions to genuineneſs. At leaſt the *Ceiris*, allowing for uncommon depravations of time and tranſcription, appears in its preſent ſtate to be a poem of the Auguſtan age, and is perhaps the identical piece dedicated to the Meſſala whoſe patronage it ſolicits. It has that rotundity of verſification, which ſeems to have been ſtudied after the Roman poetry emerged from barbariſm. It has a general ſimplicity, and often a native ſtrength of colouring; nor is it tinctured, except by the caſual innovation of grammarians, with thoſe ſophiſtications both of ſentiment and expreſſion, which afterwards of courſe took place among the Roman poets, and which would have betrayed a recent forgery. It ſeems to be the work of a young poet: but its digreſſions and deſcriptions, which are often too prolix, are not only the marks of a young poet, but of early poetry. It is interſperſed with many lines now in the *Eclogues*, *Georgics*, and *Eneid*. Here is an argument which ſeems to aſſign it to Virgil. A cotemporary poet would not have ventured to ſteal from poems ſo well known. It was natural, at leaſt allowable, for Virgil to ſteal from a performance of his youth, on which he did not ſet any great value, and which he did not ſcruple to rob of a few ornaments, deſerving a better place. This conſideration excludes Cornelius Gallus,[1] to whom Fontanini with much acute criticiſm has aſcribed the *Ceiris*. Nor, for the reaſon given, would Virgil have ſtolen from Gallus. The writer has at leaſt the art of Virgil, in either ſuppreſſing, or throwing into ſhade, the trite and unintereſting incidents of the common fabulous hiſtory of Scylla, which were incapable of decoration, or had been preoccupied by other poets. The dialogue between the young princeſs Scylla, who is deeply in love, and her nurſe, has much of the pathos of Virgil. There are ſome traces which diſcover an imitation of Lucretius: but on the whole, the ſtructure of the verſes, and the predominant caſt and manner of the compoſition, exactly reſemble the *Argonautica* of Catullus, or the *Epithalamium of Peleus and Thetis*. I will inſtance in the following paſſage, in which every thing is diſtinctly and circumſtantially touched, and in an affected pomp of numbers. He is alluding to the ſtole of Minerva, interwoven with the battle of the giants, and exhibited at Athens in the magnificent Panathenaic feſtival. The claſſical reader will perceive one or two interpolations, and lament that this rich piece of em-

[1] [The reputed author of the *Book of Elegies*, which really belongs to Maximianus.]

broidery has ſuffered a little from being unſkilfully darned by another and a more modern artificer:

Sed magno intexens, ſi fas eſt dicere, peplo,
Qualis Erictheis olim portatur Athenis,
Debita cum caſtæ ſolvuntur vota Minervæ,
Tardaque confecto redeunt Quinquennia luſtro,
Cum levis alterno Zephyrus concrebuit Euro,
Et prono gravidum provexit pondere currum.
Felix ille dies, felix et dicitur annus:
Felices qui talem annum videre, diemque!
Ergo Palladiæ texuntur in ordine pugnæ:
Magna Gigantæis ornantur pepla tropæis,
Horrida ſanguineo pinguntur prælia cocco.
Additur aurata dejectus cuſpide Typho,
Qui prius, Oſſæis conſternens æthera ſaxis,
Emathio celſum duplicabat vertice Olympum.
Tale deæ velum ſolemni in tempore portant.[1]

The ſame ſtately march of hexameters is obſervable in Tibullus's tedious panegyric on Meſſala: a poem which, if it ſhould not be believed to be of Tibullus's hand, may at leaſt from this reaſoning be adjudged to his age. We are ſure that Catullus could not have been the author of the *Ceiris*, as Meſſala, to whom it is inſcribed, was born but a very few years before the death of Catullus. One of the chief circumſtances of the ſtory is a purple lock of hair, which grew on the head of Niſus king of Megara, and on the preſervation of which the ſafety of that city, now beſieged by Minos king of Crete, entirely depended. Scylla, Niſus's daughter, falls in love with Minos, whom ſhe ſees from the walls of Megara: ſhe finds means to cut off this ſacred ringlet, the city is taken, and ſhe is married to Minos. I am of opinion that Tibullus, in the following paſſage, alludes to the *Ceiris*, then newly publiſhed, and which he points out by this leading and fundamental fiction of Niſus's purple lock:

Pieridas, pueri, doctos et amate poetas;
Aurea nec ſuperent munera Pieridas!
Carmine purpurea eſt Niſi coma: carmina ni ſint,
Ex humero Pelopis non nituiſſet ebur.[2]

Tibullus here, in recommending the ſtudy of the poets to the Roman youth, illuſtrates the power of poetry; and for this purpoſe, with much addreſs, he ſelects a familiar inſtance from a piece recently written, perhaps by one of his friends.

Spenſer ſeems to have ſhewn a particular regard to theſe two little poems, ſuppoſed to be the work of Virgil's younger years. Of the *Culex* he has left a paraphraſe, under the title of *Virgils Gnat*, dedicated to Lord Leiceſter who died in 1588. It was printed without a title page at the end of the *Teares of the Muſes*, 1591. From the *Ceiris* he has copied a long paſſage, which forms the firſt part of the legend of Britomart in the third book of the *Fairy Queen*.

[1] Ver. 21, *ſeq.* [Edit. Heyne, 1793, iv. 109-11.]
[2] *Eleg.* lib. i, iv. 61. [*Corpus Poet. Latin.* edit. Weber, 263.]

Although the ſtory of Medea exiſted in Guido de Columna and perhaps other modern writers in Latin, yet we ſeem to have had a verſion of Valerius Flaccus in 1565. For in that year, I know not if in verſe or proſe, was entered: *The ſtory of Jaſon, how he gotte the golden fleece, and howe he ded begyle media*, oute of laten into engleſshe by nycholas Whyte.[1] Of the tranſlator Whyte I know nothing more.

Of Ovid's *Metamorphoſis*, the firſt four books were tranſlated by Arthur Golding in 1565. But [in 1567] he printed the whole.[2] This work became a favourite, and was [often] reprinted [between 1567] and 1612. The dedication, an epiſtle in verſe, is to Robert Earl of Leiceſter, and dated at Berwick, April 20, 1567. In the metrical Preface to the Reader, which immediately follows, he apologiſes for having named ſo many fictitious and heathen gods. This apology ſeems to be intended for the weaker Puritans.[3] His ſtyle is poetical and ſpirited, and his verſification clear: his manner ornamental and diffuſe, yet with a ſufficient obſervance of the original. On the whole, I think him a better poet and a better tranſlator than Phaer. This will appear from a few of the firſt lines of the ſecond book, which his readers took for a deſcription of an enchanted caſtle:

The Princely Pallace of the Sunne, ſtood gorgeous to beholde,
On ſtately Pillars builded high, of yellow burniſht golde,
Beſet with ſparckling Carbuncles, that like to fire did ſhine,
The rooſe was framed curiouſly, of Yuorie pure and fine.
The two doore leaues of ſiluer cleare, a radiant light did caſt:
But yet the cunning workemanſhip of things therein farre paſt
The ſtuffe wherof the doores were made. For there a perfect plat
Had Vulcane drawne of all the worlde: Both of the ſourges that
Embrace the earth with winding waues, and of the ſtedfaſt ground,
And of the heauen it ſelf alſo that both encloſeth round.
And firſt and formoſt of the Sea the Gods thereof did ſtande,
Loude ſounding Tryton, with his ſhirle & writhen Trumpe in hande,
Unſtable Protew, chaunging aye his figure and his hue,
From ſhape to ſhape a thouſand ſithes, as liſt him to renue.
In purple Robe and royall Throne of Emeraudes freſhe and greene
Did Phœbus ſitte, and on eche hande ſtoode wayting well beſeene,
Dayes, Monthes, yeares, ages, ſeaſons, times, & eke the equall houres.
There ſtoode the ſpringtime with a crowne of freſh and fragrant floures.
There wayted Sommer naked ſtarke, all ſaue a wheaten hat:
And Autumne ſmerde with treading grapes late at the preſſing Fat.
And laſtly quaking for the colde ſtood Winter all forlorne,
With rugged heade as white as doue, and garments al to torne;
Forladen with the Iſycles, that dangled vp and downe

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[1] [Collier's *Extracts from the Reg. of the Stat. Co.* 1848-9, i. 121.]

[2] *The xv. Bookes of P. Ouidius Naſo; entytuled Metamorphoſis, tranſlated oute of Latin into Engliſh meeter, by Arthur Golding Gentleman, a worke very pleaſaunt and delectable.*

[3] Afterwards he ſays of his author,

"And now I haue made him ſo well acquainted with our toong,
As that he may in Engliſh verſe as in his owne bee ſoong,
Wherein although for pleaſant ſtile, I cannot make account," &c.
[Edit. 1567, ſign. A 3.]

Vpon his gray and hoarie bearde and ſnowie frozen crowne.
The Sunne thus ſitting in the middes, did caſt his piercing eye, &c.[1]

But I cannot reſiſt the pleaſure of tranſcribing a few more lines from the transformation of Athamas and Ino, in the fourth book. Tiſiphone addreſſes Juno:

The hatefull Hag Tiſiphone, with horie ruffled heare,
Remouing from hyr face the ſnakes, that looſely dangled there,
Sayd thus, &c.

He proceeds:

The furious fiende Tiſiphone, doth cloth hir out of hand,
In garment ſtreaming gorie bloud, and taketh in hir hand
A burning creſſet[2] ſteept in bloud, and girdeth hir about
With wreathed Snakes, and ſo goes forth, and at hir going out,
Feare, terror, griefe, and penſiueneſſe for companie ſhe tooke,
And alſo madneſſe with his flaight and gaſtly ſtaring looke.
Within the houſe of Athamas no ſooner foote ſhe ſet,
But that the poſtes began to quake, and doores looke blacke as Jet.
The ſunne withdrew him: Athamas and eke his wife were caſt
With ougly ſightes in ſuch a feare, that out of doores agaſt
They would have fled. There ſtoode the Fiend, and ſtopt their paſſage out;
And ſplaying forth hir filthy armes beknit with Snakes about,
Did toſſe and waue hir hatefull head. The ſwarme of ſcaled ſnakes
Did make an irkſome noyſe to heare, as ſhe hir treſſes ſhakes.
About hir ſhoulders ſome did craule: ſome trayling downe hir breſt
Did hiſſe and ſpit out poyſon greene, and ſpirt with tongues infeſt.
Then from amyd her haire two ſnakes with venymd hand ſhe drew,
Of which ſhee one at Athamas and one at Ino threw.
The ſnakes did craule about their breaſts, inſpiring in their heart
Moſt grieuous motions of the minde: the bodie had no ſmart
Of any wound: it was the minde that felt the cruell ſtings.
A poyſon made in Syrup wiſe, ſhe alſo with hir brings.
The filthie fome of Cerberus, the caſting of the Snake
Echidna, bred among the Fennes about the Stygian Lake:
Deſire of gadding forth abroad: forgetfullneſs of minde:
Delight in miſchiefe: woodneſſe,[3] teares, and purpoſe whole inclinde
To cruell murther: all the which ſhe did together grinde:
And mingling them with new ſhed bloud, ſhe boyled them in braſſe,
And ſtird them with a Hemblock ſtalke. Now whyle that Athamas
And Ino ſtood, and quaked for feare, this poyſon ranke and fell
She tourned into both their breaſtes, and made their heartes to ſwell.
Then whiſking often round about hir head, hir balefull brand,
She made it ſoone by gathering winde to kindle in hir hand.
Thus, as it were in triumph wiſe accompliſhing hir heſt,
To Duſkie Plutos emptie Realme ſhee gettes hir home to reſt,
And putteth of the ſnarled Snakes that girded in hir breſt.[4]

We have here almoſt as horrid a mixture as the ingredients in Macbeth's cauldron. In theſe lines there is much enthuſiaſm, and the character of original compoſition. The abruptneſſes of the text are judiciouſly retained, and perhaps improved. The tranſlator ſeems to have felt Ovid's imagery, and this perhaps is an imagery in which Ovid excels.

Golding's verſion of the Metamorphoſes kept its ground till

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[1] [Edit. 1567, fol. 14-15.]
[2] A torch. The word is uſed by Milton.
[3] Madneſs.
[4] Edit. 1567, fol. 50-1.

Sandys's Engliſh Ovid appeared [before 1621.] I know not who was the author of what is called a *ballet*, perhaps a tranſlation from the Metamorphoſes, licenſed to John Charlewood, in 1569, *The vnfortunate ende of Iphis ſonne vnto Teucer kynge of Troye.* Nor muſt I omit *The Tragicall and lamentable Hiſtorie of two faythfull Mates Ceyx Kynge of Thrachine, and Alcione his wife, drawen into Engliſh meeter.* By W. Hubbard, 1569. In ſtanzas.[1]

Golding was of a gentleman's family, a native of London, and lived with ſecretary Cecil at his houſe in the Strand.[2] Among his patrons, as we may collect from his dedications, were alſo Sir Walter Mildmay, William Lord Cobham, Henry Earl of Huntingdon, Lord Leiceſter, Sir Chriſtopher Hatton, Lord Oxford, and Robert Earl of Eſſex. He was connected with Sir Philip Sydney: for he finiſhed an Engliſh tranſlation of Philip Mornay's treatiſe in French on the *Trueneſs of the Chriſtian Religion*, which had been begun by Sydney, and was publiſhed in 1587.[3] He enlarged our knowledge of the treaſures of antiquity by publiſhing Engliſh tranſlations of Juſtin's *Hiſtory* in 1564,[4] of Cæſar's *Commentaries* in 1565,[5] of Seneca's [*Woorke concerning Benefyting*], in 157[8], and of the *Geography* of Pomponius Mela and the *Polyhiſtory* of Solinus [in one volume in 1590, the latter, however, having been ſeparately printed in 1587. It is, perhaps, a little ſingular that Golding ſhould have taken the trouble to render Solinus into Engliſh, inaſmuch as his work is a mere compilation from Pliny, poſterior to whoſe time it was, of courſe, written.[6]] He has left verſions of many modern Latin writers, which then had their uſe, and ſuited the condition and opinions of the times; and which are now forgotten by the introduction of better books

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[1] [As theſe ſtanzas are ſomewhat ſingular in their ſtructure, and the work itſelf is rarely to be ſeen, I ſubjoin a ſingle ſpecimen. Alcione is the perſon deſcribed:

"Thre times ſhe then about to ſpeake,
Thre times ſhe waſht hir face with teares.
Thre times ſhe off from teares did breake,
And thus complained in his eares,
'What fault of myne, O huſbande deare, doth thee compell,
That thou wilt dwell no longer heere, but go to ſpell?'"

To "go to ſpell," is an expreſſion employed for going to conſult the oracle.—*Park.* See Collier's *Bibl. Cat.*, 1865, i. 382-3, for further ſpecimens.]

[2] His dedication to the firſt four books of Ovid is from Cecil-houſe, 1564. See his dedication to his verſion of Aretine's *War of Italy with the Goths*, 1563. To this he has prefixed a long preface on the cauſes of the irruption of the Goths into Italy. He appears to have alſo lived in the pariſh of All Saints *ad murum* (London Wall) in 1577. *Epiſt.* prefixed to his *Seneca*. His *Poſtils* of Chytræus are dedicated from Paul's-Belchamp to Sir W. Mildmay, March 10, 1570.

[3] It was afterwards corrected and [reprinted in 1604.]

[4] There is the *Pſalter* in Engliſh, by Author Golding. Lond. 1571. 4to.

[5] The dedication to *Cecil* is dated from Pauls Belchamp, 12 Octob. Again, 1590. There was a tranſlation by Tiptoft, Earl of Worceſter, printed, [it is ſuppoſed, by John Raſtell, about 1530, but *ſine ulla notâ.*]

[6] [Arthur Hall likewiſe eulogiſes the excellent and laudable labour of Golding, for making Ovid ſpeak Engliſh in no worſe terms than the author's own gifts gave him grace to write in Latin. Ded. before the *ten books of Homers Iliades*, 1581. —*Park.*]

and the general change of the ſyſtem of knowledge. I think his only original work is an account of an earthquake in 1580. Of his original poetry I recollect nothing more than an encomiaſtic copy of verſes prefixed to Baret's *Alvearie* publiſhed in 1580. It may be regretted that he gave ſo much of his time to tranſlation.

The learned Aſcham wiſhes that ſome of theſe tranſlators had uſed blank verſe inſtead of rhyme. But by blank verſe[1] he ſeems to mean the Engliſh hexameter or ſome other Latin meaſure. He ſays, "Indeede Chauſer, Th. Norton of Briſtow, my L. of Surrey, M. Wiat, Th. Phaer, and other Jentlemen, in tranſlating Ouide, Palingenius, and Seneca, haue gone as farre to theyr great prayſe as the coppy they followed could cary them, but if ſuch good wittes, and forwarde diligence, had beene directed to follow the beſt examples, and not haue been caryed by tyme and cuſtome to content themſelues with that barbarous and rude Ryming, amongeſt theyr other woorthy prayſes which they haue iuſtly deſerued, this had not beene the leaſt, to be counted amongeſt men of learning and ſkill, more like vnto the Grecians than vnto the Gothians in handling of their verſe."[2] The ſentiments of another cotemporary critic on this ſubject were ſomewhat different. "In queene Maries time floriſhed aboue any other Doctour *Phaer*, one that was well learned, and excellently well tranſlated into Engliſh verſe Heroicall, certaine bookes of *Virgils Æneidos*. Since him followed Maiſter *Arthure Golding*, who with no leſſe commendation turned into Engliſh meetre the Metamorphoſis of *Ouide*, and that other Doctour who made the ſupplement to thoſe bookes of *Virgils Æneidos*, which Maiſter Phaer left vndone." Again, he commends "*Phaer* and *Golding*, for a learned and well corrected verſe, ſpecially in tranſlation cleare, and very faithfully anſwering their authours intent."[3]

I learn from Coxeter's notes, that the *Faſti* were tranſlated into Engliſh verſe before the year 1570.[4] If ſo, the many little pieces now current on the ſubject of *Lucretia*, although her legend is in Chaucer, might immediately originate from this ſource. In 1568 occurs a *Ballett called the grievious complaynt of Lucrece*.[5] And afterwards, in the year 1569[-70], is licenſed to James Roberts, *A Ballet entituled the death of Lucryſſie*.[6] Theſe publications might give riſe to Shakeſpeare's *Lucrece*, which appeared in 1594. At this period of our poetry, we find the ſame ſubject occupying the attention of the

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[1] [Daniel, in his *Apology for Ryme*, 1603, ſeems to mean *blank verſe* when he ſpeaks of *ſingle numbers*.—PARK.]

[2] Fol. [60, edit. 1570.] [3] Puttenham's *Arte of Engliſh Poeſie*, 1589, lib. i. ch. [31.]

[4] [No one has ever heard, I believe, of ſuch a tranſlation. Coxeter's authority is always very ſuſpicious.]

[5] Collier's *Extracts Reg. Stat. Co.*, 1848, i. 182. Warton adds, a little further on, on what appears to be very doubtful ground: "There is alſo a ballad of the legend of *Lucrece*, printed in 1576." The ſtory might however have been taken from Livy: as was *The Tragicall Comedie of Apius and Virginia*, licenſed in 1567, but now only known in an edition of 1575.]

[6] [Collier *ut ſupr.* i. 226.]

public for many years, and ſucceſſively preſented in new and various forms by different poets. Lucretia was the grand example of conjugal fidelity throughout the Gothic ages.[1]

The fable of *Salmacis and Hermaphroditus*, in the fourth book of the *Metamorphoſes*, was tranſlated by Thomas Peend, or De la Peend, in 1565, [and printed in that or the enſuing year.[2]] I have ſeen it only among Antony Wood's books in the Aſhmolean Muſeum, [now removed to the Bodleian; but a ſecond copy is at Althorp.] An epiſtle is prefixed, addreſſed to Nicolas Saint Leger eſquire, from the writer's ſtudy in Chancery Lane, oppoſite Serjeants' Inn. At the end of which is an explanation of certain poetical words occurring in the poem. In the preface he tells us, that he had tranſlated great part of the *Metamorphoſes*; but that he abandoned his deſign, on hearing that another, undoubtedly Golding, was engaged in the ſame undertaking. Peend has a recommendatory poem prefixed to Studley's verſion of Seneca's *Agamemnon* in 1566. In 1562, was licenſed *The boke of Perymus and Theſbye*, copied perhaps in the *Midſummer Night's Dream*. I ſuppoſe a tranſlation from Ovid's fable of *Pyramus and Thiſbe*.[3]

The fable of Narciſſus had been tranſlated, and printed ſeparately in 1560, by a nameleſs author, *The fable of Ovid treting of Narciſſus tranſlated out of Latin into Engliſh mytre, with a moral thereunto, very pleſante to rede*.[4] The tranſlator's name was luckily ſuppreſſed.

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[1] It is remarkable that the ſign of Berthelet, the king's printer in Fleet Street, who flouriſhed [between 1529 and 1549], was the Lucretia, or, as he writes it, Lucretia Romana.

There is another Lucretia belonging to our old poetic ſtory. Laneham, in his narrative of the queen's viſit at Kenilworth Caſtle in 1575, mentions among the favourite ſtory-books, *Lucres and Eurialus*, p. 34. [See *Handbk. of E. E. Lit.* 1867, art. SYLVIUS. But to the information there given, it may be added that licenſe was given in 1569 to W. (not T.) Norton to print the book.] This ſtory was firſt written in Latin proſe, and partly from a real event, about the year 1440, by Æneas Sylvius, then imperial poet and ſecretary, afterwards Pope Pius the Second. It may be ſeen in *Epiſtolarum Laconicarum et Selectarum Farragines duæ*, collected by Gilbertus Cognatus, Baſil, 1554, 12mo. (See *Farrag.* ii. p. 386.) In the courſe of the narrative, Lucretia is compared by her lover to Polyxena, Venus, and Amelia. The laſt is the Emilia of Boccaccio's *Theſeid*, or Palamon and Arcite. p. 481.

[2] [It was licenſed in 1565-6. See Collier *ut ſupr.* i. 123. It begins:

"Dame Venus, once by Mercurye
Compreſt, a chylde did beare,
For beuty farre excellyng all
That erſt before hym weare."—*Park.*]

[3] In quarto. Lond. for T. Hackett. Bl. lett. [No copy has ever been ſeen in modern times, ſo far as I am aware. See Collier's *Extracts, ut ſupr.* i. 79-80.]

[4] I know not whether the following were regular verſions of Ovid, or poems, formed from his works now circulating in Engliſh. Such as, *The Ballet of Pygmalion*, To R. Jones, in 1568. *Reg.* fol. 176, a. Afterwards reprinted and a favourite ſtory. There is the *Ballet of Pygmalion*, in 1568. Ibid. fol. 176, a.—A ballet entituled the *Golden Apple*, to W. Pickering, in 1568. Ibid. fol. 175, a. *A ballet intituled, Hercules and his Ende*, to W. Griffith, in 1563. Ibid. fol. 102, b. There is alſo, which yet may be referred to another ſource, *A ballet intituled the Hiſtory of Troilus*, "whoſe troth had been well tryed," to Purfoot, in 1565. Ibid. fol. 134, b. This occurs again in 1581, and 1608. Again, in 1567, *The ballet of Acriſious*,

But at the cloſe of the work are his initials, "Finis. T. H."[1] Annexed to the fable is a moraliſation of twice the length in the octave ſtanza. Almoſt every narrative was anciently ſuppoſed or made to be allegorical, and to contain a moral meaning. I have enlarged on this ſubject in the *Diſſertation* on the *Geſta Romanorum*. In the reign of Elizabeth, a popular ballad had no ſooner been circulated than it was converted into a practical inſtruction, and followed by its moraliſation. The old regiſters of the Stationers afford numerous inſtances of this cuſtom, which was encouraged by the increaſe of Puritaniſm.[2] Hence in Randolph's *Muſes Looking-glaſs*, where two

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that is, Acriſius the father of Danae. Ibid. fol. 177, b. Alſo, *A ballet of the meſyrable ſtate of King Medas*, or Midas, in 1569. Ibid. fol. 185, b. Theſe are a few and early inſtances out of many.

There is likewiſe, which may be referred hither, a booke intitled *Procris and Cephalus* divided into four parts, licenſed Oct. 22, 1595, to J. Wolfe, [and printed by him. It is a dull poem by Thomas Edwards. No perfect copy is known.]

There is alſo, at leaſt originating from the Engliſh Ovid, a paſtoral play, preſented by the queen's choir-boys, Peele's *Arraignement of Paris*, in 1584. And I have ſeen a little novel on that ſubject, with the ſame compliment to the queen, by Dickenſon, in 159[8]. By the way, ſome paſſages are transferred from that novel [*Greene in Conceipt*, &c., 1598] into another written by Dickenſon, *Ariſbas, Euphues amidſt his ſlumbers, or Cupid's Iourney to hell*, &c., 1594. One of them, where Pomona falls in love with a beautiful boy named Hyalus, is as follows. Signat. E 3. "She, deſirous to winne him with ouer-cloying kindneſſe, fed him with apples, gaue him plumes, preſented him peares. Having made this entrance into her future ſolace, ſhe would vſe oft his company, kiſſe him, coll him, check him, chucke him, walke with him, weepe for him, in the fields, neere the fountaines, ſit with him, ſue to him, omitting no kindes of dalliance to woe him," &c. I have ſelected this paſſage, becauſe I think it was recollected by Shakeſpeare in the *Midſummer Night's Dream*, where he deſcribes the careſſes beſtowed by the queen of the fairies on her *loved* boy, act [iv.], ſc. i :—

> "Come, ſit thee down upon this flowery bed
> While I thy amiable cheeks do coy,
> And ſtick muſk roſes in thy ſleek ſmooth head.
> I have a ventrous fairy that ſhall ſeek
> The ſquirrel's hoard," &c.

[Dyce's 2nd edit. 1868, ii. 304-5.] See alſo, act ii. ſc. i. In the *Arraignement of Paris* juſt mentioned, we have the ſame ſubject and language :

> "Playes with Amyntas luſty boye, and coyes him in the dales."

To return. There is, to omit later inſtances, *A proper ballet dialogue-wiſe between Troylus and Creſſida*, Jun. 23, in 1581. *Regiſtr. Station.* B. fol. 180, b. A ballad, *A mirror meete for wanton and inſolent dames by example of Meduſa kinge of Phorcius his daughter*. Feb. 13, 1577. Ibid. fol. 145, b. Ibid. fol. 248, b. *Narciſſus* and *Phaeton* were turned into plays before 1610. See Heywood's *Apol. for Actors*. Lilly's *Sappho and Phao, Endimion*, and *Midas*, are almoſt too well-known to be enumerated here. Among Harington's *Epigrams*, is one entitled, *Ouid's Confeſſion tranſlated into Engliſh for General Norreyes*, 1593. *Epigr.* 85, lib. iii. Of this I know no more. The ſubject of this note might be much further illuſtrated.

[1] [It is ſuppoſed that T. H. may be the initials of the printer Hacket : the work appears to have been written ſome years before it was publiſhed, from the unpoliſhed and archaic ſtyle.]

[2] As, *Maukin was a Coventry mayde*, moraliſed in 1563. *Regiſtr.* A. fol. 102, a. With a thouſand others. I have ſeen other moraliſations of Ovid's ſtories by the Puritans. One by W. K. or William Kethe, a Scotiſh divine, no unready rhymer, mentioned above. In our ſinging-pſalms, the pſalms 70, 104, 122, 125, 134, are ſignatured with W. K. At the end of Knox's *Appellation*, 1558,

Puritans are made ſpectators of a play, a player, to reconcile them in ſome degree to a theatre, promiſes to *moraliſe* the plot: and one of them anſwers,

> That moralizing
> I do approve: it may be for inſtruction.[1]

Ovid's *Ibis* was tranſlated, and illuſtrated with annotations, by Thomas Underdowne born, and I ſuppoſe educated, at Oxford. It was printed at London in 1569,[2] with a dedication to Thomas Sackville, Lord Buckhurſt,[3] the author of *Gorboduc*, and entitled, *Ouid his inuective againſt Ibis Tranſlated into Engliſh meeter, whereunto is added by the Tranſlator a ſhort draught of all the ſtories and tales contayned therein, very pleaſant to read.*" The notes are large and hiſtorical. There was a ſecond edition in 1577.[4] This is the firſt ſtanza:

> Whole fiftie yeares be gone and paſt
> Since I alyue haue been
> Yet of my Muſe ere now there hath
> No armed verſe be ſeene.[5]

The ſame author [had] opened a new field of romance, and which ſeems partly to have ſuggeſted Sir Philip Sydney's *Arcadia*, in tranſlating into Engliſh proſe the ten books of Heliodorus's Ethiopic hiſtory, [before 1568]. This work, the beginning of which was afterwards verſified by Abraham Fraunce in 1591, is dedicated to Edward Earl of Oxford, [and was publiſhed without date, but probably in 1569, in which year it was licenſed. There are ſeveral later impreſſions.] The knights and dames of chivalry, Sir Triſtram and Bel Iſoulde,

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is pſalm 93, turned into metre by Kethe. He wrote, about the ſame time [*A Ballet declaringe the fal of the whore of babylon intytuled Tye thy mare tom boye*, &c., reviewed by Collier, (Bibl. Cat. 1865, i. 424-5),] ſee Strype, *Ann. Ref.* vol. ii. B. i. ch. 11, p. 102, edit. 1725. Another is by J. K. or John Keper, mentioned above as another coadjutor of Sternhold and Hopkins, and who occurs in [T. Howell's] *Arbor of Amitie*, [1568, 8vo. This work is] dedicated to ladie Anne Talbot.

[Another ballad by William Kethe occurs among ſeveral metrical relics in the library of the Society of Antiquaries. It is thus entituled:

> "Of miſrules contending with God's worde by name,
> And then, of ones judgment that heard of the ſame."—*Park.*
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> See Lemon's *Catalogue*, 1866, p. 6.]

[1] Act 1, ſc. ii., edit. Oxf. 1638, 4to. Again, Mrs. Flowerdew ſays, "Pray, ſir, continue the moralizing."—Act iii. ſc. 1.

[2] See *Regiſtr. Station.* A. fol. 177, b.

[3] [To this diſtinguiſhed nobleman the tranſlator profeſſes to have inſcribed his book, for the "good affection" his honour had to his "deare father, Steuen Underdowne. And bycauſe (he adds) the ſenſe is not eaſy otherwiſe to be underſtanded, I have drawne a briefe draught of al the ſtoryes and tales contayned therein, which are ſo many as I dare affirme, in the like volume a man may not read anywhere: ſo that I doubt not, the reading hereof will be very pleaſant to your Honor, and perhaps profytable alſo."—*Park.*]

[4] Salmacis and Hermaphroditus was tranſlated [in] 1602. [Beaumont] tranſlated part of Ovid's *Remedy of Love*. As did Sir T. Overbury the whole ſoon afterwards; [the latter verſion was printed in 1620, and is republiſhed in the *Works*, ed. Rimbault.]

[5] This work is reviewed by Collier (*Bibl. Cat.* ii. 73-7).]

now began to give place to new lovers and intrigues: and our author publiſhed the *excellent Hiſtorye of Theſeus and Ariadne*, [which was] moſt probably ſuggeſted by Ovid, [and] which was printed at London in 1566.[1]

The *Elegies of Ovid*, which convey the obſcenities of the brothel in elegant language, but are ſeldom tinctured with the ſentiments of a ſerious and melancholy love, were tranſlated by Chriſtopher Marlowe below mentioned, and printed [at London in 1596, or thereabout, with the fictitious imprint of Middleburgh.] This book was burnt at Stationer's Hall, in 1599, by command of the Archbiſhop of Canterbury, and the Biſhop of London.[2]

Ovid's *Remedy of Love* had a tranſlator in 1599.[3] This verſion was printed the next year under the title of *Ovidius Naſo his Remedie of Love. Tranſlated and Intituled to the Youth of England.* [At the end of the dedication occur the unidentified initials, F. L.]

The *heroical Epiſtles* of Ovid, with Sabinus's Anſwers, were ſet out and tranſlated by George Turbervile, a celebrated writer of poems in the reign of Queen Elizabeth, and of whom more will be ſaid in his proper place. This verſion was printed [twice] in 1567, and followed by [three other] editions.[4] It is dedicated to Thomas Howard Viſcount Byndon.[5] Six of the epiſtles are rendered in blank verſe, the reſt in four-line ſtanzas. Turbervile was a polite ſcholar, and ſome of the paſſages are not unhappily turned. From Penelope to Ulyſſes:[6]

To thee that lingreſt all too long
Thy wife (Vliſſes) ſendes:
'Gayne write not: but by quicke returne
For abſence make amendes.
O that the ſurging ſeas had drencht
That luſtfull Letcher tho:
When he to Lacedæmon came
Inbarkt, and wrought our woe.

[But Sir Thomas Chaloner *the Elder*, who died in 1565, has the merit of having been the firſt to tranſlate into our language any por-

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[1] [Collier, *ubi ſupr.* ii. 458-9.]

[2] [I believe there were five if not ſix different impreſſions, in deſpite of eccleſiaſtical interdiction. The firſt of theſe had appeared in 1596, as Harington's *Metamorphoſis of Ajax* ſufficiently aſcertains. A duplicate verſion of Eleg. xv. lib. i. is aſcribed to B. J. probably Ben Jonſon, and if ſo, muſt have been his earlieſt printed production.—*Park.* The book was doubtleſs printed as late as 1640, but with the old (falſe) imprint retained in ſucceſſive editions.]

[3] Under the ſame year occur *Ovydes Epiſtles in Englyſhe*, and *Ovydes Metamorphoſes* in *Englyſhe*. Ibid. fol. 57, a. There ſeems to have been ſome difficulty in procuring a licence for the *Comedie of Sappho*, [Lyly's *Sapho and Phao*,] Apr. 6, 1583. *Regiſtr.* B. fol. 198, b.

[4] I find entered to Henry Denham, 1565-6, a *boke* called "the fyrſte epeſtle of Ovide." *Regiſtr. Station.* A. fol. 148, b. Again, the ſame year to the ſame, "An epeſtle of Ovide beynge the iiijth epeſtle." Ibid. fol. 149, a. In the ſame year, to the ſame, the reſt of Ovid's Epiſtles. Ibid. fol. 152, a. [But no ſeparate iſſue has come down to us. The probability is, that the epiſtles were entered ſectionally thus merely to guard againſt foreſtallers.]

[5] [Edit. without date (1569), ſign. (a. 7).]

tion of Ovid's Epiſtles. He ſelected that of *Helen to Paris;* his verſion was never printed, but it has been preſerved among the Harington MSS., and is included in the laſt edition of *Nugæ Antiquæ.*]

I add here that Mantuan, who had acquired the rank of a claſſic, was alſo verſified by Turbervile [and printed in 1567, 8vo. There were later editions in 1572 and 1594, 8vo. The ſame writer publiſhed in the enſuing year (1568), alſo in 8vo., the then popular work of Mancinus *De Quatuor Virtutibus* in Engliſh. He dedicated this performance to the Counteſs of Warwick.]

Coxeter ſays, that he had ſeen one of Ovid's Epiſtles tranſlated by Robert Earl of Eſſex. This I have never ſeen;[1] and, if it could be recovered, I truſt it would only be valued as a curioſity. A few of his ſonnets are in the Aſhmolean Muſeum, which have no marks of poetic genius. He is a vigorous and elegant writer of proſe. But if Eſſex was no poet, few noblemen of his age were more courted by poets. From Spenſer to the loweſt rhymer he was the ſubject of numerous ſonnets, or popular ballads. I will not except Sydney. I could produce evidence to prove, that he ſcarce ever went out of England, or even left London, on the moſt frivolous enterpriſe, without a paſtoral in his praiſe, or a panegyric in metre, which was ſold and ſung in the ſtreets. Having intereſted himſelf in the faſhionable poetry of the times, he was placed high in the ideal Arcadia now juſt eſtabliſhed: and among other inſtances which might be brought, on his return from Portugal in 1589 he was complimented [by George Peele, the eminent dramatic writer, with a gratulatory eclogue, in which he was deſcribed as "the renowned Shepheard of Albions Arcadia."][2] This is a light in which Lord Eſſex is ſeldom viewed. I know not if the Queen's fatal partiality, or his own inherent attractions, his love of literature, his heroiſm, integrity, and generoſity, qualities which abundantly overbalance his preſumption, his vanity and impetuoſity, had the greater ſhare in dictating theſe praiſes. If adulation were any where juſtifiable, it muſt be when paid to the man who endeavoured to ſave Spenſer from ſtarving in the ſtreets of Dublin, and who buried him in Weſtminſter Abbey with becoming ſolemnity. Spenſer was perſecuted by Burleigh, becauſe he was patroniſed by Eſſex.

Thomas Churchyard, who will occur again, rendered the three firſt [books] of the *Triſtia*, which he dedicated to Sir Chriſtopher Hatton, and printed at London in 1580.[3]

Among Coxeter's papers is mentioned the *ballet* of Helen's epiſtle to Paris, from Ovid, in 1570, by B. G. [It has been thought

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[1] [Nor anybody elſe.]

[2] [Printed in the editions of Peele's *Works*, by Dyce. See edit. 1861, 560, *et ſeqq.*]

[3] In quarto. An entry appears in 1577 and 1581. Regiſtr. Station. [Reprinted for the Roxburghe Club, 1816.

*Pr.* "My little booke (I blame thee not)
To ſtately towne ſhall goe;
O cruell chaunce that where thou goeſt,
Thy maiſter may not ſo."—*Park.*]

this might be Bernard Garter, the well-known verſifier; but as the *ballet* referred to by Coxeter is not known, it is difficult to ſay.] The title of ballad was often applied to poems of conſiderable length. [But it ſeems to be more than queſtionable whether the *Murninge of Edward Duke of Buckingham*, licenſed in 1557-8, was not ſome ſuch fugitive piece as occurs in Additional MS. 15,225, in the Britiſh Muſeum, rather than (as has been conjectured ſomewhat haſtily) Sackville's *Legend of Buckingham.*][1] A romance or hiſtory verſified, ſo as to form a book or pamphlet, was ſometimes called a ballad. As *A ballett intituled an hiſtory of Alexander, campaſpe and apelles, and of the faythfull fryndeſhippe betwene them*, [licenſed to] Colwell, in 1565[-6.][2] This was [not] from the grand romance of Alexander.[3] Sometimes a ballad is a work in proſe. I cannot ſay whether *a ballet intituled the Encorraggen all kynde of men to the reedyſinge and buyldynge of powles ſteple agayne*, [licenſed in 1565-6,] was a pathetic ditty or a pious homily, or both. A play or interlude was ſometimes called a ballet, as [W. Wager's interlude of the *Cruel Detter* is termed]. Religious ſubjects were frequently called by this vague and indiſcriminating name. In 1561[-2,] was regiſtered for publication *A new ballett of iiij^er^ of the commandementes:*] that is, four of the Ten Commandments in metre. Again, among many others of the ſame kind, as Puritaniſm gained ground, "A ballet intituled *The xvij^th^ chapter of the iiij^th^ [ſecond] boke of Kynges*,"[4] And I remember to have ſeen, of the ſame period, a ballad of the firſt chapter of Geneſis. John Hall, above mentioned, wrote or compiled [before] 1564: "*The Courte of Vertue*,[5] contayning many holy or

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[1] See Collier's *Extracts Reg. Stat. Co.* 1848-9, i. 4, and *Handb. of E. E. Lit.* 1867, art. BUCKINGHAM (H. Stafford, D. of).]

[2] *Regiſtr. Station.* A. fol. 137, b.

[3] There is, under the year 1565, *A ballet of kynge Polliceute* [f. Polyeuctes] *to the tune of Appelles.*—Ibid. fol. 133, b. Alſo, *The Songe of Appelles*, in the ſame year.—*Ibid.* fol. 138, a. By the way, Lyly's *Campaſpe*, firſt printed in [1584,] might originate from theſe pieces.

[4] *Ibid.* fol. 166, a.

[5] [In 1557 was licenſed to Henry Sutton, *The Courte of Venus.* See Herbert's *Ames*, p. 846. To this licentious publication, of which Douce poſſeſſed a fragment [ſee *Handb. of E. E. Lit.* 1867, art. VENUS], John Hall deſigned his *Courte of Vertue* as a moral and religious antidote. In his metrical prologue it is thus deſcribed and ſtigmatized, as the ſtudy of looſe readers:

> "A booke alſo of ſonges they have,
> And Venus' Court they doe it name:
> No fylthy mynde a ſonge can crave,
> But therin he may finde the ſame:
> And in ſuch ſonges is all their game."

Naſhe alſo, in his *Anatomie of Abſurditie*, 1589, paſſed a cenſure on *Venus' Court*. As the *Courte of Vertue*, by Hall, is a book of uncommon rarity, I ſubjoin a ſhort ſpecimen. It is taken from a ditty named *Blame not my lute*:

> "Blame not my lute, though it doe ſounde
> The *rebuke*[1] of your wicked ſinne,

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[1] A quibble probably on *rebeck.*]

ſpretuall ſonges, ſonnettes, pſalmes, balletts, and ſhorte ſentences, as well as of holy ſcripture, as others."

It is extraordinary that Horace's *Odes* ſhould not have been tranſlated within the period of which we are ſpeaking.[1] [The firſt tranſlator of any portion of the *Satires* appears to have been Lewis Evans, a ſchoolmaſter, one of the numerous editors (at ſucceſſive dates) of the *Dictionary* of Withals, and a controverſial writer. Evans rendered into Engliſh the two firſt ſatires, which were printed by Thomas Colwell, probably in 1565, having been licenſed the year before. No copy of the firſt ſatire is known; but the exiſtence of a copy of the ſecond, printed on a ſheet, ſeems to prove that both were printed.] In the year 1566, Thomas Drant publiſhed what he called *A Medicinable Morall, that is, the two Bookes of Horace his Satyres Englyſhed, acordyng to the preſcription of Saint Hierome,*[2] &c. It is dedicated to "my Lady Bacon and my Lady

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But rather ſeke, as ye are bound,
To know what *caſe* that ye are in:
And though this ſong doe ſinne confute,
And ſharply wyckednes rebuke:
Blame not my lute.

"If my lute blame the covetyſe,
The glottons and the drunkards vyle,
The proud diſdayne of worldly wyſe,
And howe falſhood doth truth exyle;
Though vyce and ſinne be nowe in place,
In ſtead of vertue and of grace:
Blame not my lute.

"Though wrong in juſtice' place be ſet
Committing great iniquitie:
Though hipocrites be counted great
That mainteine ſtyll idolatrie:
Though ſome ſet more by thynges of nought
Then by the Lorde, that all hath wrought:
Blame not my lute.

"Blame not my lute, I you deſyre,
But blame the cauſe that we thus playe:
For burnyng heate blame not the fyre
But hym that blow'th the cole alway.
Blame ye the cauſe, blame ye not us,
That we mens faultes have touched thus:
Blame not my lute."—*Park.*

The only remains of the *Court of Venus* at preſent known is the firſt ſheet in 8vo. of an edition "newly and diligently corrected:" this was ſold among Mr. Bright's books in 1845. Douce's fragment did not go to the Bodleian. The poem from the *Court of Vertue*, cited by Park, is a moralization of a lyrical piece then recently publiſhed, but to which I have miſlaid my reference.]

[1 Horace's *Odes* found their firſt tranſlator in 1621 in the perſon of John Aſhmore of Ripon, but he executed only a few. A verſion of the whole, from the pen of Sir T. Hawkins, appeared in 1625.]

[2] That is, *Quod malum eſt muta, quod bonum eſt prode*, from his Epiſtle to Rufinus. At the end of this tranſlation are, *The wailyngs of the Prophet Hieremiah done into Englyſhe verſe. Alſo Epigrammes.* T. Drant. *Antidotis ſalutaris amator. Peruſed and allowed accordyng to the Quenes Maieſties Iniunctions* Of the Epigrams four are in Engliſh, and ſeven in Latin. This book is ſaid to be authoriſed by the Biſhop of London. The argument of the *Jeremiah*, which he compared with the Hebrew and the Septuagint, begins [edit. 1566, ſign. I 4.]:

Cecill fauourers of learning and vertue.[1] The following year appeared, *Horace his Arte of Poetrie, Piſtles, and Satyrs Engliſhed, and to the earle of Ormounte by Thomas Drant addreſſed.*[2] This verſion is very paraphraſtic, and ſometimes parodical. In the addreſs to the reader prefixed, our tranſlator ſays of his Horace, "I haue tranſlated him ſumtymes at Randun. And nowe at this laſt time welnye worde for word, and lyne for lyne. And it is maruaile that I, being in all myne other ſpeaches ſo playne and perceaueable, ſhould here deſyer or not ſhun to be harde, ſo farre forth as I can kepe the lernynge and ſayinges of the author." What follows is too curious not to be tranſcribed, as it is a picture of the popular learning, and a ridicule of the idle narratives, of the reign of Queen Elizabeth. "But I feare me a number do ſo thincke of thys booke, as I was aunſwered by a prynter not longe agone: Though ſayth he (Sir,) your boke be wyſe and ful of learnyng, yet peraduenture it wyl not be ſaileable: Signifying indeede, that ſlim flames and gue gawes be they neuer ſo ſleight and ſlender, are ſoner rapte vp thenne are thoſe which be lettered and Clarkly makings. And no doubt the cauſe that bookes of learnynge ſeme ſo hard is, becauſe ſuch and ſo greate a ſcull of amarouſe [amorous] Pamphlets haue ſo preoccupyed the eyes and eares of men, that a multytude belieue ther is none other ſtyle or phraſe ells worthe gramercy.[3] No bookes ſo ryfe or ſo

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"Ieruſalem is iuſtlie plagude,
And lefte diſconſolate,
The dame of towns the prince of realms
Deueſted from her ſtate."

[According to Ritſon, Chriſtopher Fetherſtone publiſhed, in 1587,] *Lamentations of Jeremye in proſe and, meeter in Engliſh, with Tremellius's Annotations to the proſe.* See Donne's *Poems*, p. 306, *ſeq.* 1633.

[1] No ſuch inſcription occurs in a copy before me, apparently quite complete.]

[2] With a Greek motto. In the front of the dedication he ſtyles himſelf "Maiſter of Arte, and Student in Diuinitye."

[3] We have this paſſage in a poem [by Breton] called *Paſquils Mad*[*cappe*,] 1600, fol. 36:

"And tell proſe writers, ſtories are ſo ſtale,
That pennie ballads make a better ſale."

And in Burton's *Melancholy*, fol. 122, edit. 1624. "If they reade a booke at any time, 'tis an Engliſh Chronicle, *Sir Huon of Bordeaux*, or *Amadis de Gaule*, a playe booke, or ſome pamphlett of newes." Holinſhed's and Stowe's *Chronicles* became at length the only faſhionable reading. In the *Guls Hornebook*, 1609, p. 21, it is ſaid, "The top [the leads] of ſaint Paules containes more names than Stowes *Chronicle*." That the ladies now began to read novels we find from this paſſage, "Let them learne plaine workes of all kinde, ſo they take heed of too open ſeaming. Inſteade of ſonges and muſicke, let them learne cookerie and laundrie. And inſtead of reading ſir Philip Sidneys *Arcadia*, let them reade the *Groundes of good Huſwifery*. I like not a female poeteſſe at any hand. There is a pretty way of breeding young maides in an Exchange-ſhop, or Saint Martines le Grand. But many of them gett ſuch a fooliſh trick with carrying their band-box to gentlemen's chambers," &c.—Powell's *Tom of all Trades*, 1631, pp. 47-8.

Female writers of poetry ſeem to have now been growing common: for, in his *Arte of Engliſh Poeſie*, Puttenham ſays, "Darke worde, or doubtfull ſpeach, are not ſo narrowly to be looked vpon in a large poeme, nor ſpecially in the pretie Poeſies and deuiſes of Ladies and Gentlewomen-makers, whom we would not haue too preciſe Poets, left with their ſhrewd wits, when they were maried, they might become a little too phantaſticall wiues."—*Lib.* III. ch. xxi. p. 209. Decker, in the

frindly red, as be theſe bokes. But if the ſettyng out of the wanton tricks of a payre of louers (as for example let theym be cawled Sir Chaunticleare and Dame Partilote), to tell how their firſte conbination of loue began, how their eyes floted, and howe they anchored, their beames mingled one w̃ the others bewtye: then, of their perplexed thowghts, their throwes, their fancies, their dryrye driftes, now interrupted, now vnperfyted: their loue dayes, their gaude dayes, their ſugred words, and their ſugred ioyes. Afterward howe enuyous fortune through this chop or that chaunce, turned their bleſs to baile, ſeuerynge too ſuch bewtiful faces & dewtiful harts. Laſt at partynge to ad to an oration or twane, interchangeably had betwixt the two wobegone perſons, the one thicke powderd wyth manly paſſionat pangs, the other watered with womaniſh teares. Then to ſhryne them vp to God Cupid, and make Martires of them both, and therwyth an ende of the matter." Afterwards, reverting to the peculiar difficulty of his own attempt, he adds, "Neyther any man which can iudge, can iudge it one and the like laboure to tranſlate Horace, and to make and tranſlate a loue booke, a ſhril tragedye, or a ſmoth and platleuyled poeſye. Thys can I trulye ſay of myne owne experyence, that I can ſoner tranſlate twelve verſes out of the Greeke Homer than ſixe oute of Horace." Horace's ſatirical writings, and even his Odes, are undoubtedly more difficult to tranſlate than the narrations of epic poetry, which depend more on things than words: nor is it to be expected, that his ſatires and epiſtles ſhould be happily rendered into Engliſh at this infancy of ſtyle and taſte, when his delicate turns could not be expreſſed, his humour and his urbanity juſtly reliſhed, and his good ſenſe and obſervations on life underſtood. Drant ſeems to have ſucceeded beſt in the exquiſite *Epiſtle to Tibullus*, which I will therefore give entire.

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*Guls Horne-book*, 1609, in the chapter "How a gallant ſhould behave himſelf in a play-houſe," mentions the neceſſity of hoarding up a quantity of play-ſcraps to be ready for the attacks of the "Arcadian and Euphuiſed gentlewomen."—Ch. vi. p. 27 *ſeq.* Edward Hake, in *A Touchſtone for this time preſent* [1574], ſpeaking of the education of young ladies, ſays, that the girl is "eyther altogither kept from exerciſes of good learning, and knowledge of good letters, or elſe ſhe is ſo nouſeled in amorous bookes, vaine ſtories, and fonde trifeling fancies," &c.—Sign. c 4. He adds, after many ſevere cenſures on the impiety of dancing, that "the ſubſtaunce which is conſumed in twoo yeares ſpace vppon the apparaill of one meane gentlemans daughter, or vppon the daughter or wife of one citizen, woulde bee ſufficient to finde a poore ſtudent in the vniuerſitye by the ſpace of foure or five yeares at the leaſt."—*Ibid.* ſign. D 2. But if girls are bred to learning, he ſays, "It is for no other ende, but to make them companions of carpet knights, and giglots for amorous louers."—*Ibid.* ſign. c 4. Gabriel Harvey, in his elegy *De Aulica*, or character of the Maid of Honour, ſays, among many other requiſite accompliſhments,

> "Saltet item, pingatque eadem, doctumque poema
> Pangat, nec Muſas neſciat illa meas."

See his *Gratulationes Valdinenſes*, 1578, lib. iv. p. 21. He adds, that ſhe ſhould have in her library, Chaucer, Lord Surrey, and Gaſcoigne, together with ſome medical books.—*Ibid.* p. 22.

*To Albius Tibullus, a deuiſor.*[1]

Tybullus, frend and gentle iudge
Of all that I do clatter,[2]
What doſt thou all this while abroade,
How might I learne the matter?
Doſt thou inuent ſuch worthy workes
As Caſſus poemes paſſe?
Or doſte thou cloſelie creeping lurcke
Amid the wholſome graſſe?
Addicted to Philoſophie,
Contemning not a whitte
Thats[3] ſeemelie for an honeſt man,
And for a man of witte:[4]
Not thou a bodie withoute breaſt!
The Goddes made the t' excell
In ſhape, the goddes haue lent the goodes,
And arte to vſe them well.
What better thinge vnto her childe
Can wiſhe the mother kinde
Then wiſedome, and in fyled frame[5]
To vtter owte his minde:
To haue fayre fauoure, fame enoughe,
And perfect ſtaye and health;
Things trim at will, and not to feele
The emptie ebb of wealth:
Twixte hope to haue, and care to kepe,
Twixte feare and wrathe, awaye
Conſumes the time: eche daye that cummes,
Thinke it the latter daye.
The hower that cummes unloked for
Shall cum more welcum ay.
Thou ſhalt fynde me fat and wel fed,
As pubble[6] as may be;
And, when thou wilt, a merrie mate,
To laughe and chat with the.[7]

Drant undertook this verſion in the character of a grave divine, and as a teacher of morality. He was educated at St. John's College in Cambridge; where he was graduated in theology in the year 1569.[8] The ſame year he was appointed Prebendary of Chicheſter and of Saint Paul's. The following year he was inſtalled Archdeacon of Lewes in the cathedral of Chicheſter. Theſe preferments he probably procured by the intereſt of Grindall, Archbiſhop of York, of whom he was a domeſtic chaplain.[9] He was a tolerable Latin poet. He tranſlated the *Eccleſiaſtes* into Latin hexameters, which he dedicated to Sir Thomas Heneage, a common and a liberal patron of theſe times, and printed in 1572. At the beginning and end of this work are ſix ſmaller pieces in Latin verſe. Among theſe are the firſt ſixteen lines of a paraphraſe on the Book

[1] An inventor, a poet.
[2] He means to expreſs the looſe and rough verſification of the *Sermones*.
[3] That which is.
[4] Knowledge, wiſdom. *Sapientia*.
[5] Having a comely perſon. Or, to ſpeak with elegance.
[6] [Plump.—*Ritſon.*]
[7] Signat. C. iiij. [edit. 1567.]
[8] [Cooper's *Athenæ Cantabr.* 1858, i. 384.]
[9] MS. Tan.

of *Job*. He has two miſcellanies of Latin poetry extant, the one entitled *Sylva*, dedicated to Queen Elizabeth, and the other *Poemata varia et externa*. The laſt was printed at Paris, from which circumſtance we may conclude that he travelled.[1] In the *Sylva*, he mentions his new verſion of David's Pſalms, I ſuppoſe in Engliſh verſe.[2] In the ſame collection he ſays he had begun to tranſlate the Iliad, but had gone no further than the fourth book.[3] He mentions alſo his verſion of the Greek *Epigrams* of Gregory Nazianzen,[4] [of which all that is known at preſent is, that they were licenſed to T. Marſh in 1567-8, and that they were printed probably in 1568, in 8vo. A fragment of four leaves, commencing with a head-line: "Here begynneth the Epigrames," is in the Bodleian, among Douce's books.] But we are at a loſs to diſcover whether the former was an Engliſh or Latin verſion. The indefatigably inquiſitive Biſhop Tanner has collected our tranſlator's ſermons, ſix in number, which are more to be valued for their type than their doctrine, and at preſent are of little more uſe than to fill the catalogue of the typographical antiquary.[5] Two of them were preached at Saint

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[1] Drant has two Latin poems [in] Nevill's *Kettus*, 1575. Another to John Seton's *Logic*, with Peter Carter's annotations, 1574. And to the other editions. Seton was of Saint John's in Cambridge, chaplain to Biſhop Gardiner for ſeven years, and highly eſteemed by him. Made D.D. in 1544. Inſtalled Prebendary of Winchester, Mar. 19, 1553. Rector of Henton in Hampſhire, being then forty-two years old, and B.D. See A. Wood, MS. C. 237. He is extolled by Leland for his diſtinguiſhed excellence both in the claſſics and philoſophy. He publiſhed much Latin poetry. See Strype's *Eliz.* p. 242. Carter was alſo of St. John's, in Cambridge. Another, with one in Engliſh, to John Sadler's Engliſh verſion of Vegetius's *Tactics*, done at the requeſt of Sir Edmund Brudenell, and addreſſed to the Earl of Bedford, 1572. He has a Latin epitaph or elegy on the death of Doctor Cuthbert Scot, deſigned Biſhop of Cheſter, but depoſed by Queen Elizabeth for Popery: who died a fugitive at Louvaine, 1565. He probably wrote this piece abroad. A Latin copy of verſes, *De ſeipſo*, is prefixed to his *Horace*. [For a further notice of Drant and his productions, the reader may be referred to Brydges' *Reſtituta*, i. 19-22; Cooper's *Athenæ, ut ſupr.*; and *Handb. of E. E. Lit.* 1867, *in v.*]

[Drant's reply to Shaklock's *Epigram*, or rather Shaklock's *Epitaphe upon the death of Cuthbert Skotte*, occurs in the Britiſh Muſeum. Two ſhort poems are added by Drant: 1. To the unknowen tranſlator of Shaklockes verſes: 2. To Shaklockes *Portugale*. A copy of Drant's *Præſul et Sylva*, in the ſame library, has ſome Engliſh dedicatory lines prefixed in manuſcript, and addreſſed to Queen Elizabeth, whoſe ears or attention, he ſays, he never could attain, though his—

"Sences all, and ſowl and every ſpritt,
Fain of her fame her prayſments wold inditt."—*Park.*]

[2] Fol. 56. [3] Fol. 75. [4] Fol. 50.

[5] Codd. Tanner Oxon. Two are dedicated to Thomas Heneage. Three to Sir Francis Knollys. Date of the earlieſt, 1569. Of the lateſt, 1572. In that preached at court, 1569, he tells the ladies he can give them a better clothing than any to be found in the queen's wardrobe: and mentions the ſpeedy downfal of their "high plumy heads." Signat. K v. I find the following note by Biſhop Tanner: "Thomæ Drantæ Angli Andvordingamii Præſul. Dedicat. to Archbiſhop Grindal, Pr. Ded.—*Illuxit ad extremum dies ille.*" [By *Andvordinghamii*, we are of courſe to underſtand the writer's native place, Hagworthingham, co. Lincoln.] His father's name was Thomas.

Mary's hoſpital.[1] Drant's lateſt publication is dated in 1572. [He is ſuppoſed to have died young in 1578.]

I am informed from ſome manuſcript authorities, that in the year 1571, Drant printed an Engliſh tranſlation from Tully, which he called, *The choſen eloquent oration of Marcus Tullius Cicero for the poet Archias, ſelected from his orations, and now firſt publiſhed in Engliſh.*[2] I have never ſeen this verſion,[3] but I am of opinion that the tranſlator might have made a more happy choice. For in this favourite piece of ſuperficial declamation, the ſpecious orator, when he is led to a formal defence of the value and dignity of poetry, inſtead of illuſtrating his ſubject by inſiſting on the higher utilities of poetry, its political nature, and its importance to ſociety, enlarges on the immortality which the art confers, on the poetic faculty being communicated by divine inſpiration, on the public honours paid to Homer and Ennius, on the eſteem with which poets were regarded by Alexander and Themiſtocles, on the wonderful phenomenon of an extemporaneous effuſion of a great number of verſes, and even recurs to the trite and obvious topics of a ſchool-boy in ſaying, that poems are a pleaſant relief after fatigue of the mind, and that hard rocks and ſavage beaſts have been moved by the power of ſong. A modern philoſopher would have conſidered ſuch a ſubject with more penetration, comprehenſion, and force of reflection. His excuſe muſt be, that he was uttering a popular harangue.

Hiſtorical ballads occur about this period with the initials T. D. Theſe ſtand for Thomas Deloney, a famous ballad writer of theſe times, mentioned by Kemp, one of the original actors in Shakeſpeare's plays, in his *Nine Daies Wonder*, 1600. Kemp's miraculous morris-dance, performed in nine days from London to Norwich, had been miſrepreſented in the popular ballads, and he thus remonſtrates againſt ſome of their authors: "I haue made a priuie ſearch what priuate jig-monger of your jolly number had been the author of theſe abhominable ballets written of me. I was told it was the great ballet-maker T. D. or Tho. Deloney, chronicler of the memorable liues of the 6. yeomen of the weſt, Jack of Newbery, the Gentle-craft,[4] and ſuch like honeſt mē, omitted by Stow, Hollinſhead, Graftō, Hal, froyſart, and the reſt of thoſe wel deſeruing writers."[5]

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[1] At Saint *Maries Spittle*. In the ſtatutes of many of the ancient colleges at Oxford and Cambridge, it is ordered, that the candidates in divinity ſhall preach a ſermon, not only at Paul's Croſs, but at Saint Mary's Hoſpital in Biſhopſgate Street, "ad Hoſpitale beatæ Mariæ."

[See Stowe, an. 1476. The Mayor of London and his brethren uſed to hear the ſermon at Eaſter there. This was one of the places to which the Lady Margaret left xxs. for a dirge and maſs. See *Royal Wills*, p. 360. The annual Spittle Sermon is ſtill preached, and was made to attract much public attention by Dr. Parr on a late occaſion.—*Park.*]

[2] MSS. Coxeter.

[3] [Nor, to my knowledge, has any one elſe been ſo fortunate.]

[4] "A booke called the *Gentle Crafte* intreating of Shoomakers," is entered to Ralph Blore, Oct. 19, 1597.—*Regiſtr. Station.* C. fol. 25, a. See alſo *ibid.* fol. 63, a, [and *Handb. of E. E. Lit.* 1867, art. DELONEY.]

[5] [This paſſage occurs at the end of the tract, in a ſort of poſtſcript. See Mr. Dyce's ed. 1840, p. 20. Warton's tranſcript was ſtrangely incorrect.]

## SECTION LIX.

THE earlieſt tranſlator of any portion of Martial into Engliſh was probably Henry Howard, Earl of Surrey who, in *Tottel's Miſcellany*, not printed till many years after the Earl's death, has a verſion of *Martialis ad Seipſum*. The next was William Baldwin, the firſt collector of the materials for the *Mirror for Magiſtrates*, and the principal author of the portion publiſhed in 1559, and often afterwards. Baldwin annexed ſome ſpecimens of the Latin poet to his *Treatiſe of Moral Philoſophy*, 1547. He was followed in 1571 by ſome perſon whoſe name has not tranſpired, and who executed in Latin, Engliſh, and Welſh another tranſlation of *Martial to Himſelf*, taken from the tenth Book of the Epigrams.]

The Epigrams of Martial were [next] tranſlated [alſo] in part by Timothy Kendall, born at North Aſton in Oxfordſhire, ſucceſſively educated at Eton and at Oxford, and afterwards a ſtudent of the law at Staples Inn. This performance, which cannot properly or ſtrictly be called a tranſlation of Martial, is dedicated to Robert, Earl of Leiceſter. The epigrams tranſlated are from Martial, Pictorius, Borbonius, Politian, Bruno, Textor, Auſonius, the Greek anthology, Beza, Sir Thomas More, Henry Stephens, Haddon,[1] Parkhurſt,[2] and others. But by much the greater part is from Martial.[3] It is charitable to hope that our tranſlator Timothy Kendall waſted no more of his time at Staples Inn in culling theſe fugitive bloſſoms. Yet he has annexed to theſe verſions his *Triſtes*, or juvenile epigrams, which are dated the ſame year,[4] [and which are of conſiderable in-

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[1] Walter Haddon's *Poemata*, containing a great number of metrical Latin epitaphs, were collected [in 1567, and were re-]publiſhed with his *Life*, and verſes at his death, by Giles Fletcher and others, in 1576. See T. Baker's Letters to Biſhop Tanner, MS. Bibl. Bod.

[Kendall tranſlated his *Precepts of Wedlocke* from the Latin poems of Haddon: they may be ſeen in Mr. Ellis's *Specimens*, vol. ii.—*Park.*]

[2] John Parkhurſt, Biſhop of Norwich, a great reformer, publiſhed *Ludicra ſive Epigrammata juvenilia*, 1572. Alſo, *Epigrammata Seria*, Lond. 1560, 8vo. [No ſuch book is now known.] He died in 1574. See Wilſon's *Epitaphia on Charles and Henry Brandon*, 1551.

[3] Kendall is mentioned among the Engliſh Epigrammatiſts by Meres, *ubi ſupr.* fol. 274.

[4] The firſt line is:

"Borbon in France bears bell awaie."

That is, Nicholas Borbonius, whoſe *Nugæ* or Latin Epigrams, then celebrated, have great elegance. But Joachim du Bellay made this Epigram on the title:

"Paule, tuum inſcribis Nugarum nomine librum,
In toto libro nil melius titulo."

tereſt and value from a biographical point of view, as they throw much light on the poet's family. Sheppard, the printer of his book, was his brother-in-law.

Meres, in his *Palladis Tamia*, 1598, mentions that Chriſtopher Johnſon, head-maſter of Wincheſter ſchool, and afterwards a phyſician, tranſlated Homer's *Batrachomyomachia*, in Latin hexameters, and this was licenſed to T. Purfort, January 4, 1579-80,] but no copy is at preſent known. Thomas Watſon, author of *The paſſionate century of Love*, publiſhed a Latin *Antigone* in 1581, [dedicated to Philip Howard, Earl of Arundel.[1]] The latter, however, ſhows at this time an attention to the Greek tragedies.

Chriſtopher Marlowe, educated in elegant letters at Cambridge, Shakeſpeare's cotemporary on the ſtage, often applauded by Queen Elizabeth as a judicious player, eſteemed for his poetry by Jonſon and Drayton, and one of the moſt diſtinguiſhed tragic poets of his age, tranſlated Coluthus's *Rape of Helen* [*by Paris*] into Engliſh rhyme, in the year 1587.[2] I have never ſeen it; and I owe this information to the manuſcript papers of a diligent collector of theſe fugacious anecdotes.[3] But there is entered, in 1595, *A booke entituled Raptus Helenæ, Helens Rape by the Athenian duke Theſeus*, [and it was printed the ſame year. This was the production, aſſuredly not of Marlowe, but of John Truſſel, and is written in 6-line ſtanzas.] Coluthus's poem was probably brought into vogue, and ſuggeſted to Marlowe's notice, by being paraphraſed in Latin verſe the preceding year by Thomas Watſon, the writer of ſonnets juſt mentioned.[4] [In] the year 1598 appeared [no fewer than three editions or iſſues of] Marlowe's [paraphraſe] of *Hero and Leander*, the elegant proluſion of an unknown ſophiſt of Alexandria. It was left unfiniſhed by Marlowe's death;[5] but [was licenſed in the ſame year to John Wolfe, the printer. One of the editions of 1598, the earlieſt now known to exiſt, contains merely the firſt and ſecond Seſtyads, the work of Marlowe himſelf (who, according to Malone, however, executed a portion of the third):

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Our countryman Owen, who had no notion of Borbonius's elegant ſimplicity, was ſtill more witty:

"Quas tu dixiſti Nugas, non eſſe putaſti,
Non dico Nugas eſſe, ſed eſſe puto."

[1] In quarto. Licenſed to R. Jones, Jul. 31, 1581. *Ibid.* fol. 182, b, [but it was printed by John Wolfe, perhaps for Jones.]

[2] ["Surely Warton could not mean, that the book entered to Jones in 1595, was perhaps Marlowe's verſion of Coluthus; for Coluthus relates the rape of Helen by Paris, not by Theſeus."—*Dyce.*]

[3] MSS. Coxeter.

[4] [I have never ſeen Watſon's *Coluthus*, and am unacquainted with any repotor y which poſſeſſes a copy.]

[5] [Naſhe in his *Lenten Stuffe*, 1599, aſks whether any body in Yarmouth hath heard of Leander and Hero, of whom divine Muſæus ſung, and a diviner Muſe than him Kit Marlow? p. 42. It is the ſuggeſtion of Mr. Malone, that if Marlow had lived to finiſh his *Hero and Leander*, he might perhaps have conteſted the palm with Shakeſpeare in his *Venus and Adonis* and *Lucrece*. Shakſp. vol. x. p. 72, edit. 1791. Marlow's tranſlation of Ovid's *Elegies* is noticed, *ſupr.*—*Park.*]

the other edition contains the entire poem, completed by another writer, George Chapman,[1] and dedicated by him to Lady Walſingham. Warton proceeds:] At length George Chapman, the tranſlator of Homer, completed, but with a ſtriking inequality,[2] Marlowe's unfiniſhed verſion, and printed it in [1598.][3] It probably ſuggeſted to Shakeſpeare the alluſion to *Hero and Leander* in the *Midſummer Night's Dream*, under the player's blunder of *Limander and Helen*, where the interlude of Thiſbe is preſented.[4] It has many nervous and poliſhed verſes.[5] His tragedies manifeſt traces of a juſt dramatic conception, but they abound with tedious and unintereſting ſcenes, or with ſuch extravagances as proceeded from a want of judgment and thoſe barbarous ideas of the times, over which it was the peculiar gift of Shakeſpeare's genius alone to triumph and to predominate.[6] His *Tragedy of Dido Queen of*

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[1] [In 1598 appeared alſo *The Second Part of Hero and Leander*, as it is called, by H. Petowe, the author of three other known poetical volumes. But, as Warton himſelf has pointed out, this "is a mere continuation from the Italian." Mr. Dyce has furniſhed ſome ſpecimens of Petowe's ſtyle and verſification in his edition of Marlowe, 1850.] See Petowe's *Preface*, which has a high panegyric on Marlowe. He ſays he begun where Marlowe left off. The tranſlation, as the entire work of Marlowe, is mentioned twice in Naſhe's *Lenten Stuff*, 1599. It occurs again in the regiſters of the Stationers, in 1597, 1598, and 1600. *Regiſtr.* C, fol. 31, a, 34, a. I learn from Mr. Malone that Marlowe finiſhed only the two firſt Seſtiads, and about one hundred lines of the third. Chapman did the remainder.

[2] [Chettle, in his *Englands Mourning Garment*, does not admit of this inequality, when he deſcribes Chapman as

"Coryn, full of worth and wit,
That finiſh'd dead Muſæus' gracious ſong,
With grace as great, and words and verſe as fit."

To the joint verſion of Marlow and Chapman, Cokain thus alludes in his *Remedy for Love:*

"*Muſæus* Engliſhed by two poets ſhun;
It may undo you though it be well done."

Dr. Anderſon, however, is of opinion, that the work is worthy of republication. *Britiſh Poets.—Park.* Of an earlier verſion of *Hero and Leander* mention has been made already.]

[3] [It was reprinted in 1600, 1606, 1609, 1613, 1629, and 1637.]

[4] Act v. ſc. *ult.*

[5] The "Ballad of Hero and Leander" [by W. Meaſh, is entered to J. White, Jul. 2, 1614, *Regiſtr. Station.* C, fol. 252, a. Burton, an excellent Grecian, having occaſion to quote *Muſæus*, cites Marlow's verſion—*Melancholy*, p. 372, *ſeq.* fol. edit. 1624.

[6] Naſh, in his Elegy prefixed to Marlowe's *Dido*, mentions five of his plays. [As the Elegy by Naſh is not in any of the few copies of *Dido* at preſent known, it would ſeem to be loſt irretrievably; but that it once exiſted is unqueſtionable. Malone, who applied to Warton for further particulars on this ſubject, has left the following MS. note in his copy of the play: "He (Warton) informed me by letter that a copy of this play was in *Oſborne's Catalogue* in the year 1754; that he then ſaw it in his ſhop (together with ſeveral of Mr. Oldys's books that Oſborne had purchaſed), and that the elegy in queſtion 'on Marlowe's untimely death,' was inſerted immediately after the title-page."—*Dyce.*] I have before mentioned the Latin tragedy of *Dido and Eneas*, performed at Oxford, in 1583, before the Prince Alaſco. See what Hamlet ſays to the firſt Player on this favorite ſtory. In 1564, was entered a *Ballet of a lover blamynge his fortune by Dido and Eneas for*

*Carthage* was completed and publiſhed by his friend Thomas Naſh, in 1594.[1]

Although Jonſon mentions Marlowe's *Mighty* [*Line*,] yet the higheſt teſtimony Marlowe has received, is from his cotemporary Drayton, who from his own feelings was well qualified to decide on the merits of a poet. It is in Drayton's Elegy, *To my moſt dearely-loued friend Henry Reynolds, Eſquire, of Poets and Poeſie:*

> "Next Marlow, bathed in the Theſpian ſprings
> Had in him thoſe braue tranſlunary things,
> That the firſt poets had: his raptvres were
> All ayre, and fire, which made his verſes clere:
> For that fine madnes ſtill he did retaine
> Which rightly ſhould poſſeſſe a Poets braine." [2]

In the *Return from Parnaſſus*, a ſort of critical play, acted at Cambridge in 1606, [but written during the reign of Elizabeth,] Marlowe's buſkined *Muſe* is celebrated.[3] His cotemporary Decker, Jonſon's antagoniſt, having allotted to Chaucer and "graue" Spenſer, the higheſt ſeat in the Elyſian "grove of Bayes," has thus arranged Marlowe. "In another companie ſat learned Atchlow[4] and, (tho he had ben a player molded out of their pennes, yet becauſe he had been their louer and regiſter to the Muſe) inimitable Bentley;[5] theſe

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*thayre vntruthe.—Regiſtr. Station.* A, fol. 116, a. In the *Tempeſt*, Gonzalo mentions the "widow Dido," act iii. ſc. 1. On old ballads we read the *Tune of Queen Dido* [which is merely another name for that popular production, *The Wandering Prince of Troy*.] Perhaps from ſome ballad on the ſubject, Shakeſpeare took his idea of Dido ſtanding with a willow in her hand on the ſea-ſhore, and beckoning Eneas back to Carthage.—*Merch. Ven.*, act v. ſc. 1. Shakeſpeare has alſo ſtrangely falſified Dido's ſtory, in the *S. P. of King Henry VI.*, act iii. ſc. ii. [The *Dido and Æneas*, performed by the Lord Admiral's ſervants in 1597-8, Mr. Halliwell (*Dict. of O. P.* 1860) thinks, may have been an alteration of Marlowe's *Dido*.]

[1] It is by no means certain that Marlowe left his play of *Dido* incomplete, or that Naſh had any ſhare in its compoſition. A Latin play of this name, by John Rightwiſe, was performed before Queen Elizabeth, at Cambridge, in 1564, and Gager's *Dido* was played before Prince Alaſco, as Warton mentions, in 1583, at Oxford. It is alſo in Latin, and was printed at Oxford, 1592, 8vo.]

[2] Edit. [1627, p. 206]. That Marlowe was a favourite with Jonſon, appears from the Preface to Boſworth's *Chaſte and Loſt Lovers*, 1651,] which ſays, that Jonſon uſed to call the mighty lines of Marlowe's *Muſæus* fitter for admiration than parallel. Thomas Heywood, who publiſhed Marlowe's *Jew of Malta* in 1633, wrote the Prologue ſpoken at the Cockpit, in which Marlowe is highly commended both as a player and a poet. It was in this play that Allen, the founder of Dulwich College, acted the Jew with ſo much applauſe. [The *Jew of Malta* was acted in 1591, and licenſed for the preſs in May, 1594; but no edition but that of 1633 is now known.]

[3] [Hawkins's *Old Pl.* iii. p. 215. [There were two editions in 1606, 4to. one of which has important corrections.] See other cotemporary teſtimonies of this author, in *Old Plays* (in 12 vols.) Lond. 1780, 12mo. vol. ii. 308.

[4] [The other edition of this tract, without date, introduces at this place "learned Watſon, induſtrious Kyd, and ingenious Atchlow." Watſon has been mentioned as a ſonneteer, and Kyd was a writer of tragedy.—*Park.* Atchlow, as he is here called, was the ſame Thomas Achelley who tranſlated Bandello's *Didaco and Violanta*, 1576, 8vo. and has commendatory verſes before Watſon's *Sonnets*, &c.]

[5] [Naſh thus ſpeaks of Bentley in his *Pierce Pennileſſe*, after noticing Ned Allen and the principal actors: "If I write any thing in Latine (as I hope one day I ſhall), not a man of any deſert here amongſt us, but I will have up:—

were likewiſe carowſing out of the holy well, &c. Whilſt Marlowe, Greene, and Peele, had gott under the ſhadow of a large vyne, laughing to ſee Naſhe, that was but newly come to their colledge, ſtill haunted with the ſame ſatyricall ſpirit that followed him here vpon earth."[1]

Marlowe's wit and ſprightlineſs of converſation had often the unhappy effect of tempting him to ſport with ſacred ſubjects; more perhaps from the prepoſterous ambition of courting the caſual applauſe of profligate and unprincipled companions, than from any ſyſtematic diſbelief of religion. His ſcepticiſm, whatever it might be, was conſtrued by the prejudiced and peeviſh Puritans into abſolute atheiſm: and they took pains to repreſent the unfortunate cataſtrophe of his untimely death, as an immediate judgment from heaven upon his execrable impiety.[2] He was in love, and had for his rival, to uſe the ſignificant words of Wood, a "bawdy ſervingman, one rather fitter to be a pimp, than an ingenious *amoretto*, as Marlowe conceived himſelf to be."[3] The conſequence was, that an affray enſued; in which the antagoniſt having by ſuperior agility gained an opportunity of ſtrongly graſping Marlowe's wriſt, plunged his dagger with his own hand into his own head. Of this wound he died [at Deptford, June 1], 1593.[4] One of Marlowe's tragedies is, *The* [*Tragicall*

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Tarlton, Knell, Bentley, ſhall be made known to Fraunce, Spayne, and Italie," &c. Heywood, in his *Apology*, celebrates "Knell, Bentley, Mills, Wilſon, and Lanam, as players who, by the report of many judicial auditors, performed many parts ſo abſolute, that it were a ſin to drowne their works in Lethe." John Bentley is introduced by Ritſon in *Bibl. Poetica*, as the author of a few ſhort poems in [the Cornwallis MS. of Old Engliſh Poetry]. Robert Mills, a ſchoolmaſter of Stamford, has various verſes in one of Rawlinſon's MSS. in the Bodleian Library, entitled *Miſcellanea Poetica*, temp. Eliz.—*Park.*]

[1] *A Knights Conjuring*, 1607, ſign. L. To this company Henry Chettle is admitted, and is ſaluted in bumpers of Helicon on his arrival. ["In comes Chettle, ſweating and blowing, by reaſon of his fatnes: to welcome whom, becauſe he was of olde acquaintance, all roſe up and fell preſentlie on their knees, to drink a health to all lovers of Helicon."—*Park.*]

[2] See Beard's *Theatre of God's Judgments*, lib. i. ch. xxiii. And "Account of the blaſphemous and damnable opinions of Chriſt. Marley and 3 others, who came to a ſudden and fearfull end of this life."—*MSS. Harl.* 6853, 80, fol. 320. [For the ſake of expoſing Mr. Warton's urbane though injudicious apology for the atheiſm of Marlow, this paper was printed in Ritſon's *Obſervations*, and it too glaringly exhibits the diabolical tenets and debauched morals of unhappy Chriſtopher Marlow.—*Park.* "It is not eaſy for me to reſiſt the conviction that Marlowe's impiety was more confirmed and daring than Warton and others have been willing to allow."—*Dyce.* But Mr. Dyce was not aware that in Henry Oxenden of Canterbury's Common-place Book, 1647, the name given only in cypher in the copies of the narrative printed by him are found written at length. It is Aldrich, a gentleman, who ſeems to have remembered the poet, and who was ſtill living at Canterbury, or in the vicinity, in Oxenden's own time.]

[3] *Ath. Oxon.* vol. i. p. 338. See Meres, *Wits Tr.* fol. 287.

[4] [Marlowe's Works, ed. 1850, xxxiii.] Marſton ſeems to allude to this cataſtrophe, *Certaine Satyres*, 1598, *Sat.* ii.

"Tis looſe-leg'd Lais, that ſame common drab,
For whom good Tubrio tooke the mortall ſtab."

By the way, Marlowe in his *Edward the Second* [*Works*, edit. 1850, ii. 199]

*Hiſtory of Doctor Fauſtus*, of which the firſt known edition is dated 1604: it was often reprinted.][1] A proof of the credulous ignorance which ſtill prevailed, and a ſpecimen of the ſubjects which then were thought not improper for tragedy. A tale, which at the cloſe of the ſixteenth century had the poſſeſſion of the public theatres of our metropolis, now only frightens children at a puppet-ſhow in a country town. But that the learned John Fauſt continued to maintain the character of a conjuror in the ſixteenth century even by authority, appears from a *Ballad of the Life and Deathe of doctor Fauſtus, the great Congerer* which, in 1588[-9], was licenſed to be printed by the learned Aylmer, Biſhop of London.[2] [Surely, this is not a whit more extraordinary than the fate of Virgil, as ſhown in the fabulous romance of *Virgilius*.

Mr. Dyce, in his edition of Marlowe's Works, 1850, a fine, though late tribute to the great writer's memory, has printed the tranſlation or paraphraſe (for Marlowe could not tranſlate) of the *Firſt Book of Lucan*, which was printed in 1600, 4to. and is mentioned on the title-page of the reprint of *Hero and Leander* in that year, as if it was intended to form part of the latter. But no copy has been found, in which the *Lucan* was ſo annexed, although I believe that Malone bound up the two together.]

As Marlowe, being now conſidered as a tranſlator, and otherwiſe being generally ranked only as a dramatic poet, will not occur again, I take this opportunity of remarking here, that the delicate ſonnet called the *Paſſionate Shepherd to his Love*, falſely attributed to Shakeſpeare, and which occurs in the third act of *The Merry Wives of Windſor*, followed by the nymph's *Reply*, was written by Marlowe.[3] Iſaak Walton, in his *Compleat Angler*, a book perhaps compoſed about the year 1640, although not publiſhed till 1653, has inſerted this ſonnet with the reply, under the character of "that ſmooth ſong which was made by Kit Marlowe, now at leaſt fifty years ago: and an Anſwer to it which was made by Sir Walter Raleigh, in his younger days: 'old faſhioned poetry, but choicely good.'" In *Englands Helicon*, a miſcellany of the year 1600, it is printed with Chriſtopher Marlowe's name, and followed by the *Reply*, ſubſcribed

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ſeems to have ridiculed the Puritans under the character of the ſcholar Spencer, who "ſays a long grace at a tables end, wears a little band, buttons like pins heads." [Baldock is made to ſay:]

> "which made me curate-like in mine attire,
> Though inwardly licentious enough," &c.

[It is at leaſt probable that Marlowe dreſſed his ſcholar from what he ſaw worn in or before the year 1593. Small conical buttons, &c. were then the prevailing faſhion. See the pictures of Lord Southampton, Sir Philip Sidney, and Sir Walter Raleigh, who was "curate-like" in his attire.—*Aſhby*.]

[1] Entered, I think for the firſt time, to T. Buſhell, Jan. 7, 1600[-1.] *Regiſtr. Station.* C, fol. 67, b. [Again,] 1610, Sept. 13, to J. Wright.—*Ibid.* fol. 199, b.

[2] [*Notes and Queries*, 2nd Series, xii. 242, where, however, there is no reference to any ſpecial licence of this piece by Aylmer.]

[3] See Steevens's *Shakeſp.* vol. i. p. 297, edit. 1778.

*Ignoto.*[1] That Marlowe was admirably qualified for what Mr. Maſon, with a happy and judicious propriety, calls pure poetry, will appear from the following paſſage of his forgotten tragedy of *Edward the Second*, written in the year 1590,[2] and firſt printed in 1598. The higheſt entertainments then in faſhion are contrived for the gratification of the infatuated Edward, by his profligate minion Piers Gaveſton.[3]

I muſt haue wanton poets, pleaſant wits,
Muſicians, that with touching of a ſtring
May drawe the plyant king which way I pleaſe.
Muſic and poetry is his delight;
Therefore I'll haue Italian maſques by night,
Sweet ſpeeches, comedies, and pleaſing ſhewes.
And in the day, when he ſhall walke abroad,
Like ſylvan Nymphs my pages ſhall be clad,
My men like Satyrs, grazing on the lawnes,
Shall with their goat-feet dance the antic hay.
Sometime a Louely Boy, in Dians ſhape,[4]
With haire that gildes the water as it glides,
Crownets of pearle about his naked armes,
And in his ſportfull handes an oliue-tree,
* * * * *
Shall bathe him in a ſpring: and there hard by,
One, lyke Acteon, peeping through the groue,
Shall by the angry goddeſs be transform'd.——
Such thinges as theſe beſt pleaſe his maieſtie.[5]

It muſt be allowed that theſe lines are in Marlowe's beſt manner. His chief fault in deſcription is an indulgence of the florid ſtyle, and an accumulation of conceits, yet reſulting from a warm and brilliant fancy. As in the following deſcription of a river:

I walkt along a ſtreame for pureneſſe rare,
Brighter then ſun-ſhine: for it did acquaint
The dulleſt ſight with all the glorious pray,
That in the pebble-paued chanell lay.

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[1] Signat. P 4, edit. 1614. [The publiſher of *Englands Helicon* never conceals the names of his writers where he knows them; where he does not, he ſubſcribes the word *Ignoto* (Anonymous).—*Ritſon.* See alſo Hannah's *Courtly Poets from Raleigh to Montroſe*, 1870, p. 217.

*The Nymphs Reply to the Shepherd* is in *Englands Helicon.* [Malone's copy of *Englands Helicon*, 1600, had been Pearſon's and Steevens's. All the copies ſeem to differ in ſome trifling minutiæ, and three of the four known have, in ſeveral places, ſlips with new ſignatures paſted over the old ones, ſhewing that, after the work had been printed off, the publiſher found reaſon to change his mind as to the authorſhip of certain pieces. See Collier's *Bibl. Cat.* 1865, i. 71-3.]

[2] ["Warton incidentally mentions that Marlowe's *Edward the Second* was 'written in the year 1590;' and, for all we know, he may have made the aſſertion on ſufficient grounds, though he has neglected to ſpecify them. Mr. Collier, who regards it (and no doubt, rightly) as one of our author's lateſt pieces, has not attempted to fix its date. It was entered in the Stationers' Books 6th July, 1593, and firſt printed in 1598."—*Dyce.*]

[3] [It ſeems ſomewhat remarkable, that Marlowe, in deſcribing the pleaſures which Gaveſton contrived to debauch the infatuated Edward, ſhould exactly employ thoſe which were exhibited before the ſage Elizabeth. But to her they were only occaſional and temporary relaxations.—*Aſhby.*]

[4] That is, acting the part of Diana.

[5] [Works, ed. 1850, ii. 167.]

No molten Chryſtall, but a Richer mine,
Euen natures rareſt alchemie ran there,
Diamonds reſolud, and ſubſtance more diuine,
Through whoſe bright gliding current might appeare
A thouſand naked Nymphes, whoſe yuorie ſhine
Enameling the bankes, made them more deare[1]
Then euer was that gloriovs *Pallas* gate,
Where the day-ſhining ſunne in trivmph ſate.[2]
Vpon this brim, the Eglantine, and Roſe,
The Tamariſke, Oliue, and the Almond tree,
As kind companions in one vnion growes,
Folding their twindring armes as oft we ſee
Turtle-taught louers either other cloſe,
Lending to dulneſſe feeling Sympathie:
And as a coſtly vallance[3] ore a bed,
So did their garland tops the brooke oreſpred.
Their leaues that differed both in ſhape and ſhowe,
(Though all were greene) yet difference ſuch in greene
Like to the checkered bent of *Iris* bowe,
Prided the running maine as it had beene, &c.[4]

Philips, Milton's nephew, in a work which I think diſcovers many touches of Milton's hand, calls Marlowe "A kind of a ſecond Shakeſpeare... not only becauſe like him he roſe from an Actor to be a Maker of Plays, though inferiour both in fame and merit, but alſo, becauſe in his begun poem of *Hero and Leander*, he ſeems to have a reſemblance of that clean and unſophiſticated wit, which is natural to that incomparable poet."[5] Criticiſms of this kind were not common, after the national taſte had been juſt corrupted by the falſe and capricious refinements of the court of Charles the Second.[6]

Ten books of Homer's *Iliad* were tranſlated from a metrical French verſion [by M. Hugues Salel, 1555,] into Engliſh by Arthur Hall, eſquire, of Grantham, and a member of parliament,[7] and printed at London in 1581. This tranſlation has no other merit than that of being the firſt appearance of a part of the *Iliad* in an

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[1] Precious.

[2] The deſcription of the palace of the ſun was a favourite paſſage in Golding's *Ovid*.

[3] Canopy. Shakeſpeare means a rich bed-canopy in *Sec. P. Henr. IV.* act iii. ſc. i.

"Under the canopies of coſtly ſtate."

[4] See *Englands Parnaſſus*, 1600, fol. [480. It is ſingular to obſerve the variations between Warton's tranſcript and the original which he employed (now before me).]

[5] [*Theatrum Poetarum* (1675), edit. 1824, p. (xvii).]

[6] [The beſt account of Marlowe and his writings is in Mr. Dyce's edition, 1850, 3 vols. 8vo.]

[7] [In 1580, Henry Bynneman was ſummoned to the bar of the Houſe of Commons for publiſhing an account of Hall's quarrel with one Melchiſedeck Mallerie, in a letter from F. A. to L. B. A copy of this tract is in the Grenville collection, and it is reprinted in the *Miſcellanea Antiqua Anglicana*].

[Hall was expelled by the Commons for this libel upon them. A copy of the judgment againſt him may be ſeen in *Harl. Miſcell.* v. 265. In the Lanſdowne MSS. vol. 31, are his complaint of the rigour of the lower houſe of parliament, and

Engliſh dreſs.[1] He ſometimes conſulted the Latin interpretation, where his French copy failed. It is done in the Alexandrine of Sternhold. In the Dedication to Sir Thomas Cecil he compliments the diſtinguiſhed tranſlators of his age, Phaer, Golding, Jaſper Heywood, and Googe, together with the worthy works of Lord Buckhurſt, "and the pretie pythie Conceits of M. George Gaſcoygne." He adds, that he began this work about 1563, under the advice and encouragement of "Mr. [Roger] Aſkame [a very good Grecian,] and a familiar acquaintance of Homer."

But a complete and regular verſion of Homer was reſerved for George Chapman. He began with printing the *Shield of Achilles*, in 159[8].[2] This was followed by ſeven books of the *Iliad* the ſame year. [Twelve] books were printed [about 1610]. At length appeared without date [but 1611][3] an entire tranſlation of the *Iliad*[4] under the following title, *The Iliads of Homer Prince of Poets. Never before in any languag truly tranſlated. With a comment on ſome of his chiefe places: Donne according to the Greeke by Geo. Chapman.*[5] It is dedicated [like the previous edition,] in Engliſh heroics to Prince Henry [who died at the end of 1612]. Then follows an anagram on the name of his *gracious Mecenas* Prince Henry, and a ſonnet to the *ſole empreſſe of beautie* Queen Anne. In a metrical addreſs to the reader he remarks, but with little truth, that the Engliſh language, abounding in conſonant monoſyllables, is eminently adapted to rhythmical poetry. The doctrine that an allegorical ſenſe was hid under the narratives of epic poetry has not yet ceaſed; and he here promiſes a poem on the myſteries he had newly diſcovered in Homer. In the Preface he declares that the laſt twelve books were tranſlated in fifteen weeks: yet with the advice of his learned and valued friends, Maſter Robert Hews[6] and Maſter Harriots [Thomas Harriot]. It is certain that the whole performance betrays the

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his ſubmiſſion before the lords. The dedication to Homer ſpeaks of the vexations he experienced from his ungoverned youth. He appears to have been a domeſtic ſtudent with Sir Thomas Cecil afterwards Earl of Exeter, and was probably brought in by that family as a member for Grantham.—*Park.*]

[1] [Hall's own copy of Salel's French verſion is in the Br. Muſeum.—*Ritſon.*]

[2] It begins:

"I thee beſeech, O goddeſs milde, the hatefull hate to plaine."

[3] It was licenſed April 8, 1611.

[4] He ſays in his *Commentary* on the firſt book that he had wholly tranſlated again his firſt and ſecond books: but that he did not even correct the ſeventh, eighth, ninth, and tenth. And that he believed his verſion of the twelve laſt to be the beſt. Butter's edit. *ut infr.* fol. 14. [See *Hanb. of E. E. Lit.* 1867, p. 282, for a notice of Warton's copy of Chapman's *Homer.*] Meres, who wrote in 1598, mentions Chapman's "inchoate *Homer*," fol. 285, p. 2. *Ubi ſupr.*

[5] It [has] an engraved title-page by William Hole, with figures of Achilles and Hector, &c.

[6] This Robert Hues, or Huſius, was a ſcholar, a good geographer and mathematician, and publiſhed a tract in Latin on the Globes, Lond. 1593, 8vo. With other pieces in that way. There was alſo a Robert Hughes who wrote a Dictionary of the Engliſh and Perſic. See Wood, *Ath. Oxon.* i. 571; *Hiſt. Antiquit. Univ. Oxon.* lib. ii. p. 288, b.

negligence of haſte. He pays his acknowledgments to his "moſt ancient, learned, and right noble friend, Maſter Richard Stapilton, the firſt moſt deſertfull mouer of the frame of our Homer." He endeavours to obviate a popular objection, perhaps not totally groundleſs, that he conſulted the proſe Latin verſion more than the Greek original. He ſays, ſenſibly enough, "it is the part of euery knowing and iudicious interpreter, not to follow the number and order of words, but the materiall things themſelues, and ſentences to weigh diligently; and to clothe and adorne them with words, and ſuch a ſtile and forme of oration, as are moſt apt for the language into which they are conuerted." The danger lies in too laviſh an application of this ſort of clothing, that it may not diſguiſe what it ſhould only adorn. I do not ſay that this is Chapman's fault: but he has by no means repreſented the dignity or the ſimplicity of Homer. He is ſometimes paraphraſtic and redundant, but more frequently retrenches or impoveriſhes what he could not feel and expreſs. In the mean time, he labours with the inconvenience of an awkward, inharmonious and unheroic meaſure, impoſed by cuſtom, but diſguſtful to modern ears. Yet he is not always without ſtrength or ſpirit. He has enriched our language with many compound epithets, ſo much in the manner of Homer, ſuch as the *ſilver-footed* Thetis, the *ſilver-throned* Juno, the *triple-feathered* helm, the *high-walled* Thebes, the *fair-haired* boy, the *ſilver-flowing* floods, the *hugely-peopled* towns, the Grecians *navy-bound*, the *ſtrong-winged* lance, and many more which might be collected. Dryden reports that Waller never could read Chapman's Homer without a degree of tranſport. Pope is of opinion that Chapman covers his defects "by a daring fiery ſpirit that animates his tranſlation, which is ſomething like what one might imagine Homer himſelf to have writ before he arrived to years of diſcretion." But his fire is too frequently darkened by that ſort of fuſtian which now diſfigured the diction of our tragedy.

He thus tranſlates the compariſon of Diomed to the autumnal ſtar, at the beginning of the fifth book. The lines are in his beſt manner:

> From his bright helme and ſhield did burne, a moſt unwearied fire,
> Like rich Autumnus' golden lampe, whoſe brightneſſe men admire
> Paſt all the other hoſt of ſtarres, when with his chearefull face
> Freſh-waſht in loftie ocean waues, he doth the ſkies enchaſe.[1]

The ſublime imagery of Neptune's proceſſion to aſſiſt the Grecians is thus rendered:

> The woods, and all the great hils neare, trembled beneath the weight
> Of his immortall mouing feet: three ſteps he only tooke,
> Before he far-off Ægæ reach'd: but, with the fourth, it ſhooke
> With his dread entrie. In the depth of thoſe ſeas, did he hold
> His bright and glorious pallace, built of neuer-ruſting gold:
> And there arriu'd, he put in coach his brazen-footed ſteeds
> All golden-maned, and paced with wings,[2] and all in golden weeds

[1] Fol. 63.

[2] having wings on their feet.

Himſelfe he clothed. The golden ſcourge, moſt elegantly done,[1]
He tooke, and mounted to his ſeate, and then the god begun
To drive his chariot through the waues. From whirlpools euery way
The whales exulted under him, and knewe their king: the ſea
For ioy did open, and his horſe[2] ſo ſwift and lightly flew,
The vnder axeltree of braſſe no drop of water drew.[3]

My copy once belonged to Pope; in which he has noted many of Chapman's abſolute interpolations, extending ſometimes to the length of a paragraph of twelve lines.[4] A diligent obſerver will eaſily diſcern that Pope was no careleſs reader of his rude predeceſſor. Pope complains that Chapman took advantage of an unmeaſurable length of line. But in reality Pope's lines are longer than Chapman's. If Chapman affected the reputation of rendering line for line, the ſpecious expedient of chuſing a protracted meaſure which concatenated two lines together, undoubtedly favoured his uſual propenſity to periphraſis.

Chapman's commentary is only incidental, contains but a ſmall degree of critical excurſion, and is for the moſt part a pedantic compilation from Spondanus. He has the boldneſs ſeverely to cenſure Scaliger's impertinence. It is remarkable that he has taken no illuſtrations from Euſtathius, except through the citations of other commentators. But of Euſtathius there was no Latin interpretation.

This volume is cloſed with [eigh]teen ſonnets by the author, addreſſed to the chief nobility.[5] It was now a common practice, by theſe unpoetical and empty panegyrics, to attempt to conciliate the attention, and ſecure the protection, of the great, without which it was ſuppoſed to be impoſſible for any poem to ſtruggle into celebrity. Habits of ſubmiſſion, and the notions of ſubordination, now prevailed in a high degree; and men looked up to peers, on whoſe ſmiles or frowns they believed all ſublunary good and evil to depend, with a reverential awe. Henry Lock ſubjoined to his metrical paraphraſe of Eccleſiaſtes, and his *Sundrie* [*Sonnets of Chriſtian Paſſions*], printed together 1597, a ſet of ſecular ſonnets to the nobility, among whom are Lord Buckhurſt and Anne the amiable counteſs of Warwick; and, not to multiply inſtances, Spenſer in compliance with a diſ-

[1] wrought, finiſhed. [2] for horſes. [3] Fol. 169, *ſeq.*

[4] [Chapman's own copy of his Tranſlation of Homer, corrected by him throughout for a future edition, was purchaſed for 5*s.* from the ſhop of Edwards by Mr. Steevens, and at the ſale of his books in 1800, was transferred to the invaluable library of Mr. Heber.—*Park.*]

[5] To the Duke of Lenox, the Lord Chancellor, Lord Saliſbury Lord Treaſurer, Earl of Suffolk, Earl of Northampton, Earl of Arundel, Earl of Pembroke, Earl of Montgomery, Lord Liſle, Counteſs of Montgomery, Lady Wroth, Counteſs of Bedford, Earl of Southampton, Earl of Suſſex, Lord Walden, [Viſcount Cranborne, Viſcount Rocheſter,] and Sir Thomas Howard. Lady Mary Wroth, here mentioned, wife of Sir Robert Wroth, was much courted by the wits of his age. She wrote a romance called *Urania* [printed in 1621], in imitation of Sir Philip Sydney's *Arcadia*. See Jonſon's *Epigr.* 103, 105. [Works, edit. 1816, viii. 215, 217. The ſonnet to the Lady Arabella Stuart, found in the firſt folio edition, was ſuppreſſed here on political grounds.]

graceful cuſtom, or rather in obedience to the eſtabliſhed tyranny of patronage, prefixed to the *Fairy Queene* fifteen of theſe adulatory pieces, which in every reſpect are to be numbered among the meaneſt of his compoſitions.[1]

[About] the year 1614, Chapman printed his verſion of the *Odyſſey*, which he dedicated to King James's favourite, Carr, Earl of Somerſet. This was ſoon followed by the *Batrachomyomachia*, and the *Hymns* and *Epigrams*.[2]

He alſo tranſlated Heſiod.[3] [Drayton alludes to this verſion of the *Works and Days*, by Chapman, which was printed in 1618, in the following lines:]—

> Others againe here liued in my dayes,
> That haue of vs deſerued no leſſe praiſe
> For their tranſlations, then the daintieſt wit
> That on Parnaſſus thinks he highſt doth ſit,
> And for a chaire may mongſt the Muſes call
> As the moſt curious maker of them all:
> As reuerent Chapman, who hath brought to vs
> *Muſæus*, *Homer*, and *Heſiodus*
> Out of the Greeke: and by his ſkill hath reard
> Them to that height, and to our tongue endeard,
> That were thoſe Poets at this day aliue
> To ſee their bookes thus with vs to ſuruiue,

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[1] This practice is touched by Breton, in *Paſquills Mad Cappe*, 1600, fol. 2. Speaking of every great man:—

> "He ſhall have Ballads written in his praiſe,
> Bookes dedicate vnto his patronage;
> Wittes working for his pleaſure many waies:
> Petigrees ſought to mend his parentage."

[2] *Regiſtr. Station.* A. fol. 177, b. [There is a rude dramatic piece in the nature of an interlude on the ſubject of *Therſytes* in the Devonſhire collection, it was printed about 1550, and conſiſts of only 17 leaves. It has been reprinted for the Roxburghe Club.] And the verſions of Homer perhaps produced a ballad, in 1586, *The Lamentation of Hecuba and the Ladies of Troye.* Aug. 1, to E. White. *Regiſtr. Station*, B. fol. 209, a. Again to W. Mattes, Feb. 22, 1593[-4], *The Lamentation of Troye for the death of Hector.* Ibid. fol. 305, a. [See as to the latter *Handb. of E. E. Lit.* 1867, under I. O.] But I find long before Chapman's time, *A Ballett betweene the myce and the frogges*, licenſed in 1568; and there is a ballad, *A moſte ſtrange weddinge of the frogge and the mouſe*, in 1580. [Mr. Dauney, in his *Ancient Scotiſh Melodies*, 1838, notices that in the "Complaynt of Scotland," which was printed about 1549, a piece called *The Frog cam to the mil dur* is mentioned. He conjectures this may be the ſame with the ballad quoted by Warton. Mr. Dauney enumerates ſeveral other compoſitions of the ſame character, and ſuch indeed are well known. Dr. Rimbault, in his *Book of Songs and Ballads*, 1851, has republiſhed from Ravenſcroft's *Meliſmata*, 1611, a verſion of *The Marriage of the Frogge and the Mouſe.* This is the opening ſtanza:

> "It was the frogge in the well,
> Humble-dum, humble-dum;
> And the merrie mouſe in the mill,
> Tweedle, tweedle, twino."

But there are ſeveral verſions. *The Wedding of the Flye*, preſerved in *Deuteromelia*, 1609, ſeems to be a performance written in imitation of what was probably the earlier ballad].

[3] See alſo Bolton's opinion of Chapman, *ſupr.*

They would think, hauing neglected them ſo long,
They had bin written in the Engliſh tongue.[1]

As an original writer Chapman belongs [chiefly] to the claſs of dramatic poets, and will not therefore be conſidered again at the period in which he is placed by the biographers.[2] His tranſlations, therefore, which were begun before the year 1600, require that we ſhould here acquaint the reader with ſome particulars of his life. He wrote eighteen plays which, although now forgotten, muſt have contributed in no inconſiderable degree to enrich and advance the Engliſh ſtage.[3] He was born in 1557, perhaps in Kent. He paſſed about two years at Trinity College in Oxford, with a contempt of

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[1] [*Works*, ed. 1627, p. 207. Commendatory verſes are prefixed to the *Heſiod* by Drayton and Ben Jonſon: with a dedication to Sir Francis Bacon, Lord Chancellor, who had been a ſtudent of Gray's Inn, to which the following paſſage punningly alludes. "All judgements of this ſeaſon prefer to the wiſedome of all other nations the moſt wiſe, learned and circularly ſpoken Grecians: according to that of the poet—

"*Graiis ingenium, Graiis dedit ore rotundo*
*Muſa loqui.*"

"And why may not this Romane elogie of the *Graians* extend in praiſefull intention to *Graies-Inne* wits and orators?" Thoſe who admire Cooke's verſion of the Works and Days, may yet be pleaſed to ſee the cloſe of Chapman's:

"That man a happy angell waits upon,
Makes rich and bleſſed, that through all his daies
Is knowingly emploid. In all his waies
Betwixt him and the gods, goes ſtill unblam'd:
All their forewarnings and ſuggeſtions fram'd
To their obedience; being directly view'd;
All good endeavour'd, and all ill eſchew'd."—*Park.*]

[2] But this is ſaid not without ſome degree of reſtriction. For Chapman wrote *Ovids Banquet of Sence*, *A Coronet for his miſtreſs Philoſophy and his amorous Zodiac*, 1595. To which is added, *The Amorous Contention of Phillis and Flora*, a tranſlation by Chapman from a Latin poem, written, as he ſays, by a Frier in the year 1400. [This date is a mere figment. A copy of the original Latin is in Harl. MS., 978, and has been printed in Wright's edition of the *Poems Attributed to Walter Mapes*, 1841, p. 258, *et ſeqq.* There was another tranſlation by R. S., Eſq., in 1598, in which free uſe has been made of Chapman's verſion.] There is alſo his [*Andromeda Liberata*], dedicated in a prolix metrical Epiſtle to Carr Earl of Somerſet and Frances his Counteſs, 1614. Chapman wrote a vindication of this piece, both in proſe and verſe, called *A free and offenceleſs Juſtification of a late publiſhed and miſinterpreted poem entitled Andromeda Liberata*, 1614. [A full liſt of Chapman's writings may be found in the editor's *Handbook of E. E. Lit.*]

[3] [In the *Epigrams* of Freeman, 1614, Chapman was thus quaintly complimented for having ſurpaſſed his contemporary playwrights, and more nearly approached to the ſtyle of the writers of ancient comedy.

"Our comedians thou outſtrippeſt quite,
And all the hearers more than all delighteſt;
With unaffected ſtile and ſweeteſt ſtraine
Thy inambitious pen keeps on her pace,
And commeth near'ſt the ancient commicke vaine.
And were Thalia to be ſold and bought,
No *Chapman* but thy ſelfe were to be ſought."—*Park.*

The late Mr. Dyce mentioned to the preſent editor, ſhortly before his death, that he was contemplating the collection of Chapman's plays; but it is not known whether any progreſs had been made toward this deſirable object.]

philoſophy, but in a cloſe attention to the Greek and Roman claſſics.[1] Leaving the Univerſity about 1576, he ſeems to have been led to London in the character of a poet; where he ſoon commenced a friendſhip with Spenſer, Shakeſpeare, Marlowe and Daniel, and attracted the notice of Secretary Walſingham. He probably acquired ſome appointment in the court of King James I.; where untimely death and unexpected diſgrace quickly deprived him of his liberal patrons Prince Henry and Carr. Jonſon was commonly too proud either to aſſiſt or to be aſſiſted; yet he engaged with Chapman and Marſton in writing the comedy of *Eaſtward Hoe*, which was performed by the Children of the Revels in 1605.[2] But this aſſociation gave Jonſon an opportunity of throwing out many ſatirical parodies on Shakeſpeare with more ſecurity. All the three authors, however, were in danger of being pilloried for ſome reflections on the Scotiſh nation, which were too ſeriouſly underſtood by James I. When the ſocieties of Lincoln's Inn and the Middle Temple, in 1613, had reſolved to exhibit a ſplendid maſque at Whitehall in honour of the nuptials of the Palſgrave and the Princeſs Elizabeth, Chapman was employed for the poetry, and Inigo Jones for the machinery. It is not clear, whether Dryden's reſolution to burn annually one copy of Chapman's beſt tragedy, *Buſſy d'Ambois*, to the memory of Jonſon was a cenſure or a compliment.[3] He ſays, however, that this play pleaſed only in the repreſentation, like a ſtar which glitters only while it ſhoots. Wood ſays, that Chapman was "a perſon of moſt reverend aſpect, religious and temperate, qualities rarely meeting in a poet!"[4] The truth is, he does not ſeem to have mingled in the diſſipations and indiſcretions which then marked his profeſſion.[5] He died at the age of ſeventy-ſeven, in 1634, and was buried on the ſouth ſide of Saint Giles's Church in the Fields.[6] His friend Inigo Jones planned and erected

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[1] From the information of Mr. Wiſe, late Radcliffe's librarian, and keeper of the Archives, at Oxford.

[2] The firſt of Chapman's plays, I mean with his name, which appears in the Stationers' Regiſters, is the tragedy of *Charles Duke of Byron*. Entered to T. Thorp, Jun. 5, 1608. Rigiſtr. C. fol. 168, b. [But he had publiſhed the *Blind Beggar of Alexandria* as early as 1598.]

[3] Preface to *Spaniſh Fryer*.

[4] *Ath. Oxon.* i. 592.

[5] [Davies of Hereford, in his *Scourge of Folly*, termed Chapman the "father of our Engliſh poets," and the "treaſurer of their company." And, indeed, ſaid Oldys, his head was a poetical treaſury or chronicle of whatſoever was memorable among the poets of his time, which made him latterly much reſorted to by the young gentry of good parts and education. But he was choice of his company, ſhy of looſe, ſhallow and vain aſſociates, and preſerved in his own conduct the true dignity of poetry, which he compared to the flower of the ſun, that diſdains to open its leaves to the eye of a ſmoking taper.—*MSS. on Langb. in Mus. Brit.—Park.*]

[6] [From the following complaint in Habington's *Caſtara*, which was printed in 1634, it would ſeem that the poet's remains did not obtain ſepulture within the church:—

"'Tis true that Chapman's reverend aſhes muſt
Lye rudely mingled with the vulgar duſt,

a monument to his memory, in the ſtyle of the new architecture, which was unluckily deſtroyed with the old church.[1] There was an intimate friendſhip between our author and this celebrated reſtorer of Grecian palaces. Chapman's *Muſæus*, not that begun by Marlowe, but publiſhed in 1616, has a dedication to Jones: in which he is addreſſed as the moſt ſkilful and ingenious architect that England had yet ſeen.

As a poetical [not metrical] novel of Greece, it will not be improper to mention here the *Clitophon and Leucippe* of Achilles Tatius, [in proſe,] under the title of *The moſt delectable and pleſant Hiſtorye of Clitophon and Leucippe from the Greek of Achilles Statius*, &c., by W[illiam] B[urton?], [1597.][2] The Preſident Monteſquieu, whoſe refined taſte was equal to his political wiſdom, is of opinion that a certain notion of tranquillity in the fields of Greece gave riſe to the deſcription of ſoft and amorous ſentiments in the Greek romance of the middle age. But that gallantry ſprung from the tales of Gothic chivalry.[3] I have mentioned a verſion of Heliodorus.

As Barnaby Googe's *Zodiac* of Palingenius [Pier Angelo Manzoli] was a favourite performance, and is conſtantly claſſed and compared with the poetical tranſlations of this period, by the cotemporary critics, I make no apology for giving it a place at the cloſe of this review.[4] [Three books were printed in 1560, ſix in 1561, and in 1565 the complete work appeared in twelve books, with a dedication

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'Cauſe carefull heyers the wealthy onely haue
To build a glorious trouble o're the graue.
Yet doe I not deſpaire, ſome one may be
So ſeriouſly devout to poeſie,
As to tranſlate his reliques, and find roome
In the warme church to build him up a tombe," p. 59.—*Park.*]

[1] Wood has preſerved part of the epitaph, "Georgius Chapmannus, poeta Homericus, philoſophus verus (etſi chriſtianus poeta) pluſquam celebris," &c.—*Ubi ſupr.*

[2] [A later tranſlation was made by Anthony Hodges, and printed in 1638.]

[3] "Une certaine idée de tranquillité dans les campagnes de la Grece fit decrire les ſentimens de l'amour. On peut voir les Romans de Grecs du moyen age. L'idée des Paladins, protecteurs de la vertu et de la beauté des femmes, conduiſit à celle de la galanterie."—*Eſprit des Loix*, liv. xxvii. ch. 22.

[4] I know not if tranſlations of Plautus and Terence are to be mentioned here with propriety. I obſerve, however, in the notes, that Plautus's *Menæchmi*, copied by Shakeſpeare, appeared in Engliſh by W. W. or William Warner, author of *Albions England*, in 1595. Tanner ſays that he tranſlated but not printed all Plautus.—*MSS. Tann. Oxon.* [But the anonymous interlude of *Jacke Jugeler*, licenſed and probably printed in 1563, ought to have been mentioned here, as the earlieſt adaptation from Plautus in the Engliſh language; for, as Mr. Collier has pointed out, the Comedy of Plautus performed before Henry VIII. in 1520 was probably in Latin.] Raſtall printed *Terens in Engliſh*, that is, the *Andria*. There is alſo *Andria the firſt Comedye of Terence*, by Maurice Kyffin, 1588. By the way, this Kyffyn, a Welſhman, publiſhed a poem called *The Bleſſednes of Brytaine, or a celebration of the queenes holyday*, [1587, of which a much enlarged edition appeared in 1588.] The *Eunuchus* was entered at Stationers' Hall, to W. [Leake], in 1597, and the *Andria* and *Eunuchus*, in 1600.—*Regiſtr.* C. fol. 20, a. Richard Bernard publiſhed *Terence in Engliſh*, 1598. A fourth edition was printed at London, *Opera ac induſtria R. B. in Axholmienſi inſula Lincolneſherii Epworthеatis*, 1614.

to Sir W. Cecil, and his arms on the back of the title. It was reprinted in 1576, with Cecil's arms entirely different. There was a later edition in 1588].[1] In the Epiſtle Dedicatory [to the edition of 1565] to Secretary Sir William Cecil, he mentions his "ſimple trauayles lately dedicated vnto your honor."[2] Theſe are his ſet of miſcellaneous poems printed [twice] in 1563, or, *Eglogs, Epytaphes,*

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[1] [To theſe editions (*i. e.* thoſe of 1560 and 1561), was appended a table, afterwards omitted, "brefelye declaryng the ſignification and meanyng of all ſuch poeticall wordes as are conteined wythin the boke, for the better underſtanding thereof." The earlieſt of theſe editions has a metrical preface, in which Melpomene is made to ſay to Googe:

"Stand by, *yong man*, diſpatch
And take thy pen in hand:
Wryte thou the Civill warres and broyle in auncient Latines land;
Reduce to Engliſh ſenſe (ſhe ſaid) the lofty Lucans verſe;
The cruell chaunce and dolefull end of Ceſars ſtate rehearſe."

Urania recommends him to deſcribe "the whirling ſpheares;" but Calliope interferes, and directs him to the *Zodiacus Vitæ* of Palingenius. Her ſiſters approve this advice, and Barnaby proceeds to his taſk. Before the edition of 1561 a new metrical introduction appeared, in which he ſays that the divine eloquence of Chaucer

"Hath paſt the poets all that came
Of auncient Brutus lyne."

And if Homer, Virgil, and Ovid had found their way hither in the Auguſtan age of Googe,

"All theſe might well be ſure
Theyr matches here to fynde,
So muche doth England floriſhe now
With men of muſes' kynde."

In [March, 1563-4,] Googe produced his own poems and inſerted a poetical and pleaſing addreſs to his tranſlation of Pallingen.—*Park.* See Ritſon's *Bibliographia Poetica*, 1802, and Collier's *Bibl. Cat.* 1865, art. GOOGE. All the extracts from Googe's Palingenius have now been collated with the edition of 1565. The bibliography of the work is, perhaps, given ſufficiently at large in the *Handb. of E. E. Lit.* 1867, v. PALINGENIUS.]

[2] In 12mo. bl. lett. Not paged. The laſt ſignature is Y y iiij. The colophon, "Imprinted at London by Henry Denham," &c. On the ſecond leaf after the title, is an armorial coat with ſix copartments, and at the top the initials B. G. Then follow Latin commendatory verſes, by Gilbert Duke, Chriſtopher Carlile, doctor in divinity, James Itzwert, George Chatterton, fellow of Chriſt College in Cambridge, and David Bell, with ſome anonymous. Doctor Chriſtopher Carlile was of Cambridge, and a learned orientaliſt, about 1550. He publiſhed many tracts in divinity. He was a writer of Greek and Latin verſes. He has ſome in both languages on the death of Bucer in 1551. See Bucer's *Engliſh Works*, Baſil, fol. 1577, f. 903. And in the collection on the death of the two Brandons, 1551, 4to. *ut ſupr.* Others, before his Reply to Richard Smyth, a papiſtic divine, Lond. 1582, 4to. He prefixed four Latin copies to Drant's *Eccleſiaſtes* above mentioned, Lond. 1572, 4to. Two, to one of Dr. John Jones's books on *Baths*, Lond. 1572, 4to. A Sapphic ode to Sadler's verſion of *Vegetius*, Lond. 1572, 4to. A Latin copy to Chaloner's *De Rep. Anglorum*, Lond. 1579, 4to. A Latin hexaſtic to Batman's *Doom*, Lond. 1581, 4to. Two of his Latin poems *In Papam* are (MS. Bale) in MSS. Cotton, *Tit.* D. x. f. 77. He tranſlated the Pſalms into Engliſh proſe, with learned notes. Finiſhed Jun. 24, 1573. Among *MSS. More*, 206. Colomeſius has publiſhed a fragment of a Latin Epiſtle from him to Caſtalio, dat. kal. Maii, 1562. *Cl. Viror. Epiſt. ſingul.* Lond. 1694, 12mo. [There is a Memoir of Carlile in Cooper's *Athenæ Cantabrigienſes*, ii. 34-5.]

*and Sonettes, newly written by Barnabe Googe*, 1563, 15 Marche.[1] He apologiſes for attempting this work, three books of which, as he had underſtood too late, were "both eloquentely and excellently engliſhed by Maſter Smith, clark vnto the moſte honorable of the Queenes Maieſties counſell. Whoſe doings as in other matters I haue wyth admiration behelde," &c.[2] Googe was firſt a retainer to Cecil, and afterwards, in 1563, a gentleman-penſioner to the queen.[3] In his addreſs to the "vertuous and frendley reader," he thus, but with the zeal of a Puritan, defends divine poetry: "The deuine and notable Prophecies of Eſay, the Lamentation of Jeremie, the Songs & Ballades of Solomon, the Pſalter of Dauid, and the Booke of Hiob,[4] were written by y^e^ firſt auctours in perfect and pleaſaunt Hexameter verſes. So that the deuine and canonicall volumes were garniſhed and ſet forth with the ſweete according tunes & heauenly ſoundes of pleaſaunt metre. Yet wyll not the graceleſſe company of our pernicious Hipocrites allow, that the Pſalmes of Dauid (a moſte comfortable booke) ſhould be tranſlated into Engliſhe metre. And why? Marry, (ſaye they,) bycauſe they were only receiued to be chaũted in the Church, and not to be ſong in euery Coblers ſhop. O monſtrous & malicious infidels! doe you ſo much diſcloſe your cancred Stomacks towardes the deuine Maieſtie, that you abhorre to heare his glory and prayſe ſounding in y^e^ mouth of a poore Chriſtian artificer?" &c. He adds, that "ſince the time of our excellente countreyman ſir Geffray Chaucer who liueth in like eſtimation with vs as did olde *Ennius* wyth the Latines, there hath flouriſhed in England ſo fine and filed phraſes, and ſo good & pleaſant Poets, as may counteruayle the doings of *Virgill*, *Ouid*, *Horace*, *Iuuenal*, *Martial*," &c. [In the edition of Pelingenius in 1588,] the former prefatory matters of every kind are omitted. This edition is [alſo] dedicated to [Cecil, under the title of] Lord [Burghley.][5]

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[1] [L. Blundeſton, in an addreſs to the reader dated May 27, 1562, takes credit to himſelf for having conducted theſe poems to the printer, and deſires to be credited for wiſhing well to deſert:

"Give Googe therefore his own deſerved fame,
Give Blundeſton leave to wyſh wel to his name."

The eclogues are eight in number, the epitaphs four, and the ſonnets, which are unreſtricted to any uniformity of verſe, are very numerous. Several of theſe are addreſſed to Alexander Nevyl, and one (on ſign. C v, *verſo*) to Alexander Nowell. —*Park.*]

[2] It is doubtful whether he means Sir Thomas Smith, the ſecretary. Nor does it appear whether this tranſlation was in verſe or proſe. Sir Thomas Smith, however, has left ſome Engliſh poetry. [He had a ſon of both his names, who may be the perſon here meant.]

[3] Strype's *Parker*, 144. [For an intereſting account of Googe, ſee Brydges' *Reſtituta*, iii. 307, and iv. 35; alſo iii. 359 and 365. A memoir of Googe may be found in the *Athenæ Cantabr.* ii. 39.]

[4] Job.

[5] At the end is a ſhort copy of verſes by Abraham Fleming. [In this edition [as in that of 1576] appears a tranſlation of the Author's original preface addreſſed to Hercules II., Duke of Ferrara. The dedication is addreſſed to his former patron, Lord Burghley; and in this he declares, that although the number

From the title of this work, *Zodiacus Vitæ*, written in Latin hexameters by [Pier Angelo Manzoli,][1] an Italian, about the year 1531, the reader at leaſt expects ſome aſtronomical alluſions. But it has not the moſt diſtant connection with the ſtars; except that the poet is once tranſported to the moon, not to meaſure her diameter, but for a moral purpoſe; and that he once takes occaſion, in his general ſurvey of the world, and in reference to his title, to introduce a philoſophic explanation of the zodiacal ſyſtem.[2] The author, meaning to divide his poem into twelve books, choſe to diſtinguiſh each with a name of the celeſtial ſigns: juſt as Herodotus, but with leſs affectation and inconſiſtency, marked the nine books or diviſions of his hiſtory with the names of the nine Muſes. Yet ſo ſtrange and pedantic a title is not totally without a conceit, as the author was born at Stellada, or Stellata, a province of Ferrara, whence he calls himſelf Marcellus Palingenius Stellatus.[3]

This poem is a general ſatire on life, yet without peeviſhneſs or malevolence, and with more of the ſolemnity of the cenſor than the petulance of the ſatiriſt.[4] Much of the morality is couched under allegorical perſonages and adventures. The Latinity is tolerably pure, but there is a mediocrity in the verſification. Palingenius's tranſitions often diſcover more quickneſs of imagination and fertility of reflection than ſolidity of judgment. Having ſtarted a topic, he purſues it through all its poſſible affinities, and deviates into the moſt diſtant and unneceſſary digreſſions. Yet there is a facility in his manner which is not always unpleaſing; nor is the general conduct of the work void of art and method. He moraliſes with a boldneſs and a liberality of ſentiment, which were then unuſual; and his maxims and ſtrictures are ſometimes tinctured with a ſpirit of libertiniſm which, without expoſing the opinions, muſt have offended the gravity, of the more orthodox eccleſiaſtics. He fancies that a confident philoſopher, who raſhly preſumes to ſcrutiniſe the remote myſteries of nature, is ſhown in heaven like an ape, for the public diverſion of the gods. A thought evidently borrowed by Pope.[5]

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of faults in his rude tranſlation made it impoſſible for him to amend it in all points, yet in overpaſſing many jarring diſcords he had ſet the whole in as good tune as he could. He expreſſes an intention hereafter to attempt ſome matter worthy of the noble perſonage to whom he inſcribes this.—*Park.*]

[1] [But ſee Brunet (*Manuel*, 1863, iv. 318).]

[2] B. xi. *Aquarius.*

[3] It ſhould have been Stellatenſis.

[4] [Googe ſays in his dedication to Cecil, "I haue many times much muſed wyth myſelfe howe (liuing in ſo daungerous a place), he (Palingenius) durſt take vpon him ſo boldely to controll the corrupte and vnchriſtian liues of the whole Colledge of contemptuous Cardinalles, the vngracious ouerſeeings of bloudthyrſty Biſhops, the Panchplying practiſes of pelting Priours, the manifold madneſſe of miſcheuous Monkes, wyth the filthy fraternitie of flattering Friers." From ſuch a ſpecimen it might be expected that alliteration had been ſtudiouſly purſued in Googe's verſion; but this does not appear.—*Park.*]

[5] See *Eſſay on Pope*, p. 94. [The turn of the ſentiment differs. Palingenius laughed at Man: Pope intended at leaſt to praiſe Newton: but perhaps the imitation of the thought occaſioned ambiguity.—*Aſhby.*]

Although he ſubmits his performance to the ſentence of the church, he treats the authority of the Popes, and the voluptuous lives of the monks, with the ſevereſt acrimony. It was the laſt circumſtance that chiefly contributed to give this poem almoſt the rank of a claſſic in the reformed countries, and probably produced an early Engliſh tranſlation. After his death he was pronounced an heretic; and his body was taken up and committed to the flames. A meaſure which only contributed to ſpread his book, and diſſeminate his doctrines.

Googe ſeems chiefly to have excelled in rendering the deſcriptive and flowery paſſages of this moral *Zodiac*. He thus deſcribes the Spring:

The earth againe doth floriſhe greene,
The trees repaire their ſpring;
With pleaſaunt notes the nitingale
Beginneth new to ſing.
With flowers freſh their heads bedeckt,
The Fairies daunce in fielde:
And wanton ſonges in moſſye dennes
The Drids and Satirs yelde.
The wynged Cupide faſt doth caſt
His dartes of golde yframed, &c.[1]

There is ſome poetic imagination in *Sagittarius*, or the ninth book, where a divine myſtagogue opens to the poet's eyes an unknown region of infernal kings and inhabitants. But this is an imitation of Dante. As a ſpecimen of the tranſlation, and of the author's fancy, I will tranſcribe ſome of this imagery:

Now open wyde your ſprings, & playne[2]
Your caues abrode diſplaye,
You Syſters of *Parnaſſus* hyll
Beſet about wyth baye:
And vnto me (for neede it is)
A hundred tongues in verſe
Sende out, that I theſe ayrie kings
And people may rehearſe.
Here fyrſt whereas in chariot red
*Aurora* fayre doth ryſe,
And bright from out the Occean ſeas
Appeares to mortal eyes,
And chaſeth hence the Helliſh night
Wyth bluſhing beauty fayre,
A mighty King I might diſcerne,
Placde hie in lofty chayre;
Hys haire wyth fyry garland deckt
Puft vp in fiendiſh wiſe,
Wyth browes full broade & threatning loke,
And fyry flaming eyes.
Two monſtrous hornes & large he had,
And noſtrils wide in ſight;
Al black himſelf, for bodies black
To euery euyll ſpright
And uggly ſhape hath nature dealt,
Yet white his teeth did ſhowe,

[1] [Edit. 1565, lib. ii. ſign. B iii. *verſo*.]

[2] [*Ibid.* ſign. H h 4.]

And white his grenning tuſkes ſtode,
Large wings on him did growe,
Framde like the wings of Flindermice;
His feete of largeſt ſiſe,
In faſhion as the wilde Duck beares,
Or Gooſe that creaking cries:
His tayle ſuch one as Lions haue:
Al naked ſate he there,
But bodies couered round about
Wyth lothſome ſhagged haire,
A number great about him ſtoode, &c.

After viewing the wonders of heaven, his guide, Timalphes, the ſon of Jupiter and Arete, ſhews him the moon, whoſe gates are half of gold, and half of ſilver. They enter a city of the moon:

The loftye walles of Diamonde ſtrong
Were rayſed hye and framde;
The bulwarks built of Carbuncle
That all as fyer yflamde.
I wondred at the number great
That through the city ſo
Al clad in whyte, by thouſands thick
Amyd the ſtreates to go.
Their heads beſet wyth garlands fayre:
In hand the Lillies white
They ioyful beare.[1]

Then follows a mixture of claſſical and Chriſtian hiſtory and mythology. This poem has many ſymptoms of the wildneſs and wanderings of Italian fiction.

It muſt be confeſſed, that there is a perſpicuity and a freedom in Googe's verſification. But this metre of Sternhold and Hopkins impoveriſhed three parts of the poetry of Queen Elizabeth's reign. A hermit is thus deſcribed, who afterwards proves to be *Sir Epicure*, in a part of the poem which has been copied by Sir David Lindeſay.

His hoary beard with ſyluer heares
His middle fully rought:[2]
His ſkin was white, and ioyfull face:
Of diuers colours wrought,
A flowry garland gay he ware
About his ſemely heare, &c.[3]

The ſeventh book, in which the poet looks down upon the world, with its various occupations, follies, and vices, is opened with theſe nervous and elegant ſtanzas:

My muſe a loft raiſe vp thy ſelf,
And vſe a better flite:
Moũt vp a hie, & think it ſcorn
Of baſe affayres to write.
More great renoune, and glory more,
In hautye matter lyes:
View thou y^e^ Gods, and take thy courſe
Thorowout the ſtarrye Skyes:
Where ſpringtime laſtes for euermore,
Where peace doth neuer quayle,

[1] B. ix. ſignat. G G iiij. [2] reached. [3] Lib. iii. E j.

Where Sunne doth ſhine continuallye,
Where Light doth neuer fayle.
Clowd cauſer Southwinde none there is,
No boyſtrous Boreas blowes;
But mylder breaths y^e^ Weſtern windes
Where ſweete *Ambrozia* growes.
Take thou thys way, and yet ſũtimes
Downe falling faſt from hye,
Now vp, now downe, wyth ſundry ſort
Of Gates[1] aloft go flye.
And as ſome hawty place he ſeekes
That couets farre to ſee,
So vp to Joue, paſt ſtarres to clyme,
Is nedefull nowe for thee.
There ſhalt thou, from the towry top
Of Cryſtall coloured ſkye,
The plot of all the world beholde
With viewe of perfit eye.[2]

One cannot but remark, that the conduct and machinery of the old viſionary poems are commonly the ſame. A rural ſcene, generally a wilderneſs, is ſuppoſed. An imaginary being of conſummate wiſdom, a hermit, a goddeſs, or an angel, appears; and, having purged the poet's eye with a few drops of ſome celeſtial elixir, conducts him to the top of an inacceſſible mountain, which commands an unbounded plain filled with all nations. A cavern opens, and diſplays the torments of the damned: he next is introduced into heaven, by way of the moon, the only planet which was thought big enough for a poetical viſit. Although ſuddenly deſerted by his myſtic intelligencer, he finds himſelf weary and deſolate, on the ſea-ſhore, in an impaſſable foreſt, or a flowery meadow.

The following is the paſſage which Pope has copied from Palingenius; and, as Pope was a great reader of the old Engliſh poets, it is moſt probable that he took it immediately from our tranſlator, or found it by his direction.[3]

An Ape (quoth ſhe) and ieſting ſtock
Is man to God in ſkye,
As oft as he doth truſt his wit
To much, preſuming hie,
Dare ſearche the thinges of nature hid,
His ſecretes for to ſpeake;
When as in very deede his minde
Is dull and all to weake.[4]

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[1] going. [2] Lib. iii. ſign. U i.]

[3] Pope's lines are almoſt too well known to be tranſcribed:

"Superiour beings, when of late they ſaw
A mortal man unfold all nature's law,
Admir'd ſuch wiſdom in an earthly ſhape,
And ſhew'd a Newton as we ſhew an Ape."

[4] B. vi. ſignat. Q iij. Theſe are the lines of the original:

"Simia cælicolum riſuſque jocuſque deorum eſt,
Tunc Homo, cum temere ingenio confidit, et audet
Abdita naturæ ſcrutari, arcanaque rerum;
Cum revera ejus craſſa imbecillaque ſit mens."—Lib. vi. 186.

Googe, ſuppoſed to have been a native of Alvingham in Lincolnſhire, was a ſcholar, and was educated both at Chriſt's College in Cambridge, and New College in Oxford. [He was on terms of intimate friendſhip with George Turbervile the writer, and frequently occurs in Turbervile's poems as a recipient of compliments].[1] He publiſhed other tranſlations in Engliſh. I have already cited his verſion of Naogeorgus [or Kirchmaier's] hexametrical poem on *Antichriſt* or the *Papal Dominion*,[2] printed [or at leaſt iſſued, twice] in 1570, and dedicated to his chief patron Sir William Cecil.[3] The dedication is dated from Staple Inn, where he was a ſtudent. At the end of the book is his verſion of the ſame author's *Spiritual* [*Huſbandry*,] dedicated to Queen Elizabeth. Thomas Naogeorgus, a German, whoſe real name is Kirchmaier, was one of the many moral or rather theological Latin poets produced by the reformation.[4] Googe alſo tranſlated and enlarged Conrad Hereſbach's *Treatiſe on Agriculture, Gardening, Orchards, Cattle, and Domeſtic Fowls*.[5] This verſion was printed in 1577, and dedicated from Kingſton to Sir William Fitzwilliam.[6] Among Crynes's curious books in the Bodleian at Oxford, is Googe's tranſlation from the Spaniſh of Lopez de Mendoza's *Proverbs*, 1579, dedicated to Cecil, which I have never ſeen elſewhere.[7] In this book the old Spaniſh paraphraſt mentions Boccaccio's *Theſeid*.

But it was not only to theſe later and degenerate claſſics, and to modern tracts, that Googe's induſtry was confined. He alſo tranſlated into Engliſh what he called Ariſtotle's *Table of the Ten Categories*,[8] that capital example of ingenious but uſeleſs ſubtlety, of

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[1] See fol. 8, b. 11, a. 124, a. edit. 1571. [And again at fol. 115. Jaſper Heywood alſo in his metrical preface to *Thyeſtes*, ſpeaks of the grateful name that Googe had got; and Robinſon in his *Reward of Wickedneſſe*, 1573, benches him by the ſide of Skelton, Lydgate, Wager and Heywood.—*Park*.]

[2] [Googe's title runs thus: *The popiſh kingdome, or reigne of Antichriſt, written in Latine verſe by Thomas Naogeorgus, and Englyſhed by Barnabe Googe*, 1570. But it is not dated from any place, nor is there any dedication or addreſs to Sir William Cecil. The tranſlator profeſſes to have undertaken his work on purpoſe to dedicate it to "his moſt gratious and redoubted ſoveraigne lady, Q. Elizabeth:" and ſubjoins another book, entitled *The Spiritual Huſbandrie*, by the ſame author, which he long before tranſlated. The original preface is dated Baſil, Feb. 20, 1553. Both of theſe contain much curious matter.—*Park*.]

[3] I ſuſpect there is a former edition for W. Pickering, London, 1566, 4to.

[4] Kirchmaier ſignifies the ſame in German as his aſſumed Greek name Ναογεωργος, a labourer in the church. He wrote beſides five books of Satires, and two tragedies in Latin. He died in 1578. See Thomæ Naogeorgii *Regnum papiſticum, cui adjecta ſunt quædam alia ejuſdem argumenti*. Baſil, 1553 and 1559. One of his Latin tragedies called *Hamanus* is printed among Oporinus's *Dramata Sacra*, or plays from the Old Teſtament, in 1547, many of which are Latin verſions from the vernacular German. See Oporin. *Dram. S.* vol. ii. p. 107.

[5] In the Preface to the firſt edition, he ſays, "For my ſafety in the vniuerſitie, I craue the aid and appeal to the defence of the famous Chriſt-college in Cambridge whereof I was ons an vnprofitable member, and [of] the ancient mother of learned men the New-college in Oxford."

[6] Feb. 1, 1577. There were other editions, 1578, 1594.

[7] [A copy was ſold among Sir Mark Sykes's books in 1824.]

[8] MSS. Coxeter.

method which cannot be applied to practice, and of that affectation of unneceſſary deduction and frivolous inveſtigation, which characteriſes the philoſophy of the Greeks, and which is conſpicuous not only in the demonſtrations of Euclid, but in the Socratic diſputations recorded by Xenophon. The ſolid ſimplicity of common ſenſe would have been much leſs ſubject to circumlocution, embarraſſment, and ambiguity. We do not want to be told by a chain of proofs, that two and two make four. This ſpecific character of the ſchools of the Greeks is perhaps to be traced backwards to the loquacity, the love of paradox, and the fondneſs for argumentative diſcourſe, ſo peculiar to their nation. Even the good ſenſe of Epictetus was not proof againſt this captious frenzy. What patience can endure the ſolemn quibbles, which mark the ſtoical conferences of that philoſopher preſerved by Arrian? It is to this ſpirit, not ſolely from a principle of invidious malignity, that Tully alludes, where he calls the Greeks "Homines contentionis quam veritatis cupidiores."[1] And in another part of the ſame work he ſays, that it is a principal and even a national fault of this people, "Quocunque in loco, quoſcunque inter homines viſum eſt, de rebus aut difficillimis aut non neceſſariis argutiſſime diſputare."[2] The natural livelineſs of the Athenians, heightened by the free politics of a democracy, ſeems to have tinctured their converſation with this ſort of declamatory diſputation, which they frequently practiſed under an earneſt pretence of diſcovering the truth, but in reality to indulge their native diſpoſition to debate, to diſplay their abundance of words, and their addreſs of argument, to amuſe, ſurpriſe, and perplex. Some of Plato's dialogues, profeſſing a profundity of ſpeculation, have much of this talkative humour.

Beſide theſe verſions of the Greek and Roman poets, and of the ancient writers in proſe, incidentally mentioned in this review, it will be ſufficient to obſerve here in general, that almoſt all the Greek and Roman claſſics appeared in Engliſh before the year 1600. The effect and influence of theſe tranſlations on our poetry will be conſidered in a future ſection.

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[1] *De Oratore*, lib. i. § xi. [This character might ſtill apply with undiminiſhed force.]

[2] *Ibid.* lib. ii. § iv.

## SECTION LX.

BUT the ardour of tranſlation was not now circumſcribed within the bounds of the claſſics, whether poets, hiſtorians, orators, or critics, of Greece and Rome.

I have before obſerved, that with our frequent tours through Italy and our affectation of Italian manners, about the middle of the ſixteenth century the Italian poets became faſhionable, and that this circumſtance, for a time at leaſt, gave a new turn to our poetry. The Italian poets, however, were but in few hands; and a practice of a more popular and general nature, yet ſtill reſulting from our communications with Italy, now began to prevail, which produced ſtill greater revolutions. This was the tranſlation of Italian books, chiefly on fictitious and narrative ſubjects, into Engliſh.

The learned Aſcham thought this novelty in our literature too important to be paſſed over without obſervation, in his reflections on the courſe of an ingenuous education. It will be much to our purpoſe to tranſcribe what he has ſaid on this ſubject; although I think his arguments are more like the reaſonings of a rigid Puritan than of a man of liberal views and true penetration; and that he endeavours to account for the origin, and to ſtate the conſequences, of theſe tranſlations more in the ſpirit of an early Calviniſtic preacher, than as a ſenſible critic or a polite ſcholar.[1] "Theſe bee the inchauntmentes of Circes, brought out of Italie to marre mens maners in England: much, by example of ill life, but more by preceptes of fonde bookes, of late tranſlated oute of Italian into Engliſhe, ſolde in euery ſhop in London, commended by honeſt titles, the ſooner to corrupt honeſt maners, dedicated ouer boldlye to vertuous and honorable perſonages, the eaſelier to beguile ſimple & honeſt wittes. It is pitie, that thoſe which haue authoritie and charge to allow and diſalow bookes to be printed, be no more circumſpect herein, than they are. Ten Sermons at Paules Croſſe do not ſo much good for mouyng mē to trewe doctrine, as one of thoſe bookes do harme with inticing men to ill liuing. Yea, I ſay farder, thoſe bookes tend not ſo much to corrupt honeſt liuyng, as they do to ſubuert trewe Religion. Mo Papiſtes be made by your mery bookes of Italie than by your earneſt bookes of Louain.[2]— Therefore, when the buſie and open Papiſtes abroade could not, by their contentious bookes, turne men in England faſt inough from

[1] [*The Schole-Maſter*, edit. 1570, fol. 26, 27.]

[2] Serious books in divinity, written by the papiſts. The ſtudy of controverſial theology flouriſhed at the Univerſity of Louvain.

troth and right iudgement in doctrine, than the ſutle and ſecrete Papiſtes at home procured bawdie bookes to be tranſlated out of the Italian tonge, whereby ouer many yong willes and wittes allured to wantonnes, do now boldly contemne all ſeuere bookes that ſound to honeſtie and godlines. In our forefathers tyme, whan Papiſtrie, as a ſtandyng poole, couered and ouerflowed all England, fewe bookes were read in our tong, ſauyng certaine bookes of Cheualrie, as they ſayd, for paſtime and pleaſure, which, as ſome ſay, were made in Monaſteries by idle Monkes or wanton Chanons: as one for example, Morte Arthure, the whole pleaſure of which booke ſtandeth in two ſpeciall poyntes, in open mans ſlaughter and bold bawdrye: In which booke thoſe be counted the nobleſt knightes that do kill moſt men without any quarell, and commit fowleſt aduoulteres by ſutleſt ſhiftes: as Sir Launcelote with the wife of king Arthure. his maſter: Syr Triſtram with the wife of kyng Marke his vncle: Syr Lamerocke with the wife of king Lote that was his own aunte. This is good ſtuffe for wiſe men to laughe at, or honeſt men to take pleaſure at. Yet I know when Gods Bible was baniſhed the Court, and Morte Arthure receiued into the Princes chamber. What toyes the dayly readyng of ſuch a booke may worke in the will of a yong ientleman, or a yong mayde, that liueth welthely and idlelie, wiſe men can iudge, and honeſt mē do pitie. And yet ten Morte Arthures do not the tenth part ſo much harme, as one of theſe bookes made in Italie, and tranſlated in England. They open, not fond and common wayes to vice, but ſuch ſutle, cunnyng, new and diuerſe ſhiftes, to cary yong willes to vanitie and yong wittes to miſchief, to teach old bawdes new ſchole poyntes, as the ſimple head of an Engliſh man is not hable to inuent, nor neuer was hard of in England before, yea when Papiſtrie ouerflowed all. Suffer theſe bookes to be read, and they ſhall ſoone diſplace all bookes of godly learnyng. For they, carying the will to vanitie, and marryng good maners, ſhall eaſily corrupt the mynde with ill opinions and falſe iudgement in doctrine: firſt to thinke ill of all trewe Religion, and at laſt, to thinke nothyng of God hym ſelfe, one ſpeciall pointe that is to be learned in Italie and Italian bookes. And that which is moſt to be lamented, and therfore more nedefull to be looked to, there be moe of theſe vngratious bookes ſet out in Printe within theſe fewe monthes, than haue bene ſeene in England many ſcore yeare before. And bicauſe our Engliſh men made Italians cannot hurt but certaine perſons and in certaine places, therfore theſe Italian bookes are made Engliſh, to bryng miſchief enough openly and boldly to all ſtates,[1] great and meane, yong and old, euery where . . . Our Engliſh men Italianated . . . haue in more reuerence the triumphes of Petrarche[2] than the *Geneſis* of Moſes. They make

[1] conditions of life.

[2] In ſuch univerſal vogue were the *Triumphs* of Petrarch, or his *Trionfi d' amore*, that they were made into a public pageant at the entrance, I think, of Charles the Fifth into Madrid.

more accounte of Tullies offices, than S. Paules epiſtles: of a tale in Boccace, than a ſtorie of the Bible," &c.[1]

Aſcham talks here exactly in the ſtyle of Prynne's *Hiſtriomaſtix*. It muſt indeed be confeſſed, that by theſe books many pernicious obſcenities were circulated, and perhaps the doctrine of intrigue more accurately taught and exemplified than before. But every advantage is attended with its inconveniences and abuſes. That to procure tranſlations of Italian tales was a plot of the papiſts, either for the purpoſe of facilitating the propagation of their opinions, of polluting the minds of our youth, or of diffuſing a ſpirit of ſcepticiſm, I am by no means convinced. But I have nothing to do with the moral effects of theſe verſions. I mean only to ſhew their influence on our literature, more particularly on our poetry, although I reſerve the diſcuſſion of this point for a future ſection. At preſent, my deſign is to give the reader a full and uniform view of the chief of theſe tranſlations from the Italian, which appeared in England before the year 1600.

I will begin with Boccaccio. The reader recollects Boccaccio's *Theſeid* and *Troilus*, many of his tales, and large paſſages from *Petrarch* and *Dante*, tranſlated by Chaucer. But the golden mine of Italian fiction, opened by Chaucer, was ſoon cloſed and forgotten. I muſt, however, premiſe that the Italian, [French, and even Spaniſh languages] now began to grow ſo faſhionable, that [they were] explained in lexicons and grammars written in Engliſh. So early as 1550 were publiſhed, *Principal Rvles of the Italian Grammer, with a Dictionarie for the better vnderſtandyng of Boccace, Petrarcha and Dante: gathered into this tongue by William Thomas.*[2] It is dedicated ["To my verie good friende maiſter Tamwoorth, at Venice."] The third edition of this book is dated in 1567; [there was an intermediate one in 1552.] Scipio Lentulo's *Italian Grammar* was tranſlated into Engliſh in 157[5]. In 1578, the celebrated John Florio, the [ſuppoſed] Holofernes of *Love's Labour's Loſt*,[3] produced: *Florio, His firſte Fruites: which yeelde familiar ſpeeches, merie Prouerbes, wittie Sentences, and golden Sayings. Alſo a perfect Introduction to the Italian and Engliſh tongues, &c.* It was not till 1591 that the ſame author printed his *Second Frutes to be gathered of twelue Trees of diuers but delightſome taſtes to the tongues of Italians and Engliſhmen. To which is annexed a Garden of Recreation, yeelding ſix thouſand Italian Prouerbs.* Meanwhile, in 1583, was iſſued a work with the following title: *Campo di Fior, or elſe, The flourie field of four languages of M. Claudius Deſainliens alias Holiband; for the furtherance of the learners of the Latin, French, Engliſh, but chieflie of the Italian tongue.*

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[1] Aſcham's *Scholemaſter*, edit. [*ut ſupra*]. This book was begun ſoon after the year 1563, [at the requeſt or ſuggeſtion of Sir Richard Sackville.] Preface, p. 1.

[2] It was written at Padua in 1548. Thomas, a bachelor in civil law at Oxford, and a clergyman, is ſaid to have been rewarded by Edward VI. with ſeveral preferments. See Strype's *Grindal*, p. 5.

[3] See act iv. ſc. ii.

It ſhould be mentioned, that Holiband had, as early as 1566, publiſhed the *French Littelton* for the uſe of law-ſtudents, and this, which was, perhaps, his earlieſt literary effort, and of which there were ſeveral re-impreſſions, was followed by the *French Schoole-maiſter*, in 1573, *The Pretie and Wittie Hiſtorie of Arnalt and Lucenda*: with *Certen Rules and Dialogues ſet foorth for the learner of the Italian tong*, in 1575; *A Dictionarie, French and Engliſh* (the earlieſt of its kind), in 1593; and the *Italian Schoole-maiſter*, in 1597. This gentleman gave his leſſons over Thomas Purfoot the ſtationer's ſhop, at the ſign of the Lucrece, in St. Paul's Church-Yard: at leaſt he announced himſelf as doing ſo in 1566 and 1575.

In 1576, a M. de la Pichonnaye ſet forth *A Playne Treatyſe to learne in a ſhorte ſpace of the Frenche tongue*, and he was followed by M. Du Ploiche who, in 1578, iſſued *A Treatiſe in Engliſhe and Frenche, right neceſſarie and profitable for all young children, &c.*

The preſent is perhaps a ſuitable opportunity to mention that John Palſgrave, tutor to the Princeſs Mary, was one of the earlieſt promoters in this country of a knowledge of foreign languages. His *L'Eſclairciſſement de la langue Françoiſe* was printed by Pynſon in 1530. But already (about 1498, or at leaſt before 1502) Wynkyn de Worde printed *A lytell treatyſe for to lerne Englyſshe and Frenſshe*, another edition of which came from Pynſon's preſs a little later. At or about the ſame time, Gerard Du Wes, or Dewes, compiled his celebrated *Introductorie for to lerne to rede, to pronounce, and to ſpeke French trewly*, of which three editions are known, all without date, but none later, probably, than 1560. The author was French maſter to the ſame princeſs.

In 1595, M. Delamothe produced his *French Alphabet*, inſcribed to Sir Henry Wallop and to Madamoiſelle Taſburgh. In 1591, Richard Percival gave to the world, with the aſſiſtance of Dr. Doyley, the firſt Spaniſh Grammar and Dictionary publiſhed in England. A new and improved edition by Minſhew appeared in 1599. But in 1590 John Thorins had printed his Engliſh tranſlation of the *Spaniſh Grammar* of Anthonio de Corro, with a Dictionary annexed (the earlieſt publication of the kind in our language). If Perceval be correct, the language which he thus introduced to the knowledge of a wider circle of his countrymen, has, ſince his time, undergone many changes in its pronunciation. All the publications which have been enumerated, belong, as we ſee, to the reign of Elizabeth, and ſeem to diſcover an increaſing deſire for the acquiſition of the two more faſhionable languages of the day, French and Italian, as well as of Spaniſh. If our poetical literature began to form itſelf on Italian models now more than ever, our tranſlators, on the contrary, drew their materials chiefly from the French.]

Before the year 1570, William Paynter, clerk of the Office of Arms within the Tower of London, and who ſeems to have been maſter of the ſchool of Sevenoaks, in Kent, printed a very conſiderable part of Boccaccio's novels. His firſt collection is entitled: *The Palace of Pleaſure Beautified, adorned and well-furniſhed with*

*Pleaſaunt Hiſtories and excellent Nouelles*, &c.] 1566. It is dedicated to [Ambroſe, Earl of Warwick, whoſe arms are on the title. It was followed in 1567 by *The ſecond Tome of the Palace of Pleaſure, conteyning manifolde ſtore of goodley Hiſtories*, &c.][1] This is dedicated to Sir George Howard, and dated from his houſe near the Tower, as is the former volume. It would be ſuperfluous to point out here the uſes which Shakeſpeare made of theſe volumes, after the full inveſtigation which his ancient alluſions and his plots have [now] received. Painter tranſlated William Fulk's *Antiprognoſticon*,[2] a treatiſe written to expoſe the aſtrologers of thoſe times [adding a good deal of original matter; it was printed in 1560, 8vo. He is alſo the reputed author of an *Elegy on the Earl of Arundel*, and of a tract publiſhed by Robert Waldegrave in 8vo. about 1590, under the title of *Foure great Lyers, ſtriving who ſhall win the ſilver whetſtone*. This is another attack on the almanac-makers.] He alſo prefixed a Latin tetraſtic to Fulk's original.[3]

With Painter's *Palace of Pleaſure* we muſt not confound *A Petite Pallace of Pettie his pleaſure*, although properly claiming a place here, a book of ſtories from Italian and other writers, tranſlated and collected by [George] Pettie, a ſtudent of Chriſt Church, in Oxford, about the year 1576. It is ſaid to contain "manie prettie hiſtories by him ſet foorth in comely colors and moſt delightfully diſcourſed." [No fewer than three editions were publiſhed in or about 1576. Of theſe two differ from each other very unimportantly; but the third is remarkable as containing an addreſs "To the gentle Gentlewomen readers," by R. B., perhaps the reverſed initials of Barnaby Rich, and "The Letter of G. P. to R. B. concerning this woorke," which matter, for ſome unknown reaſon, was ſuppreſſed in the later editions, as it had been wanting in what appear to be the two earlier ones.][4] The firſt edition I have ſeen was printed in 1598, the year before our author's death. The firſt tale is *Sinorix and Cania*, two lovers of Sienna in Italy, the laſt *Alexius*.

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[1] [See *Handbook of Early Engliſh Lit.*, art. PAINTER. The *Palace of Pleaſure* was reprinted by Mr. Haſlewood in 1813, 3 vols. 4to.—*Price.*]

[2] At the end is an Engliſh tract againſt the aſtrologers, very probably written by Painter. Edward Dering, a fellow of Chriſt's College, Cambridge, in a copy of recommendatory verſes prefixed to the ſecond edition of Googe's Palingenius, attacks Painter, Lucas, and others, the abettors of Fulk's *Antiprognoſticon*, and the cenſurers of aſtrology. In the ancient regiſters of the Stationers' Company, an almanac is uſually joined with a prognoſtication. See *Regiſtr. A.* fol. 59, b. 61, a.

[3] In 1563, is a receipt for a licence to William [Jones] for printing *The Citye of Cyvelite, tranſlated into engleſhhe by William Paynter.—Regiſtr. A. ut ſupr.* fol. 86, b. [Collier's *Extracts*, i. 66.] In 1565[-6] there is a receipt for licence to W. [Jones] to print *Serten hiſtoryes collected oute of Dyvers Ryghte good and profitable authours by William Paynter*. Ibid. fol. 134, b. [Collier's *Extracts*, i. 121. There is little or no doubt that this is the regiſtration of the *Palace of Pleaſure*, printed in 1566-7, as juſt mentioned above.]

[4] In 1569[-70], there is an entry with Richard [Jones] for printing *A ballet intituled [Sinorex, Cania and Sinatus.]—Regiſtr. Station.* A. fol. 191, b. [*Collier*, i. 224.] In Pettie's tale, [Cania] is wife to Sinatus.

Among Antony Wood's books in the Aſhmolean Muſeum, is a [fifth] edition, dated 1608. But Wood, who purchaſed and carefully preſerved this performance, ſolely becauſe it was written by his great-uncle, is of opinion, that "it is now ſo far from being excellent or fine, that it is more fit to be read by a ſchool-boy or ruſticall amoretto, than by a gentleman of mode and language."[1] Moſt of the ſtories are claſſical, perhaps ſupplied by the Engliſh Ovid, yet with a variety of innovations, and a mixture of modern manners.

Painter, at the end of his ſecond volume, has left us this curious notice. "Bicauſe ſodainly (contrary to expectation) this volume is riſen to greter heape of leaues, I do omit for this preſent time ſundry Nouels of merie deuiſe, reſeruing the ſame to be ioyned with the reſt of an other part, wherein ſhall ſucceede the remnant of Bandello, ſpecially ſuche (ſuffrable) as the learned Frenche man François de Belleforreſt hath ſelected, and the choiceſt done in the *Italian.* Some alſo out of Erizzo, Ser Giouanni Florentino, Paraboſco, Cynthio, Straparole, Sanſouino, and the beſt liked oute of the Queene of *Nauarre*, and other Authors. Take theſe in ſo good parte, with thoſe that haue and ſhall come forth."[2] But there is the greateſt reaſon to believe, that no third volume ever appeared; and it is probable that Painter, by the intereſt of his bookſellers, in compliance with the prevailing mode of publication, and for the accommodation of univerſal readers, was afterwards perſuaded to print his ſundry novels in the periſhable form of ſeparate pamphlets, which cannot now be recovered.

[The *Philocopo* of Boccaccio was tranſlated into Engliſh by H. G., probably Henry Grantham or Humphrey Gifford, and printed in 1567. It became popular, and went through at leaſt four editions, of which the lateſt bears date in 1587. The tranſlator dedicated it to Mr. William Rice.]

Boccaccio's *Fiametta* was tranſlated by [Bartholomew Young, of the Middle Temple], who ſeems to have borne ſome office about the court, in 1587.

Several tales of Boccaccio's *Decameron* were now tranſlated into Engliſh rhymes. The celebrated ſtory of the friendſhip of *Titus and Geſippus* was rendered by Edward Lewick, [but in this caſe more immediately from Sir T. Elyot's *Governor*, 1531,[3]] in 1562. [It is a mere piece of doggrel, and was entitled:] *The moſt wonderfull and pleaſaunt Hiſtory of Titus and Giſippus, whereby is fully declared the figure of perfect frendſhyp drawen into Engliſh metre. By Edward Lewicke.*

Thoſe affecting ſtories, the *Cymon and Iphigenia* and the *Theodore*

[1] *Ath. Oxon.* i. 240. Pettie, in conjunction with Bartholomew Young, tranſlated the *Civile Converſation* of Stephen Guazzo, [1581.]

[2] *Pal. of Pleas.* vol. ii. edit. 1567, *ad finem.*]

[3] "Even for ſome of his very words and phraſes Lewicke was indebted, not to Boccaccio (we cannot allow him that credit) but merely to Sir T. Elliot's *Governor.*" —*Collier.*]

*and Honoria*, of Boccaccio, ſo beautifully paraphraſed by Dryden, appeared in Engliſh verſe early in the reign of Queen Elizabeth.

*Theodore and Honoria* was tranſlated in 1569.[1] The names of the lovers are diſguiſed in the following title: *A notable Hiſtorye of Naſtagio and Trauerſari, no leſſe pitiefull then pleaſaunt, tranſlated out of Italian into Engliſhe verſe by C. T.* [C. T.] has unluckily applied to this tale, the ſame ſtanzas which Tye uſed in tranſlating the *Acts of the Apoſtles*. The knight of hell purſuing the lady, is thus deſcribed:

He ſawe approche with ſwiftie foote
The place where he did ſtaye,
A dame, with ſcattred heares vntruſſde,
Bereft of her araye.—
Beſides all this, two maſtiffes great
Both fierce and full he ſawe,
That fiercely pinchde her by the flanke
With greedie rauening rawe.
And eke a Knight, of colour ſwarthe,
He ſawe behinde her backe,
Came pricking after, flinging forthe
Vpon a courſer blacke:
With gaſtlye thretning countenaunce,
With armyng ſworde in hande;
His looke wold make one feare, his eyes
Were like a fiery brande, &c.

About the ſame time appeared the tale of *Cymon and Iphigenia, A pleaſant and delightfull Hiſtory of Galeſus, Cymon, and Iphigenia: deſcribing the ficklenеſſe of Fortune in loue. Tranſlated out of Italian into Engliſhe verſe by T. C. Gent.* It is in ſtanzas.[2] I know not with what poet of that time the initials T. C. can correſpond, except with Thomas Churchyard or Thomas Campion, [and of the two the former is decidedly the only one to whom it can be reaſonably aſcribed, ſince Campion was hardly born when it was publiſhed. It has been obſerved[3] that the tranſlator of *Cymon and Iphigenia* and that of *Naſtagio* are not to be confounded, their ſtyles eſſentially differing.] Campion is among the poets in *Englands Parnaſſus*

[1] [Warton ſays, by Chriſtopher Tye, doctor of muſic. Scarcely anything is more improbable. See Mr. Collier's *Bibl. Cat.* ii. 20.]

[2] [And commences thus:

"An ilande ſtandes in Tritons reigne,
That Cyprus hath to name:
A ſeate ſomtime of kingdomes nyne
Renowmde with laſtyng fame,
And for the great amenitie
And fertilnes of ſoyle
Not ſubject or of value leſſe
Than any ocean ile, &c."—*Park.*

For a liſt of Campion's works, which do not belong, beſides, to this ſection, ſee *H. of E. E. Lit.* in voce. It is odd enough that Warton, in enumerating them, ſhould have omitted the only one printed before 1600—his poems, 1595, 8vo., which do not ſeem to have been known to him or others, except in the reprint of 1619. Both Warton and Park abſurdly aſcribe a work by John Coprario or Cooper to Campion, and the latter furniſhed an extract from it as a ſpecimen of that writer's poetical talents!]

[3] [Collier's *Bibl. Cat.* 1865, ii. 19.]

printed in 1600, [and] is named by Camden with Spenſer, Sidney and Drayton.[1]

It is not at all improbable that theſe old tranſlations, now entirely forgotten and obſolete, ſuggeſted theſe ſtories to Dryden's notice. To Dryden they were not more ancient than pieces are to us written ſoon after the reſtoration of Charles the Second: and they were then of ſufficient antiquity not to be too commonly known, and of ſuch mediocrity as not to preclude a new tranſlation. I think we may trace Dryden in ſome of the rhymes and expreſſions.[2]

It muſt not be forgotten that Sacchetti [wrote] tales [a little after] Boccaccio;[3] [but theſe were never, it ſeems, printed in the author's lifetime, and did not appear in type till 1724.] But the publication of Boccaccio's *Decameron* gave a ſtability to this mode of compoſition, which had exiſted in a rude ſtate before the revival of letters in Italy. Boccaccio collected the common tales of his country, and procured others of Grecian origin from his friends and preceptors the Conſtantinopolitan exiles, which he decorated with new circumſtances, and delivered in the pureſt ſtyle. Some few perhaps are of his own invention. He was ſoon imitated, yet often unſucceſsfully, by many of his countrymen, Poggio, Bandello, the anonymous author[s] of *Le Ciento Novelle Antike*,[4] Cinthio, Firenzuola, Maleſpini, and others. Even Machiavelli, who united the livelieſt wit with the profoundeſt reflection, and who compoſed two comedies while he was compiling a political hiſtory of his country, condeſcended to adorn this faſhionable ſpecies of writing with his *Novella di Belfegor*, or the tale of Belphegor.

In Burton's *Anatomy of Melancholy*, there is a curious account of the diverſions in which our anceſtors paſſed their winter evenings. They were not totally inelegant or irrational. One of them was to read Boccaccio's novels aloud. "The ordinary recreations which we haue in winter, are cardes, tables and dice, ſhouel-board, cheſſe-play,

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[1] Camden, in his *Remains*, claſſes Campion with Spenſer, Daniel, Jonſon, Drayton, and Shakeſpeare; but neither Spenſer nor Shakeſpeare had then attained to that eminence above their fellows which they now undiſputedly hold.—*Park.*]

[2] In 1569[70], Thomas Colwell has licence to print *A ballett intituled ij faythfull ſryndes beynge bothe in love with one Lady.* Regiſtr. Station. A. fol. 193, a. This ſeems to be *Palamon and Arcite*. [Mr. Collier erroneouſly ſtates (Extracts, i. 227), that this entry relates to John Drout's poem (ſee *Hand. E. E. Lit.* in v.), which had been licenſed to its publiſher in 1570.] I know not whether I ſhould mention here, Robert Wilmot's tragedy of *Tancred and Giſmund*, acted before Queen Elizabeth at the Inner Temple, in 1568, and printed in 1591, as the ſtory, originally from Boccaccio, is in Paynter's Collection, and in an old Engliſh poem [by W. Walter.] There is alſo an old French poem called *Guichard et Sigiſmonde*, tranſlated from Boccaccio into Latin by Leo Aretino, and thence into French verſe by Jean Fleury. Paris (*circa* 1500). See [Brunet, laſt edit. i. 399-400, and] *Decameron*, Giorn, iv. Nov. i.

[3] [Sacchetti was only eighteen years of age when the firſt part of the *Decameron* appeared.—*Price.* See Brunet, v. 11-12.]

[4] [The *Ciento Novelle Antike* are of much higher antiquity than the tales of Boccaccio.—*Ritſon.* See Brunet, *Manuel du Libraire*, derniere edit. i. 1736-7. It is ſuppoſed that Franceſco Barberino wrote ſome of theſe tales. The firſt edition appared at Bologna in 1525.]

the philoſopher's game, ſmall trunkes, balliardes, muſicke, maſkes, ſinging, dancing, vle-games,[1] catches, purpoſes, queſtions: merry tales, of errant knights, kings, queenes, louers, lords, ladies, giants dwarfes, thieves, fayries, Boccaces *Nouelles*, and the reſt."[2]

[In 1562, Arthur Broke, of whom very little is known, except that he periſhed by ſhipwreck on his paſſage to Newhaven, probably in 1563, publiſhed a looſe but well-written paraphraſe in verſe of the French verſion by Pierre Boaiſtuau, of Bandello's *Hiſtory of Romeus and Julietta*, included in the collection of ſuch narratives, better known under the name of Belleforeſt, Boaiſtuau's coadjutor or continuator. It ſeems probable that Bandello himſelf, at leaſt partly drew his material from Luigi da Porto.] It is evident from a coincidence of abſurdities and an identity of phraſeology, that this was Shakeſpeare's original, and not the meagre outline which appears in Painter. Among the copies delivered by Tottel the printer to the ſtationers of London in 1582, is a *booke* called *Romeo and Julietta*.[3] But [no ſuch edition is now known. There is one of 1587, with an amplified and altered title. The ſubject was very popular, eſpecially after the performance of Shakeſpeare's drama on the ſtage in or about 1591, and one or more ballads were iſſued, containing, it is to be preſumed, a metrical epitome of the romantic incidents related at large in novel, poem, and play.] It muſt be remembered here, that the original writer of this ſtory was Luigi da Porto, a gentleman of Verona, who died in 1529. His narrative appeared at Venice in 1535, under the title of *La Giulietta*, and was ſoon afterwards adopted by Bandello. Shakeſpeare, miſled by the Engliſh poem, miſſed the opportunity of introducing a moſt affecting ſcene by the natural and obvious concluſion of the ſtory. In Luigi's novel, Juliet awakes from her trance in the tomb before the death of Romeo. From Turbervile's poems, printed in 1567, we learn that Arthur Broke was drowned in his paſſage to Newhaven, and that he was the author of this tranſlation, which was the diſtinguiſhed proof of his excellent poetical abilities:

> Apollo lent him Lute for ſolace ſake,
> To ſound his Verſe by touch of ſtately ſtring,
> And of the neuer fading Bayde did make
> A Lawrell Crowne, about his browes to cling,
> In proofe that he for Myter did excell,
> As may be iudge by *Iuliet and hir Mate:*
> For there he ſhewde his cunning paſſing well
> When he the Tale to Engliſhe did tranſlate.—
> Aye mee, that time (thou crooked Delphin) where
> Waſt thou, Aryons help and onely ſtay,
> That ſafely him from Sea to ſhore didſt beare,
> When Brooke was drownd, why was ÿ thē away? &c.[4]

The enthuſiaſts to Shakeſpeare muſt wiſh to ſee more of Arthur Broke's poetry, and will be gratified with the dulleſt anecdotes of

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[1] Chriſtmas games.
[2] P. ii. § 2, pag. 230, edit. fol. 1624.
[3] [Collier's Extracts, ii. 177.]
[4] *Epitaph on the death of Maiſter Arthur Brooke*, [edit. 1570, fol. 144.]

an author to whom perhaps we owe the exiſtence of a tragedy at which we have all wept. I can diſcover nothing more of Arthur Broke, than that he tranſlated from French into Engliſh, *The Agreement of ſundrie places of Scripture ſeeming to iarre*, which was printed at London in 1563. At the end is a copy of verſes written by the editor Thomas Broke the younger, I ſuppoſe his brother; by which it appears that the author, Arthur Broke, was ſhipwrecked before the year 1563.[1] Juliet ſoon furniſhed a female name to a new novel; for in 1577 [was] printed *The renowned Hiſtorie of Cleomenes and Juliet*, [by John Philip]—unleſs this be Broke's ſtory diſguiſed and altered: [after all, not a very likely circumſtance].

Biſhop Tanner, I think, in his correſpondence with the learned and accurate Thomas Baker of Cambridge, mentions a proſe Engliſh verſion of the *Novelle* of Bandello, wh[ich] endeavoured to avoid the obſcenities of Boccaccio and the improbabilities of Cinthio: in 1580, by W. W. [It is to be preſumed that Tanner and Baker refer to the *Heptameron of Civill Diſcourſes*, by George Whetſtone, 1582, to which Shakeſpeare is ſuppoſed to have owed a hint or two for his *Meaſure for Meaſure*. William Warner, to whom the book has been too confidently aſſigned, publiſhed nothing before 1585. Whetſtone's work did not aſſiſt Shakeſpeare, as it has been conjectured that W. W.'s *Bandello* might have done, in the compoſition of *Romeo and Juliet*. He went only to Broke and Painter.

By the way, William Warner was eſteemed by his cotemporaries as one of the refiners of our language, and is ſaid, in Meres's *Wits Treaſury*, to be one of thoſe by whom "the Engliſh Tongue is mightily enriched, and gorgeouſly inveſted in rare ornaments and reſplendent habiliments." [Meres's applauſe of ſuch characteriſtics is itſelf ſome indication of the falſe and depraved taſte which prevailed in his age, and of the commencing partiality for euphuiſm.] Warner was alſo a tranſlator of Plautus, and wrote a novel, or rather a ſuite of ſtories, much in the ſtyle of the adventures of Heliodorus's Ethiopic romance, dedicated to Lord Hunſdon [under the title of *Pan his Syrinx, or Pipe, Compact of Seven Reedes, Including in one Seven Tragical or Comicall Arguments*, printed in 1585.] Warner, in his *Albions England*, printed in 15[86], ſays, "Written haue I already in Proſe, allowed of ſome, and now offer I Verſe, attending indifferent cenſvres." [The *Syrinx* was reprinted in 1597, with corrections, but it did not become very popular.][2]

Among George Gaſcoigne's [Poems is inſerted a tranſlation (as it is called) in proſe and verſe, out of the riding tales of Bartello (an

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[1] In octavo. *Princ.* "Some men heretofore haue attempted."

[2] "*To the Reader*," he ſays [in the ed. of 1597], "One in penning pregnanter, and a ſchollar better than myſelfe, on whoſe graue the graſſe now groweth green, whom otherwiſe, though otherwiſe to me guiltie, I name not, hath borrowed out of euerie Calamus [of the *Syrinx*,] of the Storie herein handled, argument and inuention to ſeuerall bookes by him publiſhed. Another of late, hauing (fayning the ſame a Tranſlation) ſet foorth an hiſtorie of a Duke of Lancaſter neuer before authored, hath vouchſafed to incerte therein whole pages verbatim as they are herein extant," &c.

author not otherwiſe known), of *A diſcourſe of the aduentures paſſed by Maſter F[erdinando] I[eronimi.]* So the title ran in the firſt edition printed in 1573, when the poems were publiſhed in the author's abſence through the inſtrumentality of two literary acquaintances. But a very curious literary hiſtory, on a ſmall ſcale, is involved herein, and has been explained, ſo far as it can ever be explained, elſewhere.[1] Much poetry is interwoven into the narrative. Nor, on the mention of Gaſcoigne, will it be foreign to the preſent purpoſe to add here, that in the year 1566 he tranſlated Arioſto's comed[y] called [*Gli*] *Suppoſiti*, which was acted the ſame year at Gray's-inn. The title is *Suppoſes: a Comedie written in the Italian tongue by Arioſto, Engliſhed by George Gaſcoygne of Grayes Inne Eſquire, and there preſented*, 1566.[2] This comedy was firſt written in proſe by Arioſto, and afterwards reduced into rhyme. Gaſcoigne's tranſlation [which is extremely free and looſe, and ſeems rather to come within the category of an adaptation to an Engliſh audience,] is in proſe. The dialogue is ſupported with much ſpirit and eaſe, and has often the air of a modern converſation. As Gaſcoigne was the firſt who exhibited on our ſtage a ſtory from Euripides [or an attempt at dramatic dialogue in blank verſe], ſo in this play he is the firſt that produced an Engliſh comedy in proſe. By the way, the quaint name of Petruchio, and the incident of the maſter and ſervant changing habits and characters, and perſuading the Sieneſe to perſonate the father, by frightening him with the hazard of his travelling from Sienna to Ferrara againſt the commands of government, was tranſferred into the *Taming of the Shrew*. I doubt not, however, that there was an Italian novel on the ſubject. From this play alſo the ridiculous name and character of Doctor Dodipoll ſeems to have got into our old drama.[3] But to return.

In Shakeſpeare's *Much ado about Nothing*, Beatrice [ſays: "That I was diſdainful, and that I had my good wit out of the *Hundred Merry Tales*. Well, this was Signior Benedik that ſaid ſo." The lady refers to an admirable ſtory-book ſo called, printed twice by J. Raſtell, once in 1526, and once without date, and of which later editions, no longer known, may once have exiſted, as it was licenſed in Elizabeth's time more than once. Some of our earlier writers ſuppoſed the *Hundred Merry Tales* to be a very different kind of performance. Fletcher alludes in his *Nice Valour* not to this book, but to the *Decameron*.] It is mentioned as popular in the *London Chaunticleres* ſo late as 1659, and is cried for ſale by a ballad-vender, with the *Wiſe Men of Gotham* and *Scogin's Jeſts*.

In 1587, George Tubervile the poet, already mentioned as the tranſlator of Ovid's *Epiſtles*, publiſhed a ſet of tragical tales[4] in verſe, ſelected from various Italian noveliſts. He was a ſkilful maſter of

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[1 Roxburghe Library edit. of Gaſcoigne's Poems, 1869-70, *Introd.* See alſo the memoir of Gaſcoigne in the *Athenæ Cantabrig.* i. 374.]

[2 It was not printed till 1573.]

[3 *The Wiſdome of Doctor Dodypoll*, 1600.]

[4 Mr. Malone ſuſpects, that he alſo publiſhed ſome *Comic Tales*, from Sir John

the modern languages, and went into Ruſſia in the quality of ſecretary to Thomas Randolph eſquire, envoy to the Emperor of Ruſſia.[1] This collection, which is dedicated to his brother Nicholas, is entitled *Tragical Tales, tranſlated by Turberuile in time of his troubles, out of ſundry Italians, with the Argument and* [*enuoye*] *to eche Tale* [it was printed more than once, as appears from an extant fragment of ſome impreſſion (probably that of 1576, which ſeems to have been in the Harleian Library)].[2]

Among Mr. Oldys's books, [but now no longer known,] was the *Life of Sir Meliado a Brittiſh knight*,[3] tranſlated from the Italian, in 1572. By the way, we are not here to ſuppoſe that Brittiſh means Engliſh. A Brittiſh knight means a knight of Bretagne or Brittany, in France. This is a common miſtake, ariſing from an equivocation which has converted many a French knight into an Engliſhman. The learned Nicholas Antonio, in his *Spaniſh Library*, affords a remarkable example of this confuſion, and a proof of its frequency, where he is ſpeaking of the Spaniſh tranſlation of the romance of *Tirante the White*, in 1480.[4]

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Harington's mention of the tale of Geneura, "a pretty comical matter," written in Engliſh verſe by Mr. George Turbervil. See his *Orl. Fur.* p. 39.—*Park.*]

[1] [From Whetſtone's *Remembraunce of the life of Gaſkoigne*, it appears that *he* was the author of the treatiſe on *Hunting*, commonly aſcribed to Turbervile.—*Park.*]

[2] [See Collier's *Bibl. Cat.* 1865, ii. 450. The edition of 1587 was reprinted in 1837.]

[3] Meliadus del Eſpinoy, and Meliadus le noir Oeil, are the thirty-ſeventh and thirty-eighth knights of the *Round Table*, in R. Robinſon's *Avncient Order*, &c. [1582.] Bl. lett. Chiefly a French tranſlation.

["If there be any ſuch book," ſaid Ritſon, "as the *Life of Sir Meliado*, it is without doubt the romance of *Meliadus de Leonnois*, a petty king in Great Britain, and one of the knights of the Round Table, whoſe ſtory was tranſlated out of French into Italian, and printed at Venice in 1559-60, in two volumes, 8vo."—*Park.* The original French was firſt printed in 1528. But it ſhould be noted that there were two diſtinct romances under this name. For an account of the Hiſtory of Meliadus *Chevalier de la Croix*, ſee Brunet, art. *Meliadus*, and Madden's *Sir Gawayne*, 1839, xxviii.-xxix.]

[4] "Ad fabularum artificem ſtilum convertimus, Ioannem Martorell* Valentini regni civem, cuius eſt liber aliorum hujus commatis germanus; *Tirant lo blanch* inſcriptus, atque anno 1480, ut aiunt, Valentiæ in folio editus. *More hic aliorum talium otioſorum conſueto*, fingit ſe hunc librum ex *Anglica* in Luſitanam, deinde è Luſitana in Valentinam linguam anno 1460, tranſtuliſſe," &c.—*Bibl. Hiſpan.* [*vetus.*] L. x. c. ix. p. [280,] num. 490.

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* [Concerning this writer and his production, Ritſon entered into the following elaborate diſcuſſion. "John or Joanot Martorell, the author of the romance of *Tirant le Blanch*, in his dedication thereof to Don Ferdinand, Prince of Portugal and Duke of Viſeo, brother of Alphonſus V., and then (in 1460) preſumptive heir to the crown, to which his ſon Emanuel afterwards ſucceeded, poſitively declares that the hiſtory and acts of the ſaid Tirant were written in the Engliſh tongue (*en lengua Angleſa*;) that he had tranſlated them out of that language into the Portugueſe, at the direct inſtance of the above prince, who thought that as Martorell had been ſome time in England (*en la illa de Angleterra*) he would know the tongue better than others: that he had ſince tranſlated the book out of Portugueſe into his native dialect, the Valencian: and apologiſes for the defects of his verſion, as being in ſome meaſure occaſioned by the peculiar difficulties of the

"I now turn to a writer of fabulous adventures, John Martorell of the kingdom of Valencia, who wrote a book of this caſt, entitled *Tirante the White*, printed in folio at Valencia [in 1490 and at Barcelona in 1497].[1] This writer, according to a practice common to ſuch idle hiſtorians, pretends he tranſlated this book from Engliſh into Portugueze, and from thence into the Valencian language." The hero is a gentleman of Bretagne,[2] and the book was firſt written in the language of that country.

I know not from what Italian fabler the little romance called the *Baniſhment of Cupid* was taken. It is ſaid to have been tranſlated out of Italian into Engliſh by Thomas Hedley, in 1587.[3] [In 1568, one W. Barker tranſlated from the Italian Giambattiſta Gelli's work entitled in the original edition ſimply *I Dialogi del Gello*, but

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[1] "Early in the ſixteenth century it was tranſlated into Caſtilian; from thence into Italian, and at a later period into French. The two latter tranſlators were entire ſtrangers to the original, of which there is not perhaps more than one ſingle copy known to be extant."—Ritſon's *Obs.* p. 46.—*Park.* The work appears to have been compoſed between 1390 and 1490. Dunlop, *ut infr.* "The fineſt of the three copies known of the impreſſion of Valencia, 1490, is in the Grenville Collection, Britiſh Muſeum. This copy formerly belonged to Heber, who gave 300 guineas for it. See a long and intereſting account of the work in the *Bibl. Grenvill.*"—*Rye.*]

[2] ["Armorica," ſays Ritſon, "was by the French called *La petite Bretagne*; by us, Little Britain; merely to diſtinguiſh it from the iſland of Great Britain, by them ſtyled *La grande Bretagne*. The word Britiſh," he ſubjoins, "may, for aught I know, be common to both countries, but I firmly believe the inhabitants of Britany were never ſo called by any writer, Engliſh or foreign, before Mr. Warton." *Obs.* p. 44.—*Park.*

The work here alluded to was a reprint of a romance tranſlated by Lord Berners from the French, and noticed above. The Comte de Treſſan conceived the original to have been written in the reign of Charles the Sixth, and its reſemblance in ſtyle and language to Froiſſart, has been conjectured to have ſecured for it the noble tranſlator's attention. See *Britiſh Bibliographer*, iv. 231.—*Price.*]

[3] It is among Sampſon Awdeley's copies, as a former grant, 1581. *Regiſtr. Station.* B. fol. 186, a.

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Engliſh language, which he had in many places found it impracticable to tranſlate. It is ſtrange enough that an author, more eſpecially of Martorell's conſequence, ſhould have the confidence to impoſe upon his patron, not only a feigned original, but a feigned command to tranſlate it, and an imaginary tranſlation too. It is not impoſſible, however, that Martorell might actually pick up ſome part of his ſubject during his reſidence in England. What makes the conjecture the leſs improbable, is the uſe he has made of the ſtory of Guy Earl of Warwick (*Comte Gillem de Varoych*) which we know to have been then extant in Engliſh. The origin of the Garter, the magnificent celebration of the nuptials of the king of England (alluding moſt likely to thoſe of Richard II.) with the king of France's daughter, and ſome few other particulars, he may undoubtedly have got here: though one might be led to think, that he has derived his principal information on theſe heads from old Froiſſart, a favourite hiſtorian during the continuance of chivalry. But, independent of his own aſſertions, the venial deceits of a romantic age, there is the ſtrongeſt and moſt concluſive evidence, as well intrinſic as extrinſic, that Martorell, whether he wrote firſt in Portugueſe or Valencian, was the original author. As to the work itſelf, it is a moſt ingenious and admirable performance, well deſerving the praiſes beſtowed on it by Cervantes in *Don Quixote*, and much beyond anything of the kind ever produced in England." *Obs. on Warton's Hiſt.* p. 48.—*Park.* See Dunlop's *Hiſtory of Fiction*, edit. 1845, pp. 166-71.]

reprinted in 1548 under the name of *I Capricci del Bottaio.* Barker chriſtened his verſion, *The fearfull fantyſes of the Florentyne Cowper.*[1]

Nor do I know with what propriety the romance of *Aurelio and Iſabella*, the ſcene of which is laid in Scotland, may be mentioned here. But it was printed in 1556, in one volume in Italian, French, and Engliſh,[2] and again, in Italian, Spaniſh, French, and Engliſh, in 1588. I was informed by the late Mr. Collins of Chicheſter, that Shakeſpeare's *Tempeſt*, for which no origin is yet aſſigned, was formed on this favourite romance. But although this information has not proved true on examination, an uſeful concluſion may be drawn from it, that Shakeſpeare's ſtory is ſomewhere to be found in an Italian novel, at leaſt that the ſtory preceded Shakeſpeare. Mr. Collins had ſearched this ſubject with no leſs fidelity, than judgment and induſtry: but his memory failing in his laſt calamitous indiſpoſition, he probably gave me the name of one novel for another. I remember he added a circumſtance, which may lead to a diſcovery, that the principal character of the romance, anſwering to Shakeſpeare's Proſpero, was a chemical necromancer, who had bound a ſpirit like Ariel to obey his call and perform his ſervices. It was a common pretence of the dealers in the occult ſciences to have a demon at command.[3] At leaſt Aurelio, or Orelio, was probably one of the names of this romance, the production and multiplication of gold being the grand object of alchemy. Taken at large, the magical part of the *Tempeſt* is founded in that ſort of philoſophy which was practiſed by John Dee and his aſſociates, and has been called the Roſicruſian. The name Ariel came from the Talmudiſtic myſteries with which the learned Jews had infected this ſcience.

To this head muſt alſo be referred the Collections which appeared before 1600, of tales drawn indiſcriminately from French and Spaniſh, as well as Italian authors, all perhaps originally of Italian growth, and recommended by the general love of fable and fiction which now prevailed. I will mention a few.

In point of ſelection and ſize, perhaps the moſt capital miſcellany of this kind is Fenton's book of tragical novels. The title is, *Certaine Tragicall Diſcourſes written oute of Frenche and Latin, by Geoffraie Fenton, no leſs profitable then pleaſaunt, and of like neceſſitye to al degrees that take pleaſure in antiquityes or forreine reaportes. Mon heur viendra.* 1567.[4] The dedication is dated from his chamber at Paris, in 1567, to the Lady Mary Sydney, and contains many

[1] Licenſed in 1567. *Regiſtr. Station.* A. fol. 164, b. There is an edition in 1599.

[2] I have *L'Hiſtoire d'Aurelio et Iſabella en Italien et Françoiſe*, printed at Lyons by G. Rouille, in 1555. 16mo. Annexed is *La Deiphire*, by the author of the romance, as I apprehend, Leon-Baptiſta Alberti, in Italian and French.

[3] [It is a juſt remark of Mr. Boſwell's that a perſon in the ſtate of mind to which Collins was reduced "was much more likely to have confounded in his memory two books which he had met with nearly at the ſame time than to have fancied that he had read what exiſted only in his own imagination." The ſame commentator adds, that he had been told by a friend that he had ſome years ago actually peruſed an Italian novel which anſwered to Collins's deſcription.—Hunter's *New Illuſtr. of Shakeſp.* 1845, i. 167.]

[4] [There is] another edition, 1579, 4to.

ſenſible reflections on this kind of reading. He ſays, "Neyther do I thynke that our Engliſhe recordes are hable to yelde at this daye a *Romant* more delicat and chaſte, treatynge of the veraye theame and effectes of loue, than theis *Hyſtories*, of no leſſe credit than ſufficient authoritie, by reaſon the moſte of theyme were within the compaſſe of memorye," &c.[1] Among the recommendatory poems prefixed,[2] there is one by George Turbervile, who laviſhes much praiſe on Fenton's "curious fyle," which could "frame this paſſ-ing-pleaſant booke." He adds,

> The learned ſtories erſte, and ſugred tales that laye
> Remoude from ſimple common ſence, this writer doth diſplaye: . . .
> Nowe men of meaneſt ſkill, what Bandel wrought maye vew,
> And tell the tale in Engliſhe well, that erſt they neuer knewe:
> Diſcourſe of ſundrye ſtrange and Tragicall affaires,
> Of louynge Ladyes haples haps, theyr deathes, ād deadly cares, &c.

Moſt of the ſtories are on Italian ſubjects, and many from Bandello, who was ſoon tranſlated into French. The laſt tale, the Penance of Don Diego on the Pyrenean mountains for the love of *Genivera la blonde*, containing ſome metrical inſcriptions, is in Don Quixote, and was verſified in the octave ſtanza apparently from Fenton's publication, by R[ichard] L[inch?] in 1596, at the end of a ſet of ſonnets called *Diella*.[3]

Fenton was a tranſlator of other books from the modern languages. He tranſlated into Engliſh the twenty books of Guicciardini's *Hiſtory of Italy*, which he dedicated to Queen Elizabeth from his apartment near the Tower, the 7th day of January, 1578. [It was printed in 1579.] The predominating love of narrative, more eſpecially when the exploits of a favorite nation were the ſubject, rendered this book very popular; and it came recommended to the public by a title-page which promiſed almoſt the entertainment of a romance, *The Hiſtorie of Guiccardin, containing the warres of Italie, and other partes, continued for many yeares vnder ſundry Kings and Princes, together with the variation and accidents of the ſame, deuided into twenty Bookes, &c. Reduced into Engliſh by Geffray Fenton. Mon heur viendra.*[4] It is probably to this book that Gabriel Harvey, Spenſer's Hobbinol, alludes, where he ſays, "Even Guiccardines ſiluer hiſtory, and Arioſtos golden cantoes, grow out of requeſt, and the Counteſſe of Pembrookes *Arcadia* is not greene inough for queaſie ſtomackes, but they muſt haue Greenes *Arcadia*," &c.[4] Among his verſions are alſo, *The Golden Epiſtles* of Antonio de Guevara, the ſecretary of Charles the Fifth, and now a favorite author, addreſſed to

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[1] He commends his illuſtrious patroneſs, for "your worthie participation with the excellent gifts of temperance and wonderfull modeſtie in the ii. moſte famous erles of Leiceſter and Warwike your bretherne, and moſt vertuous and renowned ladye the counteſſe of Huntington your ſyſter," &c.

[2] Sir John Conway, M.H., who writes in Latin, and Peter Beverley [the poet]. His *Hiſtory of Ariodanto and Jenevra* will be noticed preſently.

[3] The ſonnets are twenty-eight in number.

[4] *Foure Letters*, &c. 1592. Lett. 3. [This is a curious inſtance of Harvey's ignorance or malice, or both, for Greene's *Arcadia* was printed before Lady Pembroke's work.]

Anne counteſs of Oxford, from his chamber at the Dominican, or black friars, the fourth of February, 1575.[1] I apprehend him to be the ſame Sir Jeffrey Fenton, who is called "a privie counſellor in Ireland to the queen," in the *Blazon of Jealouſie*, [tranſlated from Bennedetto Varchi] in 1615, by R[obert] T[ofte]. He died in 1608.[2]

With Fenton's *Diſcourſes* may be mentioned alſo, *Straunge, lamentable, and tragicall hiſtories tranſlated out of French into Engliſhe by R[obert] S[myth]*, and publiſhed in 1577. [It ſeems to have been a poſthumous publication, or at any rate it was edited by Thomas Newton, of Cheſhire, who dedicated it to Maſter Harry Vernon, of Stoke, Salop, and to Maſter John Vernon, of Sudbury, Derbyſhire.]

A work of a ſimilar nature, by Thomas Forteſcue, appeared in 1571. It is divided into four books, and called *The Foreſte or Collection of Hiſtories, no leſſe profitable then pleaſant and neceſſarie, doone out of Frenche into Engliſhe, by Thomas Forteſcue.*[3] It is dedicated to John Forteſcue, Eſquire, keeper of the wardrobe. The genius of theſe tales may be diſcerned from their hiſtory. The book is ſaid to have been written in Spaniſh by Petro de Meſſia, then tranſlated into Italian, thence into French by Claude Cruget, a citizen of Paris, and laſtly from French into Engliſh by Forteſcue. But many of the ſtories ſeem to have originally migrated[4] from Italy into Spain.

Among many others that might be mentioned, I think, is the romance or novel entitled, *A Margarite of America.* By T. Lodge. 1596. In the dedication to Lady Ruſſell, and preface to the gentlemen readers, he ſays, that being at ſea four years before with M. Cavendiſh, he found this hiſtory in the Spaniſh tongue in the library of the Jeſuits of Sanctum; and that he tranſlated it in the ſhip, in paſſing through the Straits of Magellan. Many ſonnets and metrical inſcriptions are intermixed. One of the ſonnets is ſaid to be in imitation of Dolce the Italian.[5] About the walls[6] of the chamber of Prince Protomachus, "in curious imagerie were the

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[1] Lond. 1577. His *Familiar Epiſtles* were tranſlated by Edward Hellowes, groom of the Leaſh, 1574. Fenton alſo tranſlated into Engliſh a Latin *Diſputation* held at the Sorbonne, 1571. And, an Epiſtle about obedience to the paſtors of the Flemiſh church at Antwerp, from Antonio de Carro, Lond. 1570. 8vo. His diſcourſes on the civil wars in France, under Charles IX. in 1569, are entered with Harriſon and Biſhop.—*Regiſtr. Station.* A. fol. 191, a. There was an Edward Fenton, who tranſlated from various authors *Certaine ſecretes and wonders of nature*, &c. Dedicated to Lord Lumley, 1569. 4to.

[2] Ware, 137.

[3] A ſecond edition was printed in 1576. It is licenſed with W. Jones, in 1570, and with the authority of the Biſhop of London.—*Regiſtr. Station.* A. fol. 205, b. Again, Nov. 8, 1596. *Regiſtr.* C. fol. 15, a. Similar to this is the *Paragon of pleaſaunt Hiſtoryes, or this Nutt was neuer cracked, contayninge a diſcourſe of a noble kynge and his three ſonnes*, [licenſed] Jan. 20, 1595[-6]—*Ibid.* fol. 7, a.

[4] ["This, though ſaid of a particular collection," obſerves Dr. Aſhby, "is nearly true in general. The romantic turn of the Spaniards," he adds, "ſeems ſo congenial to tales of chivalry, that they put in to be the authors of them with much apparent probability; but the fact is ſaid to be otherwiſe. No ancient romance has its ſcene or heroes in Spain."—*Park.*]

[5] Signat. C. [6] Signat. K 3.

Seuen Sages of Greece, ſet forth with their ſeuerall vertues eloquently diſcouered in Arabicke verſes." The arch of the bed is of ebony ſet with precious ſtones, and depictured with the ſtages of man's life from infancy to old age.[1] The chamber of Margarite, in the ſame caſtle, is much more ſumptuous. Over the portico were carved in the whiteſt marble, Diana bluſhing at the ſudden intruſion of Acteon, and her "naked Nymphes, who with one hand couering their owne ſecret pleaſures, with bluſhes with the other caſt a beautifull vaile ouer their miſtreſſe daintie nakedneſs. The two pillars of the doore were beautified with the two Cupides of Anacreon, which well-ſhaped Modeſtie often ſeemed to whip, leſt they ſhould growe ouer-wanton." Within, "All the chaſte Ladies of the world inchaſed out of ſiluer, looking through faire mirrours of chriſolites, carbuncles, ſapphires, and greene emeraults, fixed their eyes on the picture of Eternitie," &c. In the tapeſtry was the ſtory of Orpheus, &c.[2] A ſonnet of "that excellent poet of Italie Lodouico Paſcale," is introduced.[3] Another, "in imitation of Martelli, hauing the right nature of an Italian melancholie."[4] He mentions "the ſweet conceites of Philip du Portes, whoſe poeticall writings being alreadie for the moſt part Engliſhed, and ordinarilie in euerie mans hands," are not here tranſlated.[5]

I think I have alſo ſeen in Italian *The ſtraunge and wonderfull aduentures of Don Simonides a gentilman Spaniarde. Conteyning verie pleaſaunte diſcourſe. Gathered as well for the recreation of our noble yong gentilmen as our honourable courtly ladies. By Barnabe Riche gentilman.* 1581. 4to. Much poetry is intermixed. A recommendatory poem in the octave ſtanza is prefixed by Lodge, who ſays he corrected the work, and has now laid his muſe aſide. There is another in the ſame ſtanza by R. W. But it would be endleſs to purſue publications of this ſort.

The learned Dr. Farmer has reſtored to the public notice a compilation of this claſs, entitled, *The Orator Handling a hundred ſeuerall Diſcourſes in forme of Declamations: Some of the Arguments being drawne from Titus Liuius, and other ancient Writers, the reſt of the authors owne inuention. Part of which are of matters happened in our age. Written in French by Alexander Silvayn, and Engliſhed by L[azarus P[iot*, i.e. *Anthony Munday.*] 1596.[6] The ſubject of the ninety-fifth Declamation is *Of a Jew who would for his debt haue a pound of the fleſh of a Chriſtian.*[7] We have here the incident of the bond, in Shakeſpeare's *Merchant of Venice*, which yet may be traced to a much higher ſource.[8] Perhaps the following paſſage in Burton's

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[1] Signat. B. 3. [2] *Ibid.* [3] Signat. L.
[4] *Ibid.* [5] Signat. L 2.
[6] [It muſt appear that there had been a deſign, not known to have been carried out, to print at leaſt a ſelection from the original work ſome years before, for we find licenſed, Aug. 25,] 1590: *Certen Tragicall caſes conteyninge Lv Hyſtories with their ſeuerall Declamations both accuſative and defenſive, written in Frenſhe by Alexander Vandenbuſh alias Silvan, tranſlated into Engliſhe by E. A.*—Regiſtr. Station. B. fol. 263, b. [See Collier's *Bibliogr. Catal.* 1865, ii. 171.]
[7] See fol. 401. [8] See the *Diſſertation on the Geſta Romanorum.*

*Anatomy of Melancholy* may throw light on theſe Declamations: "In the Low Countries, before theſe warres, they had many ſolemne feaſtes, playes, challenges, artillery [archery] gardens, colledges of rimers, rhetoricians, poets, and to this day, ſuch places are curiouſly maintained in Amſterdam. In Italy, they have ſolemne Declamations of certaine ſelect yonge gentlemen in Florence, like theſe reciters in old Rome," &c.[1]

In 1582, a ſuite of tales was publiſhed by George Whetſtone,[2] one of the moſt "paſſionate among us to be waile the perplexities of love,"[3] under the title of *Heptameron*, and containing ſome novels from Cinthio. Shakeſpeare, in *Meaſure for Meaſure*, has fallen into great improprieties by founding his plot on a hiſtory in the *Heptameron*, imperfectly copied or tranſlated from Cinthio's original.[4] Many faults in the conduct of incidents for which Shakeſpeare's judgment is arraigned, often flowed from the caſual book of the day, whoſe miſtakes he implicitly followed without looking for a better model, and from a too haſty acquieſcence in the preſent accommodation. But without a book of this ſort Shakeſpeare would often have been at a loſs for a ſubject. Yet at the ſame time, we look with wonder at the ſtructures which he forms, and even without labour or deliberation, of the baſeſt materials.[5] [It has been already more than hinted, that this was the book to which ought to have been referred the alluſion to a ſet of tales publiſhed in 1580, (as then alleged) by W. W.]

In 1589, was [licenſed for publication] the *Chaos of Hiſtoryes*, and in 1563, *A boke called Certaine noble ſtoryes contaynynge rare and worthy matter*. Theſe pieces are perhaps to be catalogued in the ſame claſs.

In the year 159[1],[6] Sir John Harington, who will occur again in

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[1] P. ii. § 2, p. 229, edit. 1624.

[2] [Whetſtone was leſs a writer of ſonnets than of long and dull proſaic poems, ſome ſpecimens of which have been inſerted in *Cenſura Literaria*.—Park. The moſt complete liſt of Whetſtone's works is in the *Handb. of E. E. Lit.* 1867, *in v.*]

[3] Meres, *ubi ſupr.* fol. 284. W. Webbe, a cotemporary, calls him "A man ſingularly well ſkilled in this faculty of poetry."

[4] See Whetſtone's *Hiſtorye of Promos and Caſſandra*, 1578. [Whetſtone afterwards inſerted a proſe verſion of this tale in his *Heptameron*, 1582.]

[5] In the Prologue to *Cupid's Whirligig*, by E. S.[harpham], 1616, [Warton thought ridiculouſly enough that] an oblique ſtroke ſeemed intended at ſome of Shakeſpeare's plots:

> "Our authors pen loues not to ſwimme in blood,
> He dips no inke from oute blacke Acheron:
> Nor croſſes ſeas to get a forraine plot.—
> Nor doth he touch the falls of mighty kings,
> No ancient hyſtorie, no ſhepherd's love,
> No ſtateſman's life," &c.

He blames ſome other dramatic writers for their plots of heathen gods. So [Breton] who ſurely had forgot Shakeſpeare, in *Paſquills Madcappe*, 1600, p. 11:]

> "Go, bid the poets ſtuddie better matter,
> Than Mars and Venus in a tragedie."

[6] In that year, Feb. 26, was entered to Richard Field, under the hands of the

his place as an original writer, exhibited an Engliſh verſion of Arioſto's *Orlando Furioſo* which, although executed without ſpirit or accuracy, unanimated and incorrect, enriched our poetry by a communication of new ſtores of fiction and imagination, both of the romantic and comic ſpecies, of Gothic machinery and familiar manners.

[The firſt Engliſh writer who is known to have drawn attention to him, was Peter Beverley of Staple Inn who, about 1565, compoſed a paraphraſe in verſe of *Ariodanto and Genevra*. It was licenſed for the preſs in 1565: but the only edition at preſent traceable is one without date, but printed about 1570, by Thomas Eaſt for Francis Caldock. Mr. Park has afforded a ſpecimen of the commencement, which will probably not excite a deſire for more:

Amongſt the vanquiſh't regions,
That worthy Brute did winne,
There is a ſoyle, in theſe our dayes
With occean ſeas cloaſde in,
That fertile is, and peopled well,
And ſtor'd with pleaſant fieldes;
And hath for tillage lucky land,
That yearly profit yieldes—

In 1597, Robert Tofte tranſlated and publiſhed *Two Tales out of Arioſto. The one in Diſpraiſe of men, the other in Diſgrace of women. With certaine other Italian Stanzes and Proverbs*, and in 1608,[1] the ſame gentleman executed a verſion of Arioſto's Satires which, it appears, was improperly appropriated by Gervis Markham.

I may add, that in 1598 was licenſed the ſtory of *Rogero and Rhodomont*, tranſlated from Italian into French by Philip de Portes, and from French into Engliſh by Tofte. No edition of ſo early a date has been ſeen, but two or three copies have occurred of one publiſhed in 1607, 8vo.]

Fairfax is commonly ſuppoſed to be the firſt tranſlator of Taſſo. But in 1594, [Richard Carew of Antony], produced five cantoes of Taſſo, with the Engliſh and Italian on oppoſite pages. If Carew tranſlated more, it did not appear in print. Perhaps this is not greatly to be regretted, as Carew can claim no rank as a poet, and this verſion does very ſcanty juſtice to the original.[2] [On June 19,

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Archbiſhop of Canterbury and the Biſhop of London, *A booke entituled John Harrington's Orlando Furioſo*," &c. *Regiſt. Station.* B. fol. 271, b. [Though entered on the Stationers' books in 1590, the firſt edition of Harington's *Arioſto* bears date 1591.—*Park.*]

[1] [There was a ſecond edition in 1611, under a new title. Warton himſelf incidentally remarks elſewhere, "I believe theſe ſatires are but little known or eſteemed by the Italians."]

[2] "I ſing the goodly armes, and that chieftaine
Who great ſepulchre of our Lord did free,
Much with his hande, much wrought he with his braine;
Much in that glorious conqueſt ſuffred hee:
And hell in vaine hitſelfe oppoſde, in vaine
The mixed troopes Arian and Libick flee
To armes, for Heaven him favour'd, and he drew
To ſacred enſignes his ſtraid mates anew."

1594,[1] was licenſed to John Danter *Godfrey of Bulloigne, with the Conqueſt of Jeruſalem*, an interlude. As a ſecond part of this was acted in the ſame year, it is preſumable, as Mr. Halliwell points out, that the firſt part alſo appeared on the ſtage. But no printed copy has come down. This ſubject appears to have been dramatiſed in France as early as 1378.

We muſt not overlook the other verſions of Taſſo extant in Engliſh, including his *Aminta*, tranſlated by Fraunce, which has been already noticed. But ſeveral tranſlations were made from Taſſo between 1594 and 1660, including the Treatiſe *Of Marriage and Wiving*, which was turned into Engliſh by the prolific Tofte in 1599, and the doubtleſs ſpurious book aſcribed to Taſſo, and entitled *The Houſholders Philoſophie*. This latter was executed by T. K., initials which it is hard to identify.] Hall, in his *Satires* publiſhed in 1597, enumerates among the favorite ſtories of his time, ſuch as Saint George, Brutus, King Arthur, and Charlemagne,

> What were his knights did Salems ſiege maintayne,

To which he immediately adds Arioſto's Orlando.[2]

By means of the ſame vehicle, tranſlation from Italian books, a preciſe and ſyſtematical knowledge of the antient heathen theology ſeems to have been more effectually circulated among the people in the reign of Queen Elizabeth. Among others, in 1599 was publiſhed, *The Fountaine of antient Fiction*, wherein is liuely depictured the images and ſtatues of the gods of the antients with their proper and particular expoſitions. Done into Engliſhe by Richard Linche gentleman, *Tempo è figliuola di verità*.[3] This book, or one of the ſame ſort, is cenſured in a puritanical pamphlet, written the ſame year, by one H. G. *a painfull miniſter of God's word in Kent*, as the *Spawne of Italian Gallimawfry*, as tending to corrupt the pure and unidolatrous worſhip of the one God, and as one of the deadly ſnares of popiſh deception.[4] In the hiſtory of the puritans, their apprehenſions that the reformed faith was yet in danger from paganiſm, are not ſufficiently noted. And it ſhould be remembered that a

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[1] Halliwell's *Dict. of O. P.* in voce.]

[2] Among Rawlinſon's manuſcripts are two fair copies in large folio of a tranſlation of *Taſſo* in octave ſtanzas, by Sir G. T.

[3] From ſome other book of the kind, ſays John Marſton in his *Satyres*, 1598. *Sat.* ii.:

> "Reach me ſome poets Index that will ſhew
> Imagines deorum. Booke of Epithites,
> *Natales Comes*, thou, I know, recites,
> And mak'ſt anatomie of poeſie."]

[4] In 1599 was [licenſed to] G. Potter "A commendacion of true poetry and a diſcommendacion of all baudy, pybald, and paganizde [paganiſed] poets," &c. See *Regiſtr. Station.* C. fol. 55, b. In 1589 appeared *Certaine Obſeruations for Latine and Engliſh verſifying*. By H. B. See, for a collection of treatiſes of this kind, *Ancient Critical Eſſays*, edited by Haſlewood, 1811-15, 2 vols.

Pantheon had before appeared; rather indeed with a view of expoſing the heathen ſuperſtitions, and of ſhowing their conformity to the papiſtic, than of illuſtrating the religious fable of antiquity. But the ſcope and deſign of the writer will appear from his title, which, from its archneſs alone, deſerves to be inſerted. *The golden booke of the leaden Goddes. Wherein is deſcribed the vayne imaginations of Heathen Pagans, and counterfaict Chriſtians: wyth a deſcription of their ſeuerall tables* [*Fables*], *what ech of their Pictures ſignified.*[1] [This is the earlieſt manual of the claſſical mythology in our language]. The writer, however, Doctor Stephen Batman, had been domeſtic chaplain to Archbiſhop Parker, and is better known by his general chronicle of prodigies called *The Doome warning all men to the Iudgemente*, &c., 1581. He was alſo the laſt tranſlator of the Gothic Pliny, *Bartholomeus de Proprietatibus Rerum*, and collected more than a thouſand manuſcripts for Archbiſhop Parker's library.

This enquiry might be much further enlarged and extended. But let it be ſufficient to obſerve here in general, that the beſt ſtories of the early and original Italian noveliſts, either by immediate tranſlation, or through the mediation of Spaniſh, French, or Latin verſions, by paraphraſe, abridgment, imitation, and often under the diſguiſe of licentious innovations of names, incidents, and characters, appeared in an Engliſh dreſs, before the cloſe of the reign of Elizabeth, and for the moſt part, even before the publication of the firſt volume of Belleforreſt's grand repoſitory of tragical narratives, a compilation from the Italian writers, in 1583. In the mean time, it muſt be remembered, that many tranſlations of tales from the modern languages were licenſed to be printed, but afterwards ſuppreſſed by the intereſt of the puritans. It appears from the regiſter of the ſtationers that, among others, in the year 1619, "The *Decameron* of Mr. John Boccace Florentine," was revoked by a ſudden inhibition of Abbot, Archbiſhop of Canterbury.[2] But not only the clamours of the Calviniſts, but caprice and ignorance, perhaps partiality, ſeem to have had ſome ſhare in this buſineſs of licenſing books. The rigid arbiters of the preſs who condemned Boccaccio in the groſs, could not with propriety ſpare all the licentious cantos of Arioſto. That writer's libertine friar, metamorphoſis of Ricciardetto, Alcina and Rogero, Anſelmo, and hoſt's tale of Aſtolfo, are ſhocking to common decency. When the four or five firſt books of *Amadis de Gaul* in French were delivered to Wolfe [the ſtationer] to be tranſlated into Engliſh and to be printed in the year 1592, the ſignature of Biſhop Aylmer was affixed to every book of the original.[3] The romance of *Palmerin of England* was licenſed to be printed in 1580, on condition that if any thing reprehenſible was found in the

[1] Licenſed Aug. 26, 1577. *Regiſtr. Station.* B. fol. 142, b.

[2] *Regiſtr.* C. fol. 311, a.

[3] *Regiſtr. Station.* B. fol. 286, a. Hence Dekker's familiarity of alluſion, in *The Vntruſſing of the humorous Poet*, "Farewell my ſweete Amadis de Gaule!" 1602, ſignat. D 2.

book after publication, all the copies ſhould be committed to the flames. [*Palmerin D'Oliva* appeared in 1588]. Notwithſtanding, it is remarkable that, in 1587, a new edition of Boccaccio's *Decameron*, in Italian, ſhould have been permitted by Archbiſhop Whitgift:[1] and the Engliſh *Amorous Fiametta*[2] of Boccaccio, above mentioned, in the ſame year by the Biſhop of London.[3]

[Certainly one of the moſt popular romances of this period was the *Mirror of Princely Deeds and Knighthood*, otherwiſe (and perhaps better) known as the *Knight of the Sun*, of which mythical individual it purports to narrate the adventures and fortunes. This rather elaborate publication was originally publiſhed in Spaniſh, and was made familiar to the Engliſh reader by the inſtrumentality of more than one pen. It conſiſted of no fewer than nine parts, compriſed in eight volumes, and appeared from ſeveral preſſes between the years 1579 and 1601. One of the renderers into Engliſh ſeems to have been Richard Percival, author of a Spaniſh dictionary and grammar, but he only gives his initials, too well known poſſibly among a particular claſs of readers, at that time, to be miſunderſtood. The *Knight of the Sun* preſerved its poſition as a popular favourite even into the ſucceeding reign, for in the curious ſet of *Characters* annexed to the later editions of Overbury's *Wife*, we are told that the milkmaid would ſometimes beguile her leiſure moments with this (to modern apprehenſion) rather irkſome narrative.

Even the hiſtory of *Amadis of Gaul*, ſo prominent a part of the romantic literature of Spain and France, extended to ſix parts in the Engliſh tranſlation by Munday and others, and was not completed till 1664. Thirty years later, a "perſon of quality," as he is ſomewhat myſteriouſly called on the title, publiſhed the *Hiſtory of Amadis of Greece*, "Knight of the Burning Sword," a ſort of competitor for patronage with the then well-worn *Hiſtory of Belianis of Greece*, which had been before the world ſince 1598, and had ſeen numerous re-impreſſions. Accompanying the hiſtory of *Amadis of Greece* was a ſeries of woodcuts, remarkable for the excellence of their execution. But the earlieſt book in this claſs of literature was apparently *The treaſurie of Amadis of Fraunce*, tranſlated from the French by Thomas Paynel, and printed in 1567. Neither the tranſlator's name nor the date occurs; but both are aſcertainable from the Stationers' Regiſters.

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[1] Sept. 13. Together with the *Hiſtorie of China*, both in Italian and Engliſh.

[2] [The following alluſions to this and to other cotemporary publications occur in an epiſtle by N. W. prefixed to Daniel's edition of [the Worthy Tract of] Paulus Jovius on Impreſes, 1585. "If courtiers are inwardly raviſhed in viewing the picture of Fiametta, which *Boccace* limned; if ladies entertaine Bandel[lo] or *Arioſto* in their cloſets; if lovers embrace their phiſition *Ovid* in extremities of their paſſion: then will gentlemen of all tribes, much rather honour your Impreſa, as a moſt rare jewell and delicate enchiridion. For there is not publiſhed a Floriſh upon Fancie, or Tarletons toyes or the ſillie interlude of Diogenes," &c.—*Park.*]

[3] *Ibid.* Sept. 18.

A ſequel to *Palmerin of England* does not ſeem to have been undertaken; the romance itſelf was completed by the iſſue of a third part in 1602. But of *Palmerin d'Oliva*, the continuation was tranſlated by the ſame hand (Anthony Munday), and printed in 1589, under the title of the *Hiſtory of Palmendos, Son to Palmerin d'Oliva*, &c. It has undoubtedly ariſen from the exceſſive popularity of ſuch books as theſe, followed by a lengthened epoch of utter neglect, that they have become, in our time, as rare as they were once common. Many are known only in ſingle copies; and thoſe not always complete.

Theſe books of chivalry had, in their turn, ſuperſeded to a large extent thoſe which amuſed or inſtructed an earlier generation. Caxton, who probably never printed any volume which he had not good reaſon to believe he ſhould ſell, had employed his preſs long before the Elizabethan era with Engliſh verſions of ſuch works as *Blanchardine and Eglantine*, the *Four Sons of Aymon*, and the *Knights of the Round Table*. Of theſe the laſt alone maintained itſelf in favour, and met with a continued demand at the hands of the public, and even ſo late as 1634 an edition in which the language was altered and modernized, was conſidered a deſirable and ſafe ſpeculation. The romance of *Arthur of Little Britain* was not known ſo early among us, nor did it live ſo long. It does not ſeem to have paſſed the preſs more than twice.]

But in the year 1599, the Hall of the Stationers underwent as great a purgation as was carried on in Don Quixote's library. Marſton's *Pygmalion*, Marlowe's *Ovid*, the *Satires* of Hall and Marſton, the *Epigrams* of Davies and others, and the *Caltha Poetarum*, were ordered for immediate conflagration by the prelates Whitgift and Bancroft.[1] By the ſame authority all the books of Naſh and Gabriel Harvey were anathematiſed: and, like thieves and outlaws, were ordered "to be taken whereſoever they maye be found." It was decreed that no ſatires or epigrams ſhould be printed for the future. [But Hall's *Satires* and Cutwode's *Caltha Poetarum*, 1599, were ſubſequently exempted, and Willobie's *Aviſa*, 1594 (or ſome later edition), was, by an afterthought, rather inconſiſtently added to the works condemned.[2]] No plays were to be printed without the inſpection and permiſſion of the Archbiſhop of Canterbury and the Biſhop of London, nor any *Engliſhe Hiſtoryes*, I ſuppoſe novels and romances, without the ſanction of the privy-council. Any pieces of this nature, unlicenſed, or now at large and wandering abroad, were to be diligently ſought, recalled, and delivered over to the eccleſiaſtical arm at London-Houſe.

If any apology ſhould be thought neceſſary for ſo prolix and

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[1] There are alſo recited, *The Shadowe of Truthe in Epigrams and Satires*, [by Edward Guilpin, 1598;] *Snarling Satyres*, [or *Microcynicon*, by T. M. 1599.] The booke againſte women, [Tofte's *Diſcourſe againſt Marriage and Wiving*, from Taſſo, 1599,] and *The xv ioyes of marriage*.

[2] [*Notes and Queries*, 3rd S. xii. 435.]

intricate an examination of theſe compoſitions, I ſhelter this ſection under the authority of a polite and judicious Roman writer, "Sit apud te honos antiquitati, ſit ingentibus factis, ſit Fabulis quoque."[1]

## SECTION LXI.

ENOUGH has been opened of the reign of Queen Elizabeth to afford us an opportunity of forming ſome general reflections, tending to eſtabliſh a full eſtimate of the genius of the poetry of that reign; and which, by drawing concluſions from what has been ſaid, and directing the reader to what he is to expect, will at once be recapitulatory and preparatory. Such a ſurvey perhaps might have ſtood with more propriety as an introduction to this reign. But it was firſt neceſſary to clear the way by many circumſtantial details and the regular narration of thoſe particulars, which lay the foundation of principles, and ſuggeſt matter for diſcurſive obſervation.

The age of Queen Elizabeth is commonly called the golden age of Engliſh poetry. It certainly may not improperly be ſtyled the moſt poetical age of theſe annals.

Among the great features which ſtrike us in the poetry of this period are the predominancy of fable, of fiction and fancy, and a predilection for intereſting adventures and pathetic events. I will endeavour to aſſign and explain the cauſe of this characteriſtic diſtinction, which may chiefly be referred to the following principles, ſometimes blended, and ſometimes operating ſingly: The revival and vernacular verſions of the claſſics, the importation and tranſlation of Italian novels, the viſionary reveries or refinements of falſe philoſophy, a degree of ſuperſtition ſufficient for the purpoſes of poetry, the adoption of the machineries of romance, and the frequency and improvements of allegoric exhibition in the popular ſpectacles.

When the corruptions and impoſtures of popery were aboliſhed, the faſhion of cultivating the Greek and Roman learning became univerſal: and the literary character was no longer appropriated to ſcholars by profeſſion, but aſſumed by the nobility and gentry. The eccleſiaſtics had found it their intereſt to keep the languages of antiquity to themſelves, and men were eager to know what had been ſo long injuriouſly concealed. Truth propagates truth, and the mantle of myſtery was removed not only from religion but from literature. The laity, who had now been taught to aſſert their natural privileges, became impatient of the old monopoly of know-

[1] Plin. *Epiſt.* viii. 24.

ledge, and demanded admittance to the uſurpations of the clergy. The general curioſity for new diſcoveries, heightened either by juſt or imaginary ideas of the treaſures contained in the Greek and Roman writers, excited all perſons of leiſure and fortune to ſtudy the claſſics. The pedantry of the preſent age was the politeneſs of the laſt. An accurate comprehenſion of the phraſeology and peculiarities of the ancient poets, hiſtorians, and orators, which yet ſeldom went further than a kind of technical erudition, was an indiſpenſable and almoſt the principal object in the circle of a gentleman's education. Every young lady of faſhion was carefully inſtituted in claſſical letters: and the daughter of a ducheſs was taught, not only to diſtil ſtrong waters, but to conſtrue Greek. Among the learned females of high diſtinction, Queen Elizabeth herſelf was the moſt conſpicuous. Roger Aſcham, her preceptor, ſpeaks with rapture of her aſtoniſhing progreſs in the Greek nouns; and declares with no ſmall degree of triumph, that during a long reſidence at Windſor-caſtle, ſhe was accuſtomed to read more Greek in a day, than "ſome prebendary of that church did Latin, in one week."[1] And although perhaps a princeſs looking out words in a lexicon, and writing down hard phraſes from Plutarch's *Lives*, may be thought at preſent a more incompatible and extraordinary character than a canon of Windſor underſtanding no Greek and but little Latin, yet Elizabeth's paſſion for theſe acquiſitions was then natural, and reſulted from the genius and habitudes of her age.

The books of antiquity being thus familiariſed to the great, every thing was tinctured with ancient hiſtory and mythology. The heathen gods, although diſcountenanced by the Calviniſts, on a ſuſpicion of their tending to cheriſh and revive a ſpirit of idolatry, came into general vogue. When the queen paraded through a country-town, almoſt every pageant was a pantheon. When ſhe paid a viſit at the houſe of any of her nobility, at entering the hall ſhe was ſaluted by the Penates, and conducted to her privy-chamber by Mercury. Even the paſtry-cooks were expert mythologiſts. At dinner, ſelect transformations from Ovid's Metamorphoſes were exhibited in confectionery: and the ſplendid iceing of an immenſe hiſtoric plum-cake was emboſſed with a delicious baſſo-relievo of the deſtruction of Troy. In the afternoon, when ſhe condeſcended to walk in the garden, the lake was covered with Tritons and Nereids; the pages of the family were converted into Wood-nymphs who peeped from every bower: and the footmen gamboled over the lawns in the figure of Satyrs. I ſpeak it without deſigning to inſinuate any unfavourable ſuſpicions, but it ſeems difficult to ſay, why Elizabeth's virginity ſhould have been made the theme of perpetual and exceſſive panegyric: nor does it immediately appear, that there is leſs merit or glory in a married than a maiden queen. Yet, the next morning, after ſleeping in a room hung with the tapeſtry

[1] *Schoolemaſter*, p. 19, b. edit. 1589.

of the voyage of Eneas, when her majeſty hunted in the Park, ſhe was met by Diana, who pronouncing our royal prude to be the brighteſt paragon of unſpotted chaſtity, invited her to groves free from the intruſions of Acteon. The truth is, ſhe was ſo profuſely flattered for this virtue becauſe it was eſteemed the characteriſtical ornament of the heroines, as fantaſtic honour was the chief pride of the champions, of the old barbarous romance. It was in conformity to the ſentiments of chivalry, which ſtill continued in vogue, that ſhe was celebrated for chaſtity: the compliment, however, was paid in a claſſical alluſion.

Queens muſt be ridiculous when they would appear as women. The ſofter attractions of ſex vaniſh on the throne. Elizabeth ſought all occaſions of being extolled for her beauty, of which indeed in the prime of her youth ſhe poſſeſſed but a ſmall ſhare, whatever might have been her pretenſions to abſolute virginity. Notwithſtanding her exaggerated habits of dignity and ceremony, and a certain affectation of imperial ſeverity, ſhe did not perceive this ambition of being complimented for beauty to be an idle and unpardonable levity, totally inconſiſtent with her high ſtation and character. As ſhe conquered all nations with her arms, it matters not what were the triumphs of her eyes. Of what conſequence was the complexion of the miſtreſs of the world? Not leſs vain of her perſon than her politics, this ſtately coquette, the guardian of the proteſtant faith, the terror of the ſea, the mediatrix of the factions of France, and the ſcourge of Spain, was infinitely mortified, if an ambaſſador, at the firſt audience, did not tell her ſhe was the fineſt woman in Europe. No negotiation ſucceeded unleſs ſhe was addreſſed as a goddeſs. Encomiaſtic harangues drawn from this topic, even on the ſuppoſition of youth and beauty, were ſurely ſuperfluous, unſuitable and unworthy, and were offered and received with an equal impropriety. Yet, when ſhe rode through the ſtreets of the city of Norwich, Cupid, at the command of the mayor and aldermen, advancing from a group of gods who had left Olympus to grace the proceſſion, gave her a golden arrow, the moſt effective weapon of his well-furniſhed quiver, which under the influence of ſuch irreſiſtible charms, was ſure to wound the moſt obdurate heart. [Holinſhed obſerves: "Hir maieſtie receiued theſe gifts (that of Cupid and the other deities) verie thankefullie."][1] In one of the fulſome interludes at court, where ſhe was preſent, the ſinging-boys of her chapel preſented the ſtory of the three rival goddeſſes on Mount Ida, to which her majeſty was ingeniouſly added as a fourth: and Paris was arraigned in form for adjudging the golden apple to Venus, which was due to the queen alone.

This inundation of claſſical pedantry ſoon infected our poetry. Our writers, already trained in the ſchool of fancy, were ſuddenly dazzled with theſe novel imaginations, and the divinities and heroes of pagan antiquity decorated every compoſition. The perpetual

[1] [*Chronicles*, anno 1579, edit. 1808, iv. 400.]

alluſions to ancient fable were often introduced without the leaſt regard to propriety. Shakeſpeare's Mrs. Page, who is not intended in any degree to be a learned or an affected lady,[1] laughing at the cumberſome courtſhip of her corpulent lover Falſtaff, ſays, "I had rather be a giantess, and lie under Mount Pelion."[2] This familiarity with the Pagan ſtory was not, however, ſo much owing to the prevailing ſtudy of the original authors, as to the numerous Engliſh verſions of them, which were conſequently made. The tranſlations of the claſſics, which now employed every pen, gave a currency and a celebrity to theſe fancies, and had the effect of diffuſing them among the people. No ſooner were they delivered from the pale of the ſcholaſtic languages, than they acquired a general notoriety. Ovid's *Metamorphoſes*, juſt tranſlated by Golding, to inſtance no further, diſcloſed a new world of fiction even to the illiterate. As we had now all the ancient fables in Engliſh, learned alluſions, whether in a poem or a pageant, were no longer obſcure and unintelligible to common readers and common ſpectators. And here we are led to obſerve, that at this reſtoration of the claſſics we were firſt ſtruck only with their fabulous inventions. We did not attend to their regularity of deſign and juſtneſs of ſentiment. A rude age, beginning to read theſe writers, imitated their extravagances, not their natural beauties; and theſe, like other novelties, were purſued to a blameable exceſs.

I have before given a ſketch of the introduction of claſſical ſtories, in the ſplendid ſhow exhibited at the coronation of Queen Anne Boleyn. But that is a rare and a premature inſtance: and the Pagan fictions are there complicated with the barbariſms of the Catholic worſhip and the doctrines of ſcholaſtic theology. Claſſical learning was not then ſo widely ſpread, either by ſtudy or tranſlation, as to bring theſe learned ſpectacles into faſhion, to frame them with ſufficient ſkill, and to preſent them with propriety.

(b) Another capital ſource of the poetry peculiar to this period conſiſted in the numerous tranſlations of Italian tales into Engliſh. Theſe narratives, not dealing altogether in romantic inventions, but in real life and manners, and in artful arrangements of fictitious yet probable events, afforded a new gratification to a people which yet retained their ancient reliſh for tale-telling, and became the faſhionable amuſement of all who profeſſed to read for pleaſure. They gave riſe to innumerable plays and poems, which would not otherwiſe have exiſted; and turned the thoughts of our writers to new inventions of the ſame kind. Before theſe books became common, affecting ſituations, the combination of incident, and the pathos of cataſtrophe, were almoſt unknown. Diſtreſs, eſpecially that ariſing

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[1] Was it not the peculiar felicity and unrivalled merit of Shakeſpeare, to make his characters utter no more than nature herſelf ſet down for them? Hence Pope's juſt eulogium on the individuality of excellence in all his dramatis perſonæ, and hence his own directions to the players in *Hamlet.—Park.*]

[2] *Merry W.* act ii. ſc. i. [Dyce's 2nd edit. 1868, i. 361.]

from the conflicts of the tender paſſion, had not yet been ſhown in its moſt intereſting forms. It was hence our poets, particularly the dramatic, borrowed ideas of a legitimate plot, and the complication of facts neceſſary to conſtitute a ſtory either of the comic or tragic ſpecies. In proportion as knowledge increaſed, genius had wanted ſubjects and materials. Theſe pieces uſurped the places of legends and chronicles. And although the old hiſtorical ſongs of the minſtrels contained much bold adventure, heroic enterpriſe, and ſtrong touches of rude delineation, yet they failed in that multiplication and diſpoſition of circumſtances, and in that deſcription of characters and events approaching nearer to truth and reality, which were demanded by a more diſcerning and curious age. Even the rugged features of the original Gothic romance were ſoftened by this ſort of reading: and the Italian paſtoral, yet with ſome mixture of the kind of incidents deſcribed in Heliodorus's *Ethiopian hiſtory* now newly tranſlated, was engrafted on the feudal manners in Sydney's *Arcadia*.

But the Reformation had not yet deſtroyed every deluſion, nor diſenchanted all the ſtrongholds of ſuperſtition. A few dim characters were yet legible in the mouldering creed of tradition. Every goblin of ignorance did not vaniſh at the firſt glimmerings of the morning of ſcience. Reaſon ſuffered a few demons ſtill to linger, which ſhe choſe to retain in her ſervice under the guidance of poetry. Men believed, or were willing to believe, that ſpirits were yet hovering around, who brought with them "airs from heaven, or blaſts from hell," that the ghoſt was duly releaſed from his priſon of torment at the ſound of the curfew, and that fairies imprinted myſterious circles on the turf by moonlight. Much of this credulity was even conſecrated by the name of ſcience and profound ſpeculation. Proſpero had not yet "broken and buried his ſtaff, nor drowned his book deeper than did ever plummet ſound."[1] It was now that the alchymiſt and the judicial aſtrologer conducted his occult operations by the potent intercourſe of ſome preternatural being, who came obſequious to his call, and was bound to accompliſh his ſevereſt ſervices under certain conditions, and for a limited duration of time. It was actually one of the pretended feats of theſe fantaſtic philoſophers to evoke the Queen of the Fairies in the ſolitude of a gloomy grove, who, preceded by a ſudden ruſtling of the leaves, appeared in robes of tranſcendent luſtre.[2] The Shakeſpeare of a more inſtructed and poliſhed age would not have given us a magician darkening the ſun at noon, the ſabbath of the witches, and the cauldron of incantation.

Undoubtedly, moſt of theſe notions were credited and entertained in a much higher degree in the preceding periods. But the arts of compoſition had not then made a ſufficient progreſs, nor would the poets of thoſe periods have managed them with ſo much addreſs and judgment. We were now arrived at that point, when the national credulity, chaſtened by reaſon, had produced a ſort of civilized ſuper-

[1] [*Tempeſt*, v. i. (Dyce's 2nd edit. 1868, i. 227.)]

[2] Lilly's *Life*, p. 151.

ſtition, and left a ſet of traditions, fanciful enough for poetic decoration, and yet not too violent and chimerical for common ſenſe. Hobbes, although no friend to this doctrine, obſerves happily, "In a good poem both judgement and fancy are required; but the fancy muſt be more eminent, becauſe they pleaſe for the *extravagancy*, but ought not to diſpleaſe by *indiſcretion*."[1]

In the meantime the Gothic romance, although ſomewhat ſhaken by the claſſical fictions and by the tales of Boccaccio and Bandello, ſtill maintained its ground: and the daring machineries of giants, dragons and enchanted caſtles, borrowed from the magic ſtorehouſe of Boiardo, Arioſto and Taſſo, began to be employed by the epic muſe. Theſe ornaments have been cenſured by the bigotry of preciſe and ſervile critics, as abounding in whimſical abſurdities, and as unwarrantable deviations from the practice of Homer and Virgil. [Mr. Blackwell] is willing to allow a fertility of genius and a felicity of expreſſion to Taſſo and Arioſto, but at the ſame time complains, that "quitting life, they betook themſelves to aerial beings and Utopian characters, and filled their works with Charms and Viſions, the modern Supplements of the Marvellous and Sublime. The beſt poets copy nature, and give it ſuch as they find it. When once they loſe ſight of this, they write falſe, be their talents ever ſo great."[2] But what ſhall we ſay of thoſe Utopians, the Cyclopes and the Leſtrigons in the *Odyſſey*? The hippogrif of Arioſto may be oppoſed to the harpies of Virgil. If leaves are turned into ſhips in the *Orlando*, nymphs are transformed into ſhips in the *Eneid*. Cacus is a more unnatural ſavage than Caliban. Nor am I convinced, that the imagery of Iſmeno's necromantic foreſt in the *Gieruſalemme Liberata*, guarded by walls and battlements of fire, is leſs marvellous and ſublime than the leap of Juno's horſes in the *Iliad*, celebrated by Longinus for its ſingular magnificence and dignity.[3] On the principles of this critic, Voltaire's *Henriade* may be placed at the head of the modern epic.[4] But I forbear to anticipate my opinion of a ſyſtem, which will more properly be conſidered when I come to ſpeak of Spenſer. I muſt, however, obſerve here, that the Gothic and Pagan fictions were now frequently blended and incorporated. The Lady of the Lake floated in the ſuite of Neptune before Queen Elizabeth at Kenilworth.[5] Ariel aſſumes the ſemblance of a ſea-

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[1] *Leviath.* Part i. ch. viii.

[2] [*Inquiry into the Life and Writings of Homer*, 1735,] Sect. v. p. 69. [The ludicrouſly extravagant vein in which the writers of the old romances indulged were burleſqued in an anonymous book called *The Heroicall Adventures of the Knight of the Sea*, 1600, 4to. (before Cervantes had publiſhed his great work), by Rowlands in his ballad of *Sir Eglamore*, inſerted in *The Melancholie Knight*, 1615, 4to; and again, by Samuel Holland in his *Don Zara Del Fogo*, 1656. But Chaucer's *Rime of Sir Thopas* is the firſt thing of this kind.]

[3] *Iliad*, V. 770. Longin. § ix.

[4] [So thought Lord Cheſterfield, at whom Martin Sherlock laughed, properly enough.—*Aſhby.*]

[5] [Gaſcoigne's *Poems*, Roxburghe Library edit. ii. 103.]

nymph; and Hecate, by an eaſy aſſociation, conducts the rites of the weird ſiſters in Macbeth.

Allegory had been derived from the religious dramas into our civil ſpectacles. The maſques and pageantries of the age of Elizabeth were not only furniſhed by the heathen divinities, but often by the virtues and vices imperſonated, ſignificantly decorated, accurately diſtinguiſhed by their proper types, and repreſented by living actors. The antient ſymbolical ſhews of this ſort began now to loſe their old barbariſm and a mixture of religion, and to aſſume a degree of poetical elegance and preciſion. Nor was it only in the conformation of particular figures that much fancy was ſhown, but in the contexture of ſome of the fables or devices preſented by groups of ideal perſonages. Theſe exhibitions quickened creative invention, and reflected back on poetry what poetry had given. From their familiarity and public nature, they formed a national taſte for allegory; and the allegorical poets were now writing to the people. Even romance was turned into this channel. In the *Fairy Queen*, allegory is wrought upon chivalry, and the feats and figments of Arthur's Round Table are moralized. The virtues of magnificence and chaſtity are here perſonified: but they are imaged with the forms, and under the agency, of romantic knights and damſels. What was an afterthought in Taſſo, appears to have been Spenſer's premeditated and primary deſign. In the mean time, we muſt not confound theſe moral combatants of the *Fairy Queen* with ſome of its other embodied abſtractions, which are purely and profeſſedly allegorical.

It may here be added that only a few critical treatiſes, and but one *Art of Poetry*, were now written. Sentiments and images were not abſolutely determined by the canons of compoſition: nor was genius awed by the conſciouſneſs of a future and final arraignment at the tribunal of taſte. A certain dignity of inattention to niceties is now viſible in our writers. Without too cloſely conſulting a criterion of correctneſs, every man indulged his own capriciouſneſs of invention. The poet's appeal was chiefly to his own voluntary feelings, his own immediate and peculiar mode of conception; and this freedom of thought was often expreſſed in an undiſguiſed frankneſs of diction: a circumſtance, by the way, that greatly contributed to give the flowing modulation[1] which now marked the

[1] [This modulation, Mr. Ellis thinks, is likely to have reſulted from the muſical ſtudies which now formed a part of general education. "The lyrical compoſitions of this time are ſo far," he adds, "from being marked by a faulty negligence, that exceſs of ornament and laboured affectation are their characteriſtic blemiſhes. Such as are free from conceit and antitheſis are in general exquiſitely poliſhed, and may ſafely be compared with the moſt elegant and finiſhed ſpecimens of modern poetry." —*Specimen of Early Engliſh Poets.* Mr. Aſhby alſo thought, that the modulation of the poetry was a good deal owing to a general attention to Church Muſic, which would form the public ear more univerſally than all our preſent ſpectacles, becauſe all may attend church gratis. And this is really the caſe in Italy. Daines Barrington remarks, that many a girl in the country has a good voice, but all ſing

meaſures of our poets, and which ſoon degenerated into the oppoſite extreme of diſſonance and aſperity. Selection and diſcrimination were often overlooked. Shakeſpeare wandered in purſuit of univerſal nature. The glancings of his eye are from heaven to earth, from earth to heaven. We behold him breaking the barriers of imaginary method. In the ſame ſcene, he deſcends from his meridian of the nobleſt tragic ſublimity to puns and quibbles, to the meaneſt merriments of a plebeian farce. In the midſt of his dignity, he reſembles his own Richard the Second, the ſkipping king, who ſometimes diſcarding the ſtate of a monarch,

Mingled his royalty with capering fools.[1]

He ſeems not to have ſeen any impropriety in the moſt abrupt tranſitions from dukes to buffoons, from ſenators to ſailors, from counſellors to conſtables, and from kings to clowns. Like Virgil's majeſtic oak,

Quantum vertice ad auras
Aetherias, tantum radice in Tartara tendit.[2]

No Satires, properly ſo called, were written till towards the latter end of the queen's reign, and then but a few. Pictures drawn at large of the vices of the times did not ſuit readers who loved to wander in the regions of artificial manners. The Muſe, like the people, was too ſolemn and reſerved, too ceremonious and pedantic, to ſtoop to common life. Satire is the poetry of a nation highly poliſhed.[3]

The importance of the female character was not yet acknowledged, nor were women admitted into the general commerce of ſociety.[4] The effect of that intercourſe had not imparted a comic air to poetry, nor ſoftened the ſeverer tone of our verſification with the levities of gallantry, and the familiarities of compliment, ſometimes perhaps operating on ſerious ſubjects, and imperceptibly ſpreading themſelves in the general habits of ſtyle and thought. I do not mean to inſinuate, that our poetry has ſuffered from the great change of manners, which this aſſumption of the gentler ſex, or rather the improved ſtate of female education has produced, by giving elegance and variety to life, by enlarging the ſphere of converſation, and by multiplying the

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falſe, becauſe they never hear good ſinging: in London it is juſt the contrary.—*Park.*]

[1] *Firſt P. Henry IV.* Act iii. ſc. ii. [Dyce's edit. 1868, iv. 255.]

[2] *Georg.* ii. line 291 [edit. Keightley.]

[3] [Yet the French would think higher of Boileau, had he wrote as well in any other way. I own I cannot help thinking Juvenal a very improvident but cowardly fellow, that could laugh at Hannibal's one eye 300 years after. Paul Whitehead diſplayed greater audacity in laughing at the late Duke of Marlborough; but did any thing in the ſubſequent part of the duke's life juſtify the Satiriſt?—*Aſhby.*]

[4] [It is much that women ſhould not prevail ſo as to give the *ton* at Queen Elizabeth's court. They did it at King Arthur's, which ſeems to have been eſteemed the ſtandard then. James was a woman hater. If the proſe of Elizabeth's time was poetical, the poetry of his was proſaic. This reverſes the poſition of Mr. Warton on the next page, and appears not to be quite admiſſible.—*Aſhby.*]

topics and enriching the ſtores of wit and humour. But I am marking the peculiarities of compoſition: and my meaning was to ſuggeſt, that the abſence of ſo important a circumſtance from the modes and conſtitution of antient life muſt have influenced the cotemporary poetry. Of the ſtate of manners among our anceſtors reſpecting this point many traces remain. Their ſtyle of courtſhip may be collected from the love-dialogues of Hamlet, young Percy, Henry the Fifth, and Maſter Fenton. Their tragic heroines, their Deſdemonas and Ophelias, although of ſo much conſequence in the piece, are degraded to the back-ground. In comedy, their ladies are nothing more than *merry wives*, plain and cheerful matrons, who ſtand upon the charineſs of their honeſty. In the ſmaller poems, if a lover praiſes his miſtreſs, ſhe is complimented in ſtrains neither polite nor pathetic, without elegance and without affection: ſhe is deſcribed, not in the addreſs of intelligible yet artful panegyric, not in the real colours, and with the genuine accompliſhments of nature, but as an eccentric ideal being of another ſyſtem, and as inſpiring ſentiments equally unmeaning, hyperbolical, and unnatural.

All or moſt of theſe circumſtances contributed to give a deſcriptive, a picturesque, and a figurative caſt to the poetical language. This effect appears even in the proſe compoſitions of the reign of Elizabeth. In the ſubſequent age, proſe became the language of poetry.

In the mean time, general knowledge was increaſing with a wide diffuſion and a haſty rapidity. Books began to be multiplied, and a variety of the moſt uſeful and rational topics had been diſcuſſed in our own language. But ſcience had not made too great advances. On the whole, we were now arrived at that period, propitious to the operations of original and true poetry, when the coyneſs of fancy was not always proof againſt the approaches of reaſon, when genius was rather directed than governed by judgment, and when taſte and learning had ſo far only diſciplined imagination, as to ſuffer its exceſſes to paſs without cenſure or control, for the ſake of the beauties to which they were allied.

## SECTION LXII.

MORE poetry was written in the ſingle reign of Elizabeth than in the two preceding centuries. The ſame cauſes, among others already enumerated and explained, which called forth genius and imagination, ſuch as the new ſources of fiction opened by a ſtudy of the claſſics, a familiarity with the French, Italian, and Spaniſh writers, the growing elegances of the Engliſh language, the diffuſion of poliſhed manners, the felicities of long peace and public proſperity, and a certain freedom and activity of mind which immediately followed the national emancipation from ſuperſtition, contributed alſo to pro-

duce innumerable compoſitions in poetry. In proſecuting my further examination of the poetical annals of this reign, it therefore becomes neceſſary to reduce ſuch a latitude of materials to ſome ſort of methodical arrangement. On which account, I ſhall claſs and conſider the poets of this reign under the general heads or diviſions of Satire, Sonnet, Paſtoral, and Miſcellaneous poetry. Spenſer will ſtand alone, without a claſs and without a rival.

Satire, ſpecifically ſo called, did not commence in England till the latter end of the reign of Queen Elizabeth. We have ſeen, indeed, that eclogues and allegories were made the vehicle of (a). ſatire, and that many poems of a ſatirical tendency had been publiſhed long ago. And here the cenſure was rather confined to the corruptions of the clergy, than extended to popular follies and vices. But the firſt profeſſed Engliſh ſatiriſt, to ſpeak technically, is [Sir Thomas Wyatt the elder who, according to the author of the *Eſſay on Pope*, was "the firſt writer of ſatires worth notice." To him ſucceeded George Gaſcoigne, who in 1576 produced two pieces, one in ſtanzas, and the other in blank verſe, both of a ſatirical character, though the ſecond to be mentioned was profeſſedly a ſeries of moral Elegies. One was called *The Steele Glas*, *A Satyre*, and was printed in the year of its compoſition or completion (1576); the other, the *Griefe of Joye*, did not appear in type during the writer's life-time.[1] *The Steele Glas* is a ſhrewd animadverſion on the vices and follies of humanity, and exhibits, moreover, a curious and valuable picture of the manners of the age, and an inſight into Elizabethan life and commercial morality. The ſatirical vein may, perhaps, be conſidered as that in which Gaſcoigne was moſt felicitous and ſucceſsful.] Donne's *Satires* were written [late] in the reign of [Elizabeth],[2] though they were not publiſhed till after his death. [The firſt known edition of them was in the collected impreſſion of his poems in 1633, yet] Jonſon ſends one of his epigrams[3] to Lucy, Counteſs of Bedford [in 1614], "with [Maſter] Donne's *Satires*."[4]

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[1] [Both are, of courſe, included in the Roxburghe Library edit. of the Poems, 1869-70, vol. ii.]

[2] [*Harl. MS.* 5110. The title is: *Ihon Dunne, his Satires. Anno Domini* 1593.]

[3] [*Works*, edit. 1816, viii. 205.]

[4] Though Jonſon's *Epigrams* were printed in 1616, many were written long before. Among Freeman's Epigrams, *Run and a great Caſt*, 1614, we have the following. *Epigr.* 84:

"*To John Donne.*

"The Storme deſcribed hath ſet thy name afloat,
Thy Calme a gale of famous winde hath got:
Thy Satyrs ſhort too ſoone we them o'erlook,
I prithee, Perſius, write another booke!"

[It has been conjectured that Jonſon and Freeman refer to a MS. ſimilar to that in the Harleian Collection, or Donne's performances in this way may have periſhed, like ſo much of the literature of the ſame period. See *Handb. of E. E. Lit.* 1867, art. DONNE. Many of the MSS. miſcellanies of the ſeventeenth century contain poems by Donne, in ſome caſes inedited.]

[Donne was followed by Thomas Lodge who, in 1595, publiſhed his *Fig for Momus*, "included in *Satyres*, Eclogues," &c. Our fifth ſatiriſt, in order of time, was] Biſhop Joſeph Hall, ſucceſſively Biſhop of Exeter and Norwich, born at Briſtow Park, within the pariſh of Aſhby-de-la-Zouch, in Leiceſterſhire, in the year 1574, and at the age of fifteen, in the year 1588, admitted into Emanuel College, at Cambridge, where he remained about eight years. He ſoon became eminent in the theology of thoſe times, preached againſt predeſtination before Prince Henry with unrivalled applauſe, and diſcuſſed the doctrines of Arminianiſm in voluminous diſſertations. But ſo variable are our ſtudies, and ſo fickle is opinion, that the poet is better known to poſterity than the prelate or the polemic. His ſatires have outlived his ſermons at court[1] and his laborious confutations of the Browniſts. One of his later controverſial tracts is, however, remembered on account of the celebrity of its antagoniſt. When Milton deſcended from his dignity to plead the cauſe of fanaticiſm and ideal liberty, Biſhop Hall was the defender of our hierarchical eſtabliſhment. Bayle, who knew Hall only as a theologiſt, ſeems to have written his life merely becauſe he was one of the Engliſh divines at the Synod of Dort, in 1618. From his inflexible and conſcientious attachment to the royal and epiſcopal cauſe under King Charles I., he ſuffered in his old age the ſeverities of impriſonment and ſequeſtration, and lived to ſee his cathedral converted into a barrack and his palace into an ale-houſe. His uncommon learning was meliorated with great penetration and knowledge of the world, and his mildneſs of manners and his humility were characteriſtical. He died, and was obſcurely buried without a memorial on his grave, in 1656, and in his eighty-ſecond year, at Heigham, a ſmall village near Norwich, where he had ſought ſhelter from the ſtorms of uſurpation and the intolerance of Preſbyterianiſm.[2]

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[1] [Since the deceaſe of our poetical hiſtorian, this juſt reproach has been removed by a republication of the entire works of Biſhop Hall.—*Park.*]

[2] [The following lines may ſerve in the way of epitaph. They occur in a poem, printed at the end of Whitefoote's funeral ſermon upon the much lamented death of the reverend father Joſeph, late Lord Biſhop of Norwich:

"Maugre the peeviſh World's complaint,
Here lies a Biſhop and a Saint:
Whom Aſhby bred and Granta nurs'd,
Whom Halſted and old Waltham firſt
(To rouz the ſtupid World from ſloth)
Heard thund'ring with a Golden Mouth:
Whom Wor'ſter next did dignifie,
And honoured with her Deanery:
Whom Exon lent a Mitred wreath,
And Norwich—where he ceaſed to breath.

"Theſe all with one joint voice do cry,
Death's vain attempt, what doth it mean?
My Son, my Pupil, Paſtor, Dean,
My reverend Father cannot die!"

The rectory of Halſtead, in Suffolk, had been preſented to him by Sir Robert

I have had the good fortune to ſee Biſhop Hall's funeral-ſermon, preached ſome days after his interment, on the 30th day of September, 1656, at St. Peter's Church, in Norwich, by one John Whitefoote, Maſter of Arts, and Rector of Heigham. The preacher, no contemptible orator, before he proceeds to draw a parallel between our prelate and the patriarch Iſrael, thus illuſtrates that part of his character with which we are chiefly concerned, and which I am now haſtening to conſider. "Two years together he was choſen Rhetorick Profeſſor in the Univerſity of Cambridge, and performed the Office with extraordinary applauſe. He was noted for a ſingular Wit from his Youth: a moſt acute Rhetorician, and an Elegant Poet. He underſtood many Tongues; and in the Rhetorick of his owne, he was ſecond to none that lived in his time."[1] It is much to our preſent purpoſe to obſerve, that the ſtyle of his proſe is ſtrongly tinctured with the manner of Seneca. The writer of the ſatires is perceptible in ſome of his graveſt polemical or ſcriptural treatiſes, which are perpetually interſperſed with excurſive illuſtrations, familiar alluſions and obſervations on life. Many of them were early tranſlated into French; and their character is well drawn by himſelf, in a dedication to James I., who perhaps would have much better reliſhed a more ſedate and profound theology. "Seldome any man hath offered to your royall hands a greater bundle of his owne thoughts, nor perhaps more varietie of diſcourſe. For here ſhall your maieſtie find Moralitie, like a good handmaid, waiting on Divinitie: and Divinitie, like ſome great lady, euery day in ſeuerall dreſſes. Speculation interchanged with experience, Poſitiue theology with polemicall, textuall with diſcurſorie, popular with ſcholaſticall."[2]

At the age of twenty-three, while a ſtudent at Emanuel College, and in the year 1597, he publiſhed in London [ſix] Books of anonymous Satires, which he called [*Virgidemiarum: Sixe Bookes. Firſt Three Bookes of*] *Tooth-leſſe Satyrs.* 1. *Poeticall.* 2. *Academicall.* 3. *Morall.* The laſt three books are dated 1598, although the whole ſix were intended perhaps to ſell together. Of Books I.—III. there were two iſſues in 1597; the entire work was republiſhed in 1598, "corrected and amended." There was a third edition in 1599—1602, that is, the firſt portion carries on the title the latter, and the concluding portion, or Books IV.—VI. the former date. This impreſſion purported to contain ſome additions.][3] But the ſeventh of

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Denny, and the donative of Waltham, in Eſſex, by Lord Denny. He was made Dean of Worceſter in 1616, Biſhop of Exeter in 1627, and of Norwich in 1641. —*Park.*]

[1] Fol. i. 61. [2] *Works*, 1628, vol. i. p. 3.

[3] [The following lines in Baſtard's *Chreſtoleros*, 1598, may poſſibly have an alluſion to this term in the title to Hall's *Satires*, which might be handed about in MS. before publication:—

"Ad Lectorem.

"Reader, there is no *biting* in my verſe,
No gall, no wormewood, no cauſe of offence;

the fourth Book is here made a ſecond ſatire to the ſixth or laſt Book. Annexed are, *Certaine worthye manuſcript poems of great antiquitie reſerued long ſince in the ſtudie of a Northfolke gentleman, And now firſt publiſhed by J. S.* I. *The ſtately tragedy of Guiſtard and Siſmond.* II. *The Northren mothers bleſſing.* III. *The way of Thrifte,* 1597. Dedicated, "to the worthieſt poet Maiſter Ed. Spenſer." [The *Northren Mothers bleſſing* is merely the old ſtory of *How the Goode Wif thaught hir Doughter* with certaine changes and corruptions by J. S. or ſome one elſe.] By Virgidemia, an uncouth and uncommon word, we are to underſtand a Gathering or Harveſt of rods, in reference to the nature of the ſubject.

Theſe ſatires are marked with a claſſical preciſion, to which Engliſh poetry had yet rarely attained. They are replete with animation of ſtyle and ſentiment. The indignation of the ſatiriſt is always the reſult of good ſenſe. Nor are the thorns of ſevere invective unmixed with the flowers of pure poetry. The characters are delineated in ſtrong and lively colouring, and their diſcriminations are touched with the maſterly traces of genuine humour. The verſification is equally energetic and elegant, and the fabric of the couplets approaches to the modern ſtandard. It is no inconſiderable proof of a genius predominating over the general taſte of an age when every preacher was a punſter, to have written verſes, where laughter was to be raiſed, and the leader to be entertained with ſallies of pleaſantry, without quibbles and conceits. His chief fault is obſcurity, ariſing from a remote phraſeology, conſtrained combinations, unfamiliar alluſions, elliptical apoſtrophes, and abruptneſs of expreſſion. Perhaps ſome will think, that his manner betrays too much of the laborious exactneſs and pedantic anxiety of the ſcholar and the ſtudent. Arioſto in Italian, and Regnier in French, were now almoſt the only modern writers of ſatire: [there had been at preſent no] Engliſh tranſlation of Arioſto's Satires.[1] Theſe Satires, in long verſe, contain many anecdotes of his (Arioſto's) life and circumſtances, and ſome humorous tales. They are marked with a ſtrange vein of free reprehenſion, but with much leſs obſcenity than might be expected from Satires written by the author of *Orlando Furioſo.* I believe theſe Satires are but little known or eſteemed by the Italians. But Hall's acknowledged patterns are Juvenal and Perſius, not without ſome touches of the urbanity of Horace. His parodies of theſe poets, or rather his adaptations of ancient to modern manners, a mode of imitation not unhappily practiſed by Oldham, Ro-

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And yet there is a biting, I confeſſe,
And ſharpneſſe tempred to a wholſome ſenſe:
Such are my Epigrams, well underſtood,
As ſalt which bites the wound, but doth it good."—*Park.*

A new edition of Hall's *Satires* is almoſt a *deſideratum;* that by Mr. Singer in 1824, 12mo, is not accurate, and the ſpelling has been modernized. There is a ſecond reprint in 1824, without editor's name, in 8vo.]

[1] [They were not tranſlated till the following reign, when a verſion by Robert Tofte was printed in 1608. A ſecond impreſſion appeared in 1611.]

cheſter and Pope, diſcover great facility and dexterity of invention. The moral gravity and the cenſorial declamation of Juvenal he frequently enlivens with a train of more refined reflection, or adorns with a novelty and variety of images.

In the opening of his general *Prologue*, he expreſſes a decent conſciouſneſs of the difficulty and danger of his new undertaking. The laurel which he ſought had been unworn, and it was not to be won without hazard.

I firſt aduenture,[1] with foole-hardie might,
To treade the ſteps of perilous deſpight:
I firſt aduenture, follow me who liſt,
And be the ſecond Engliſh ſatyriſt.

His firſt book, containing nine ſatires, is aimed at the numerous impotent yet faſhionable ſcribblers with which his age was infeſted. It muſt be eſteemed a curious and valuable picture, drawn from real life, of the abuſes of poetical compoſition which then prevailed; and which our author has at once expoſed with the wit of a ſpirited ſatiriſt and the good taſte of a judicious critic. Of Spenſer, who could not have been his cotemporary at Cambridge, as ſome have thought, but perhaps was his friend, he conſtantly ſpeaks with reſpect and applauſe.

I avail myſelf of a more minute analyſis of this Book, not only as diſplaying the critical talents of our ſatiriſt, but as hiſtorical of the poetry of the preſent period, and illuſtrative of my general ſubject. And if, in general, I ſhould be thought too copious and prolix in my examination of theſe ſatires, my apology muſt be, my wiſh to revive a neglected writer of real genius, and my opinion that the firſt legitimate author in our language of a ſpecies of poetry of the moſt important and popular utility, which our countrymen have ſo ſucceſsfully cultivated, and from which Pope derives his chief celebrity, deſerved to be diſtinguiſhed with a particular degree of attention.

From the firſt ſatire, which I ſhall exhibit at length, we learn what kinds of pieces were then moſt in faſhion, and in what manner they were written. They ſeem to have been, tales of love and chivalry, amatorial ſonnets, tragedies, comedies, and paſtorals.

Nor Ladies wanton loue, nor wandring knight,
Legend I out in rimes all richly dight:
Nor fright the Reader with the Pagan vaunt
Of mightie Mahound, and greate Termagaunt.[2]
Nor liſt I Sonnet of my Miſtreſſe face,
To paint ſome Bloweſſe[3] with a borrowed grace.
Nor can I bide[4] to pen ſome hungrie *Scene*
For thick-ſkin eares, and vndeſcerning eyne:
Nor euer could my ſcornfull Muſe abide
With Tragick ſhooes[5] her ankles for to hide.

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[1] [It may be obſerved, once for all, that the extracts from Hall's *Satires* which follow have been now carefully collated with the original edition of 1602—1599.]

[2] Saracen divinities.

[3] In modern ballads, Blouſilinda, or Blouſibella. Dr. Johnſon interprets Blowze, a ruddy fat-faced wench. *Dict.* in v.

[4] Abide, bear, endure.

[5] Buſkins.

Nor can I crouch, and writhe my fauning tayle,
To ſome greate Patron, for my beſt auayle.
Such hunger-ſtaruen Trencher Poetrie,[1]
Or let it neuer liue, or timely die:
Nor vnder euerie bank, and euerie Tree,
Speake rymes vnto my oten Minſtralſie:
Nor caroll out ſo pleaſing liuely laies,
As mought the Graces moue my mirth to praiſe.[2]
Trumpet, and reeds, and ſocks, and buſkins fine,
I them bequeath,[3] whoſe ſtatues wandring Twine
Of yuy, mixt with Bayes, circlen around
Their liuing Temples likewiſe Laurel-bound.
Rather had I, albee in careleſſe rymes,
Check the mis-ordered world, and lawleſſe times.
Nor need I craue the Muſes mid-wifry,
To bring to light ſo worth-leſſe Poetry.
Or, if we liſt,[4] what baſer Muſe can bide
To ſit and ſing by Grantaes naked ſide?
They h[a]unt the tyded Thames and ſalt Medway,
Ere ſince the fame of their late Bridall day.
Nought haue we here but willow-ſhaded ſhore,
To tell our Grant his bankes are left for lore.[5]

The compliment in the cloſe to Spenſer is introduced and turned with ſingular addreſs and elegance. The alluſion is to Spenſer's beautiful epiſode of the marriage of Thames and Medway, publiſhed in 1596, in the fourth book of the ſecond part of the *Fairy Queen*.[6] But had I, ſays the poet, been inclined to invoke the aſſiſtance of a Muſe, what Muſe, even of a lower order, is there now to be found, who would condeſcend to ſit and ſing on the deſolated margin of the Cam? The Muſes frequent other rivers, ever ſince Spenſer celebrated the nuptials of Thames and Medway. Cam has now nothing on his banks but willows, the types of deſertion.

I obſerve here in general, that Thomas Hudſon and Henry Lock were the Bavius and Mevius of this age. In the *Return from Parnaſſus*, 1606, they are thus conſigned to oblivion by Judicio. "Locke and Hudſon, ſleep you quiet ſhavers among the ſhavings of the preſs, and let your books lie in ſome old nook amongſt old boots and ſhoes, ſo you may avoid my cenſure."[7] [Yet Lock's work ſeems to have long retained a certain ſhare of favour, if not of popularity. It forms part of the ſtock-in-trade of John Foſter of York, ſtationer, according to the inventory taken in 1616; and Foſter apparently dealt in works of a readily ſaleable character.] Hudſon now [1584] tranſlated into Engliſh Du Bartas's poem of *Judith and Holofernes*, in which is this couplet,

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[1] Poetry written by hirelings for bread.
[2] Perhaps this couplet means Comedy.
[3] Heroic poetry, paſtorals, comedy and tragedy, I leave to the celebrated eſtabliſhed maſters in thoſe different kinds of compoſition, ſuch as Spenſer and Shakeſpeare. Unleſs the claſſic poets are intended. The imitation from Perſius's *Prologue* is obvious.
[4] Or, even if I was willing to invoke a muſe, &c.
[5] B. i. 1, f. 1, edit. 1599.
[6] B. iv. c. xi.
[7] A. i. S. iii.

And at her eare a pearle of greater valew
There hung, than that th' Egyptian queene did ſwallow.

Yet he is commended by Harington for making this tranſlation in a "verie good and ſweet Engliſh verſe,"[1] and is largely cited in *Englands Parnaſſus*, 1600. Lock applied the ſonnet to a ſpiritual purpoſe, and ſubſtituting Chriſtian love in the place of amorous paſſion, made it the vehicle of humiliation, holy comfort, and thankſgiving. This book he dedicated, under the title of the *Paſſionate preſent*, to Queen Elizabeth, who perhaps from the title expected to be entertained with a ſubject of very different nature.[2]

In the ſecond ſatire, our author poetically laments that the nine Muſes are no longer veſtal virgins.

Whilome the ſiſters nine were Veſtall maides,
And held their Temple in the ſecret ſhades
Of faire Parnaſſus, that two-headed hill
Whoſe auncient fame the Southern world did fill:
And in the ſtead of their eternal fame
Was the coole ſtreame, that tooke his endles name
From out the fertile hoofe of winged ſteed:
There did they ſit, and do their holy deed,
That pleas'd both heauen and earth.

He complains, that the "rabblements of rymeſters new" have engrafted the myrtle on the bay; and that poetry, departing from its ancient moral tendency, has been unnaturally perverted to the purpoſes of corruption and impurity. The Muſes have changed, in defiance of chaſtity,

Their modeſt ſtole to gariſh looſer weed,
Deck't with loue-fauors, their late whoredoms meed.

While the pellucid ſpring of Pyrene is converted into a poiſonous and muddy puddle,

whoſe infectious ſtaine
Corrupteth all the lowly fruitfull plaine.[3]

Marlow's *Ovid's Elegies*, and ſome of the diſſolute ſallies of Greene and Naſh, ſeem to be here pointed out. I know not of any edition of Marſton's *Pygmalion's Image* before the year 1598, and the *Caltha poetarum, or Bumble-Bee*, one of the moſt exceptionable books of this kind, written by T. Cutwode, appeared in 1599.[4] Shakeſpeare's *Venus and Adonis*, publiſhed in 1593, had given great offence to the graver readers of Engliſh verſe.[5]

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[1] Tranſl. *Orl. Fur.* Notes, B. xxxv. p. 296, 1633. Hence, or from an old play, the name Holofernes got into Shakeſpeare.

[2] Lock, or Lok's book was allowed in 1597 to R. Field, under the hands of the Biſhop of London, under the title of *The firſt parte of Chriſtian paſſions conteynynge a Hundred Sonnets of Meditation, humiliation, and prayer.* To his *Eccleſiaſtes* there is a recommendatory poem by Lilly.]

[3] B. i. 2, f. 4.

[4] To R. Olave, April 17, 1599. *Regiſtr. Station.* C. f. 50, b.

[5] This we learn from a poem entitled, *A Scourge for Paper-perſecutors*, by J[ohn] D[avies of Hereford] *with an Inquiſition againſt Paper-perſecutors*, by A[braham] H[olland], Lond. [1624]. Signat. A 4.

"Making lewd Venus with eternall lines
To tye Adonis to her loues deſignes:

In the ſubſequent ſatire, our author more particularly cenſures the intemperance of his brethren; and illuſtrates their abſolute inability to write, till their imaginations were animated by wine, in the following apt and witty compariſon, which is worthy of Young.

As frozen Dung-hils in a winters morne,
That voyd of Vapours ſeemed all beforne,
Soone as the Sun ſends out his piercing beames,
Exhale out filthie ſmoke, and ſtinking ſteames;
So doth the baſe and the fore-barren braine,
Soone as the raging wine begins to raigne.

In the ſucceeding lines, he confines his attack to Marlow, eminent for his drunken frolicks, who was both a player and a poet, and whoſe tragedy of *Tamburlaine the great*, repreſented before the year 158[7], publiſhed in 1590, and confeſſedly one of the worſt of his plays, abounds in bombaſt. [Yet, in his addreſs *To the Gentlemen-readers*, the printer of the edition of 1590 expreſſly ſays: "I have purpoſely omitted and left out ſome fond and frivolous geſtures, digreſſing and, in my poor opinion, far unmeet for the matter, which I thought might ſeem more tedious unto the wiſe than any way elſe to be regarded, though haply they have been of ſome miſconceited fondlings greatly gaped at, what time they were ſhowed upon the ſtage in their graced deformities." So it ſeems, that the drama, as it has come down to us in print, contains an expurgated and modified text.][1] Its falſe ſplendour was alſo burleſqued by Beaumont and Fletcher in the *Coxcomb*; and it has theſe two lines, which are ridiculed by Piſtol in Shakeſpeare's *King Henry the Fourth*,[2] addreſſed to the captive princes who drew Tamerlane's chariot:

Holla, ye pamper'd jades of Aſia,
What, can ye draw but twenty miles a day?

We ſhould, in the mean time, remember that by many of the moſt ſkilful of our dramatic writers tragedy was now thought almoſt eſſentially and ſolely to conſiſt in the pomp of declamation, in ſounding expreſſions, and unnatural amplifications of ſtyle. But to proceed:

One, higher pitch'd, doth ſet his ſoaring thought
On crowned kings that Fortune low hath brought;
Or ſome vpreared, high-aſpiring ſwaine,
As it might be the Turkiſh Tamberlaine:[3]

---

Fine wit is ſhewn therein, but finer 'twere
If not attired in ſuch bawdy Geare:
But be it as it will, the coyeſt Dames
In priuate reade it for their cloſſet-games."

See alſo Freeman's *Epigrams*, the Second Part, entitled, *Runne and a great caſt*, 1614. *Epigr.* 92:

To Master William Shakespeare.
"Shakeſpeare, that nimble Mercury thy braine, &c.
Who liſt reade luſt, there's Venus and Adonis,
True model of a moſt laſciuious letcher."

[1] [Dyce's edit. of Marlowe, 1850, i. 5-6.]
[2] [*Hen. IV.* part 2, ii. 4, Dyce's edit. 1868, iv. 345.]
[3] [How could Warton ſuppoſe that probably the ſtory of Tamerlane was in-

Then weeneth he his baſe drink-drowned ſpright
Rapt to the threefold loft of heauen hight:
When he conceiues vpon his fained ſtage
The ſtalking ſteps of his greate perſonage
Graced with huf-cap termes and thundring threats,
That his poore hearers hayre quite vpright ſets,
Such ſoone as ſome braue minded hungrie youth
Sees fitly frame to his wide-ſtrained mouth,
He vaunts his voyce vpon an hyred ſtage,
With high-ſet ſteps, and princely carriage.—
There if he can with termes Italianate,
Big-ſounding ſentences, and words of ſtate,
Faire patch me vp his pure Iambick verſe,
He rauiſhes the gazing Scaffolders.[1]

But, adds the critical ſatiriſt, that the minds of the aſtoniſhed audience may not be too powerfully impreſſed with the terrours of tragic ſolemnity, a vice or buffoon is ſuddenly and moſt ſeaſonably introduced.

Now leaſt ſuch frightfull ſhowes of Fortunes fall,
And bloudy Tyrants rage, ſhould chance appall
The dead-ſtroke audience, midſt the ſilent rout
Comes leaping in a ſelfe-misformed lout,
And laughes, and grins, and frames his mimik face,
And iuſtles ſtraight into the princes place.
A goodly hoch-poch, when vile Ruſſettings
Are match with monarchs, and with mightie kings:
A goodly grace to ſober Tragick Muſe,
When each baſe clowne his clumbſie fiſt doth bruiſe![2]

To complete theſe genuine and humorous anecdotes of the ſtate of our ſtage in the reign of Elizabeth, I make no apology for adding the paragraph immediately following, which records the infancy of theatric criticiſm:

Meane while our Poets, in high Parliament,
Sit watching euerie word and geſturement,
Like curious Cenſors of ſome doughtie geare,
Whiſpering their verdit in their fellowes eare.
Wo to the word, whoſe margent in their ſcrole[3]
Is noted with a blacke condemning cole.
But if each periode might the Synode pleaſe,
Ho, bring the Iuy boughs, and bands of Bayes.[4]

In the beginning of the next ſatire, he reſumes this topic. He ſeems to have conceived a contempt for blank verſe; obſerving

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troduced into our early drama from the following publication? *The Hiſtorie of the great emperour Tamerlan drawne from the auncient Monuments of the Arabians.* By Meſſire Jean du Bec, Abbot of Mortimer. Tranſlated into Engliſh by H. M. 1597. There does not ſeem to have been any earlier edit.]

[1] Thoſe who ſate on the ſcaffold, a part of the play-houſe which anſwered to our upper-gallery. So again, B. iv. 2, f. 13:

"When a craz'd ſcaffold, and a rotten ſtage,
Was all rich Nenius his heritage."

See the conformation of our old Engliſh theatre accurately inveſtigated in the [*Hiſt. of Engl. Dram. Poetry*, &c., by J. P. Collier, 1831, vol. iii. p. 263 *et ſeqq.*]

[2] In ſtriking the benches to expreſs applauſe.

[3] Copy. [4] B. i. 3, f. 8.

that the Engliſh iambic is written with little trouble, and ſeems rather a ſpontaneous effuſion, than an artificial conſtruction:

> Too popular is Tragicke poeſie,
> Strayning his tip-toes for a farthing fee:
> And doth beſides on Rimeleſſe numbers tread:
> Vnbid Iambicks flow from careleſſe head.

He next inveighs againſt the poet, who

> in high Heroick rimes
> Compileth worm-eate ſtories of olde times.

To theſe antique tales he condemns the application of the extravagant enchantments of Arioſto's *Orlando Furioſo*, particularly of ſuch licentious fictions as the removal of Merlin's tomb from Wales into France or Tuſcany, by the magic operations of the ſorcereſs Meliſſa.[1] The *Orlando* had been juſt now tranſlated by Harington:

> And maketh vp his hard-betaken tale
> With ſtrange enchantments, fetcht from darkeſome vale
> Of ſome Meliſſa, that by Magicke doome
> To Tuſcans ſoyle tranſporteth Merlins toombe.

But he ſuddenly checks his career, and retracts his thoughtleſs temerity in preſuming to blame ſuch themes as had been immortalized by the fairy muſe of Spenſer:

> But let no rebell Satyre dare traduce
> Th' eternall Legends of thy Faerie Muſe,
> Renowmed Spencer: whom no earthly wight
> Dares once to emulate, much leſſe dares deſpight.
> Saluſt[2] of France, and Tuſcan Arioſt,
> Yeeld vp the Lawrell garland ye haue loſt:—[3]

In the fifth, he ridicules the whining ghoſts of the *Mirror for Magiſtrates*, which the ungenerous and unpitying poet ſends back to hell, without a penny to pay Charon for their return over the river Styx.[4]

In the ſixth, he laughs at the hexametrical verſification of the Roman proſody, ſo contrary to the genius of our language, lately introduced into Engliſh poetry by Stanihurſt the tranſlator of Virgil, and patroniſed by Gabriel Harvey and Sir Philip Sidney:

> Another ſcorns the home-ſpun thred of rimes,
> Match'd with the loftie feete of elder times:
> Giue me the numbred verſe that Virgill ſung,
> And Virgill ſelfe ſhall ſpeake the Engliſh toung.—
> The nimble Dactils ſtriving to out-go
> The drawling Spondees pacing it below:
> The lingring Spondees labouring to delay
> The breath-leſſe Dactils with a ſodaine ſtay[5]

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[1] See *Orl. Fur.* iii. 10, xxvi. 39.

[2] Du Bartas.

[3] B. i. 4, f. 11. In the Stanzas called a *Defiance to Envy*, prefixed to the Satires, he declares his reluctance and inability to write paſtorals after Spenſer:

> "At Colins feete I throw my yeelding reede."

But in ſome of thoſe ſtanzas in which he means to ridicule the paſtoral, he proves himſelf admirably qualified for this ſpecies of poetry.

[4] B. i. 5, f. 12.

[5] B. i. 6, f. 13, 14.

His own lines on the ſubject are a proof that Engliſh verſe wanted to borrow no graces from the Roman.

The falſe and fooliſh compliments of the ſonnet-writer are the object of the ſeventh ſatire:

> Be ſhee all ſootie-blacke, or berie brown,
> Shee's white as morrows milk, or flakes new blown.

He judges it abſurd, that the world ſhould be troubled with the hiſtory of the ſmiles or frowns of a lady; as if all mankind were deeply intereſted in the privacies of a lover's heart, and the momentary revolutions of his hope and deſpair.[1]

In the eighth, our author inſinuates his diſapprobation of ſacred poetry, and the metrical verſions of Scripture, which were encouraged and circulated by the puritans. He glances at Robert Southwell's *Saint Peters Complaint*, in which the ſaint weeps pure Helicon, publiſhed [in 1595,] and the ſame writer's *Marie Magdalens Funerall Teares*. He then, but without mentioning his name, ridicules Markham's *Sions Muſe*, a tranſlation of Solomon's Song. Here, ſays our ſatirical critic, Solomon aſſumes the character of a modern ſonnetteer, and celebrates the ſacred ſpouſe of Chriſt with the levities and in the language of a lover ſinging the praiſes of his miſtreſs.[2]

The hero of the next ſatire I ſuſpect to be Robert Greene, who practiſed the vices which he ſo freely diſplayed in his poems. Greene, however, died three or four years before the publication of theſe ſatires. Nor is it very likely that he ſhould have been, as Oldys has ſuggeſted in ſome manuſcript papers, Hall's cotemporary at Cambridge, for he was incorporated into the Univerſity of Oxford, as a Maſter of Arts from Cambridge, in July, under the year 1588.[3] But why ſhould we be ſolicitous to recover a name which indecency, moſt probably joined with dulneſs, has long ago deſervedly delivered to oblivion? Whoever he was, he is ſurely unworthy of theſe elegant lines:

> Enuie, ye Muſes, at your thriuing mate,
> Cupid hath crowned a new Laureat:
> I ſaw his ſtatue gayly tyr'd in greene,
> As if he had ſome ſecond Phœbus beene:
> His Statue trimd with the Venerean tree,
> And ſhrined faire within your Sanctuarie.
> What, he, that earſt to gaine the riming Goale, &c.

He then proceeds with a liberal diſdain, and with an eye on the ſtately buildings of his univerſity, to reprobate the Muſes for this unworthy profanation of their dignity.

> Take this, ye Muſes, this ſo high deſpight,
> And let all hatefulle luckleſſe birds of night,
> Let Scriching Owles neſt in your razed roofes;
> And let your floore with horned ſatyres hoofes

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[1] B. i. 7, f. 15. [2] B. i. 8, f. 1, 7.
[3] Regiſtr. Univ. Oxon. *ſub ann.* [Dyce's edit. of Greene and Peele, 1861, p. 2.]

Be dinted and defiled euerie morne:
And let your walles be an eternall ſcorne.

His execration of the infamy of adding to the miſchiefs of obſcenity, by making it the ſubject of a book, is ſtrongly expreſſed.

What if ſome Shordich[1] furie ſhould incite
Some luſt-ſtung lecher, muſt he needes indite
The beaſtly rites of hyred Venerie,
The whole worlds vniuerſall bawd to be?
Did neuer yet no damned Libertine,
Nor elder Heathen, nor new Florentine,[2] &c.

Our poets, too frequently the children of idleneſs, too naturally the lovers of pleaſure, began now to be men of the world, and affected to mingle in the diſſipations and debaucheries of the metropolis. To ſupport a popularity of character, not ſo eaſily attainable in the obſcurities of retirement and ſtudy, they frequented taverns, became libertines and buffoons, and exhilarated the circles of the polite and the profligate. Their way of life gave the colour to their writings; and what had been the favourite topic of converſation, was ſure to pleaſe, when recommended by the graces of poetry. Add to this, that poets now began to write for hire, and a rapid ſale was to be obtained at the expenſe of the purity of the reader's mind.[3] The author of the *Return from Parnaſſus*, acted [before] 1606, ſays of Drayton a true genius, "However, he wants one true note of a poet of our times, and that is this: he cannot ſwagger it well in a tavern."[4]

The firſt ſatire of the ſecond Book properly belongs to the laſt. In it, our author continues his juſt and pointed animadverſions on immodeſt poetry, and hints at ſome pernicious verſions from the *Facetiæ* of Poggius Florentinus and from Rabelais. The laſt couplet of the paſſage I am going to tranſcribe, is moſt elegantly expreſſive.

But who coniur'd this bawdie Poggies ghoſt
From out the ſtewes of his lewde home-bred coaſt:
Or wicked Rablais dronken reuellings,[5]
To grace the mis-rule of our Tauernings?
Or who put Bayes into blind Cupids fiſt,
That he ſhould crowne what Laureats him liſt?[6]

By *tauernings*, he means the increaſing faſhion of frequenting taverns, which ſeem to have multiplied with the play-houſes. As new modes of entertainment ſprung up, and new places of public

[1] A part of the town notorious for brothels.
[2] Peter Aretine.
[3] Harington has an Epigram on this ſubject. *Epigr.* B. i. 40.
"Poets hereaft for penſions need not care,
Who call you beggars, you may call them lyars;
Verſes are grown ſvch merchantable ware,
That now for Sonnets, ſellers are and buyers."
And again, he ſays a poet was paid "two crownes a ſonnet," *Epigr.* B. i. 39.
[4] A. i. f. ii.
[5] Harvey, in his *Foure Letters*, 1592, mentions "the fantaſticall mould of Aretine or Rabelays." p. 48. Aretine is mentioned in the laſt ſatire.
[6] B. ii. 1, f. 25.

reſort became common, the people were more often called together, and the ſcale of convivial life in London was enlarged. From the play-houſe they went to the tavern. In one of Decker's pamphlets, printed in 1609, there is a curious chapter, "How a yong Gallant ſhould behave himſelf in an Ordinarie."[1] One of the moſt expenſive and elegant meetings of this kind in London is here deſcribed. It appears that the company dined ſo very late, as at half an hour after eleven in the morning; and that it was the faſhion to ride to this polite ſympoſium on a Spaniſh jennet, a ſervant running before with his maſter's cloak. After dinner they went on horſeback to the neweſt play. The ſame author in his [*Lanthorne and Candlelight, or the Belmans Second Night Walke*, 1612,][2] a lively deſcription of London, almoſt two centuries ago, gives the following inſtructions. "Haunt tavernes, there ſhalt thou find prodigalls: pay thy two pence to a player in his gallerie, there ſhalt thou ſit by an harlot. At *Ordinaries* thou maiſt dine with ſilken fooles."[3]

In the ſecond ſatire, he celebrates the wiſdom and liberality of our anceſtors, in erecting magnificent manſions for the accommodation of ſcholars, which yet at preſent have little more uſe than that of reproaching the rich with their comparative neglect of learning. The verſes have much dignity, and are equal to the ſubject.

> To what end did our lauiſh aunceſtours
> Erect of old theſe ſtatelie piles of ours?
> For thrad-bare clerks, and for the ragged Muſe,
> Whom better fit ſome cotes of ſad ſecluſe?
> Bluſh, niggard Ago, and be aſham'd to ſee
> Theſe monuments of wiſer anceſtrie!
> And ye, faire heapes, the Muſes ſacred ſhrines,
> (In ſpight of times and enuious repines)
> Stand ſtill, and flouriſh till the worlds laſt day,
> Vpbrading it with former loue's[4] decay. . . . .
> What needes me care for anie bookiſh ſkill,
> To blot white papers with my reſtleſſe quill:
> To poare on painted leaues: or beate my braine
> With far-fetcht thought: or to conſume in vaine
> In latter Euen, or midſt of winter nights,
> Ill-ſmelling oyles, or ſome ſtill-watching lights, &c.

He concludes his complaint of the general diſregard of the literary

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[1] Decker's *Guls Horne-book*, p. 22. There is *The Meeting of Gallants at an Ordinarie, or the Walkes in Powles*, 1604. Jonſon ſays of Lieutenant Shift, *Epigr.* xii.

> "He ſteales to Ordinaries, there he playes
> At dice his borrowed money."

And in *Cynthias Revells*, 1601: "You muſt frequent Ordinaries a month more, to initiate yourſelf." A. iii. f. i. [Edit. 1816, ii. 275.]

[2] [There were ſeveral editions between 1609 and 1648.]

[3] Ch. ii. Again, in the ſame writer's *Belman of London* [1608:] ſignat. E 3. "At the beſt *Ordinaries* where your only Gallants ſpend afternoones," &c. This piece is called by a cotemporary writer, the moſt witty, elegant, and eloquent diſplay of the vices of London then extant. Fennor's *Compters Commonwealth*, 1617, p. 16. [But Fennor was probably not aware that the greater part of it had been ſtolen. See *Hbk. of E. E. Lit.* Art. DECKER.]

[4] Of learning.

profeſſion with a ſpirited paraphraſe of that paſſage of Perſius, in which the philoſophy of the profound Arceſilaus and of the *ærumnoſi Solonis*, is proved to be of ſo little uſe and eſtimation.[1]

In the third, he laments the lucrative injuſtice of the law, while ingenuous ſcience is without emolument or reward. The exordium is a fine improvement of his original.

> Who doubts? The lawes fel down fro heaues height,
> Like to ſome gliding ſtarre in winters night.
> Themis, the Scribe of god, did long agone
> Engraue them deepe in during Marble-ſtone:—
> And caſt them downe on this vnruly clay,
> That men might know to rule and to obay.

The interview between the anxious client and the rapacious lawyer is drawn with much humour: and ſhows the authoritative ſuperiority and the mean ſubordination ſubſiſting between the two characters at that time:

> The crowching Client, with low-bended knee,
> And manie Worſhips, and faire flatterie,
> Tels on his tale as ſmoothly as him liſt;
> But ſtill the Lawyers eye ſquints on his fiſt:
> If that ſeeme lined with a larger fee,
> "Doubt not the ſuite, the law is plaine for thee."
> Tho[2] muſt he buy his vainer hope with price,
> Diſclout his crownes,[3] and thanke him for aduice.[4]

The fourth diſplays the difficulties and diſcouragements of the phyſician. Here we learn, that the ſick lady and the gouty peer were then topics of the ridicule of the ſatiriſt:

> The ſickly Ladie, and the gowtie Peere,
> Still would I haunt, that loue their life ſo deare:
> Where life is deare, who cares for coyned droſſe?
> That ſpent is counted gaine, and ſpared, loſſe.

He thus laughs at the quinteſſence of a ſublimated mineral elixir:

> Each powdred graine raunſometh captiue kings,
> Purchaſeth Realmes, and life prolonged brings.[5]

Imperial oils, golden cordials, and univerſal panaceas, are of high

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[1] B. ii. 2, f. 28. In the laſt line of this ſatire he ſays,

"Let ſwiniſh Grill delight in dunghill clay."

Gryllus is one of Ulyſſes's companions transformed into a hog by Circe, who refuſes to be reſtored to his human ſhape. But perhaps the alluſion is immediately to Spenſer, *Fair. Qu.* ii. 12, 81.

[2] Yet even. [3] Pull them out of his purſe.

[4] B. ii. 3, f. 31. I cite a couplet from this ſatire to explain it:—

"Genus and Species long ſince barefoote went
Vpon their ten-toes in wilde wonderment." &c.

This is an alluſion to an old diſtich, made and often quoted in the age of ſcholaſtic ſcience.

"Dat Galenus opes, dat Juſtinianus honores,
Sed Genus et Species cogitur ire pedes."

That is, the ſtudy of medicine produces riches, and juriſprudence leads to ſtations and offices of honour; while the profeſſor of logic is poor, and obliged to walk on foot.

[5] B. ii. 4, f. 35.

antiquity: and perhaps the puffs of quackery were formerly more oſtentatious than even at preſent, before the profeſſion of medicine was freed from the operations of a ſpurious and ſuperſtitious alchemy, and when there were myſtics in philoſophy as well as in religion. Paracelſus was the father of empiriciſm.

From the fifth we learn, that advertiſements of a "living wanted" were affixed on one of the doors of Saint Paul's Cathedral:

> Saweſt thou euer Siquis[1] parch'd on Pauls Church doore,
> To ſeeke ſome vacant Vicarage before?

The ſixth, one of the moſt perſpicuous and eaſy, perhaps the moſt humorous, in the whole collection, and which I ſhall therefore give at length, exhibits the ſervile condition of a domeſtic preceptor in the family of an eſquire. Several of the ſatires of this ſecond Book are intended to ſhow the depreſſed ſtate of modeſt and true genius, and the inattention of men of fortune to literary merit:

> A gentle Squire would gladly intertaine
> Into his houſe ſome trencher-Chaplaine:[2]
> Some willing man that might inſtruct his ſons,
> And that would ſtand to good conditions.
> Firſt that He lie vpon the Truckle-bed,
> Whiles his young maiſter lieth ore his hed:[3]
> Second that he do, on no default,
> Euer preſume to ſit aboue the ſalt:[4]

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[1] Siquis was the firſt word of advertiſements, often publiſhed on the doors of Saint Paul's. Decker ſays, "The firſt time that you enter into Paules, paſs thorough the body of the church like a porter; yet preſvme not to fetch ſo much as one whole turne in the middle ile, nor to caſt an eye vpon Siquis doore, paſted and plaiſtered vp with ſeruingmens ſupplications," &c. *Guls Horne-book*, 1609, p. 21. And in Wroth's *Epigrams*, 1620. Epig. 93.

> "A mery Greeke ſet vp a Siquis late,
> To ſignifie a ſtranger come to towne
> Who could great noſes," &c.

[2] Or, a table-chaplain. In the ſame ſenſe we have *trencher-knight*, in *Loves Labours loſt*.

[3] This indulgence allowed to the pupil, is the reverſe of a rule anciently practiſed in our univerſities. In the Statutes of Corpus Chriſti College at Oxford, given in 1516, the Scholars are ordered to ſleep reſpectively under the beds of the Fellows, in a truckle-bed, or ſmall bed ſhifted about upon wheels. "Sit unum [cubile] altius, et aliud humile et rotale, et in altiori cubet Socius, in altero ſemper Diſcipulus." Cap. xxxvii. Much the ſame injunction is ordered in the ſtatutes of Magdalen College, Oxford, given 1459. "Sint duo lecti principales, et duo lecti rotales, *Trookyll beddys* vulgariter nuncupati," &c. Cap. xlv. And in thoſe of Trinity College, Oxford, given 1556, where *troccle bed*, the old ſpelling of the word *truckle bed*, aſcertains the etymology from *troclea*, a wheel. Cap. xxvi. In *The Return from Parnaſſus*, 1606, Amoretto ſays, "When I was in Cambridge, and lay in a trundle-bed under my tutor," &c. A. ii. ſc. vi.

[4] Towards the head of the table was placed a large and lofty piece of plate, the top of which, in a broad cavity, held the ſalt for the whole company. One of theſe ſtately ſaltcellars is ſtill preſerved, and in uſe, at Wincheſter College. With this idea, we muſt underſtand the following paſſage, of a table meanly decked. B. vi. i. f. 83.

> "Now ſhalt thou never ſee the Salt beſet
> With a big-bellied gallon flagonet."

In Jonſon's *Cynthia's Revells*, acted in 1600, it is ſaid of an affected coxcomb,

Third that he neuer change his trencher twiſe;
Fourth that he vſe all common courteſies:
Sit bare at meales, and one halfe riſe and wait:
Laſt that he neuer his yong maiſter beat;
But he muſt aſke his mother to define
How manie ierkes ſhe would his breech ſhould line.
All theſe obſerv'd, he could contented bee
To giue fiue markes, and winter liuerie.[1]

From thoſe who deſpiſed learning, he makes a tranſition to thoſe who abuſed or degraded it by falſe pretences. Judicial aſtrology is the ſubject of the ſeventh ſatire. He ſuppoſes that Aſtrology was the daughter of one of the Egyptian midwives, and that having been nurſed by ſuperſtition, ſhe aſſumed the garb of Science:

That now, who pares his nailes, or libs his ſwine?
But he muſt firſt take counſell of the ſigne.

Again, of the believer in the ſtars he ſays,

His feare or hope, for plentie or for lacke,
Hangs all vpon his *New-yeares Almanack.*
If chance once in the ſpring his head ſhould ake,
It was foretold: Thus ſays mine *Almanack.*

The numerous aſtrological tracts, particularly pieces called *Prognoſtications*, publiſhed in the reign of Queen Elizabeth, are a proof how ſtrongly the people were infatuated with this ſort of divination. One of the moſt remarkable was a treatiſe written in the year 1582 by Richard Harvey,[2] brother to Gabriel Harvey, [and] a learned aſtrologer of Cambridge, predicting the portentous conjunction of the primary planets, Saturn and Jupiter, which was to happen the next year. It had the immediate effect of throwing the whole kingdom into the moſt violent conſternation. When the fears of the people were over, Naſh publiſhed a droll account of their opinions and apprehenſions while this formidable phenomenon was impending; and Elderton a ballad-maker, and Tarleton the comedian, joined in the laugh.[3] This was the beſt way of confuting the impertinencies of the ſcience of the ſtars. True knowledge muſt have been beginning to dawn, when theſe profound fooleries became the objects of wit and ridicule.[4]

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"His faſhion is, not to take knowlege of him that is beneath him in clothes. He never drinkes *below the ſalt.*" A. i. f. ii.

So Dekker, *Guls Horne-book*, p. 26. "At your twelue penny Ordinarie, you may giue any iuſtice of the peace, or young knight, if he ſit but one degree towards the Equinoctiall of the Saltſellar, leaue to pay for the wine," &c. See more illuſtrations, in Reed's *Old Plays*, edit. 1780, vol. iii. 285. In Parrot's *Springes for Woodcocks*, 1613, a gueſt complains of the indignity of being degraded below the ſalt. Lib. ii. Epigr. 188.

"And ſwears that he below the Salt was ſett."

[1] B. ii. 6, f. 38.

[2] [Naſh ſays of Gab. Harvey in his *Have with You*, &c. 1596, "The beſt witcraft I can turn him too, to get three pence a weeke, is to write *Prognoſtications and Almanackes*, and that alone muſt be his beſt philoſophers ſtone till hys laſt deſtiny." Sig. I. 3, 6.—*Park.*]

[3] [Naſh's *Wonderfull Prognoſtication for* 1591 is here, it is preſumed, referred to. See *Handb. of E. E. Lit.* 1867, p. 413, and *Inedited Tracts* (Second Series), Roxb. Libr. 1870.]

[4] See Naſh's *Apology of Peers Pennileſs*, &c. 1593, f. 11.

## SECTION LXIII.

THE opening of the firſt ſatire of the Third Book, which is a contraſt of ancient parſimony with modern luxury, is ſo witty, ſo elegant, and ſo poetical an enlargement of a ſhining paſſage in *Juvenal*, that the reader will pardon another long quotation.

Time was, and that was term'd the time of Gold,
When world and time were young, that now are old.
(When quiet Saturne ſwaid the mace of lead,
And Pride was yet vnborne, and yet vnbred.)
Time was, that whiles the Autumne fall did laſt,
Our hungrie ſires gapte for the falling maſt [of the Dodonian oakes.]
Could no vnhuſked Akorne leaue the tree,
But there was challenge made whoſe it might be.
And if ſome nice and licorous appetite
Deſir'd more daintie diſh of rare dilite,
They ſcal'd the ſtored Crab with claſped knee,
Till they had ſated their delicious eye:
Or ſearch'd the hopefull thicks of hedgy-rowes,
For brierie berries, or hawes, or ſowrer ſloes:
Or when they meant to fare the fin'ſt of all,
They lickt oake-leaues beſprint with hony fall.
As for the thriſe three-angled beechnut-ſhell,
Or cheſnuts armed huſke, and hid kernell,
Nor Squire durſt touch, the law would not afford,
Kept for the Court, and for the Kings owne bord.
Their royall Plate was clay, or wood, or ſtone:
The vulgar, ſaue his hand, elſe he had none.
Their onely ſeller was the neighbour brooke,
None did for better care, for better looke.
Was then no planing of the Brewers ſcape,[1]
Nor greedie Vintner mixt the ſtrained grape.
The kings pauilion was the graſſy green,
Vnder ſafe ſhelter of the ſhadie treen.
But when by Ceres' huſwifrie and paine
Men learn'd to burie the reuiuing graine:
And father Ianus taught the new found vine
Riſe on the Elme, with manie a friendly twine:
And baſe deſire bad men to deluen low
For needleſſe mettals: then gan miſchiefe grow.
Then farwell, fayreſt age! &c.

He then, in the proſecution of a ſort of poetical philoſophy, which prefers civilized to ſavage life, wiſhes for the nakedneſs or the furs of our ſimple anceſtors, in compariſon of the fantaſtic fopperies of the exotic apparel of his own age.

They naked went: or clad in ruder hide,
Or home-ſpun Ruſſet void of forraine pride.

[1] Cheats.

But thou canſt maſke in gariſh gauderie,
To ſuit a fools far-fetched liuerie.
A French head ioyn'd to necke Italian,
Thy thighs from Germanie, and breſt fro' Spaine:
An Engliſhman in none, a foole in all:
Many in one, and one in ſeuerall.[1]

One of the vanities of the age of Elizabeth was the erection of monuments, equally coſtly and cumberſome, charged with a waſte of capricious decorations, and loaded with ſuperfluous and diſproportionate ſculpture. They ſucceeded to the rich ſolemnity of the gothic ſhrine, which yet, amid a profuſion of embelliſhments, preſerved uniform principles of architecture.

In the ſecond ſatire, our author moraliſes on theſe empty memorials, which were alike allotted to illuſtrious or infamous characters.

Some ſtately tombe he builds, Egyptian wiſe,
*Rex Regum* written on the Pyramis:
Where as great Arthur lies in ruder oke,
That neuer felt none but the fellers ſtroke,[2]
Small honour can be got with gaudie graue,
Nor it thy rotten name from death can ſaue.
The fairer tombe, the fowler is thy name:
The greater pompe procuring greater ſhame.
Thy monument make thou thy liuing deeds:
No other tombe then that true vertue needs.
What, had he nought whereby he might be knowne,
But coſtly pilements of ſome curious ſtone?
The matter, Natures, and the workmans frame
His purſe's coſt: where then is Oſmonds name?
Deſeru'dſt thou ill? Well were thy name and thee,
Wert thou inditched in great ſecrecie;
Where as no paſſenger might curſe thy duſt, &c.[3]

The third is the deſcription of a citizen's feaſt, to which he was invited,

With hollow words, and ouerly[4] requeſt.

But the great profuſion of the entertainment was not the effect of liberality, but a hint that no ſecond invitation muſt be expected. The effort was too great to be repeated. The gueſt who dined at this table often, had only a ſingle diſh.[5]

The fourth is an arraignment of oſtentatious piety, and of thoſe who ſtrove to puſh themſelves into notice and eſteem by petty pretenſions. The illuſtrations are highly humorous.

Who euer giues a paire of veluet ſhooes
To th' holy Rood,[6] or liberally allowes

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[1] B. iii. 1, f. 45.

[2] He alludes to the diſcovery of King Arthur's body in Glaſtonbury Abbey. Lately, in digging up a barrow, or tumulus, on the downs near Dorcheſter, the body of a Daniſh chief, as it ſeemed, was found in the hollow trunk of a huge oak for a coffin.

[3] B. iii. 2, f. 50. [4] Slight, ſhallow. [5] B. iii. 3, f. 52.

[6] In a gallery over the ſcreen, at entering the choir, was a large crucifix, or rood, with the images of the holy Virgin and Saint John. The velvet ſhoes were for the

But a new rope to ring the couure-feu Bell,
But he deſires that his great deed may dwell,
Or grauen in the Chancel window-glaſſe,
Or in the laſting tombe of plated braſſe.

The ſame affectation appeared in dreſs.

Nor can good Myſon weare on his left hond
A ſignet ring of Briſtol-diamond;
But he muſt cut his gloue to ſhew his pride,
That his trim Iewel might be better ſpide:
And that men mought ſome Burgeſſe[1] him repute,
With Satten ſleeues hath[2] grac'd his ſackcloth ſuit.[3]

The fifth is a droll portrait of the diſtreſs of a "luſtie courtier," or fine gentleman, whoſe periwinkle, or peruke, was ſuddenly blown off by a boiſterous puff of wind while he was making his bows.[4]

He lights, and runs, and quickly hath him ſped
To ouertake his ouerrunning head, &c.

Theſe are our ſatiriſt's reflections on this diſgraceful accident.

Fie on all Curteſie, and vnruly windes,
Two onely foes that faire diſguiſement findes!
Strange curſe but fit for ſuch a fickle age,
When Scalpes are ſubiect to ſuch vaſſalage!—
Is't not ſweete pride, when men their crownes muſt ſhade
With that which ierks the hams of euery iade![5]

In the next is the figure of a famiſhed Gallant, or beau, which is much better drawn than in any of the comedies of thoſe times. His hand is perpetually on the hilt of his rapier. He picks his teeth, but has dined with Duke Humphrey.[6] He profeſſes to keep a

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feet of Chriſt on the croſs, or of one of the attendant figures. A rich lady ſometimes bequeathed her wedding-gown, with necklace and ear-rings, to dreſs up the Virgin Mary. This place was called the Rood-loft.

[1] Some rich citizen. [2] That is, *he* hath, &c. [3] B. iii. 4, f. 55.

[4] In a ſet of articles of enquiry ſent to a college in Oxford, about the year 1676, by the viſitor, Biſhop Morley, the commiſſary is ordered diligently to remark, and report, whether any of the ſenior fellows wore *periwigs*. I will not ſuppoſe that bobwigs are here intended. But after ſuch a proſcription, who could imagine, that the buſhy grizzle-wig ſhould ever have been adopted as a badge of gravity? So arbitrary are ideas of dignity or levity in dreſs! There is an epigram in Harington, written perhaps about 1600. "Of Galla's goodly periwigge," B. i. 66. This was undoubtedly falſe hair. [Warton does not ſeem to have been aware that the term *wig*, I do not ſay *periwig*, was at one time occaſionally uſed in the ſenſe of the *natural hair*. *Wig* for *the hair* is now conſidered ſlang.] In Hayman's *Quodlibets or Epigrams*, printed 1628, there *is one* "to a Periwiggian." B. i. 65. p. 10. Again, "to a certaine Periwiggian." B. ii. 9, p. 21. Our author mentions a periwigg again, B. v. 2, f. 63.

"A golden Periwig on a Blackmores brow."

[5] B. iii. 5, f. 57.

[6] That is, he has walked all day in Saint Paul's church without a dinner. In the body of old ſaint Paul's, was a huge and conſpicuous monument of Sir John Beauchamp, buried in 1358, ſon of Guy and brother of Thomas, earls of Warwick. This, by a vulgar miſtake, was at length called the tomb of Humphrey Duke of Glouceſter, who was really buried at St. Alban's, where his magnificent ſhrine now remains. The middle aiſle of Saint Paul's is called the *Duke's gallery*, in a chapter of the *Guls Horne-booke*: "How a gallant ſhould behaue himſelf in Powles Walkes." *Ch.* iv. p. 17. Of the humours of this famous ambulatory, the general

plentiful and open houſe for every "ſtraggling cavaliere," where the dinners are long and enlivened with muſic, and where many a gay youth, with a high-plumed hat, chooſes to dine, much rather than to pay his ſhilling. He is ſo emaciated for want of eating, that his ſword-belt hangs looſe over his hip, the effect of "hunger and heavy iron." Yet he is dreſſed in the height of faſhion,

> All trapped in the new-found brauerie.

He pretends to have been at the conqueſt of Cales, where the nuns worked his bonnet. His hair ſtands upright in the French ſtyle, with one long lock hanging low on his ſhoulders, which, the ſatiriſt adds, puts us in mind of a *native cord*, the truly Engliſh rope which he probably will one day wear.

> His linnen collar Labyrinthian-ſet,
> Whoſe thouſand double turnings neuer met:
> His ſleeues halfe hid with elbow-Pineonings,
> As if he ment to flie with linnen wings.[2]
> But when I looke, and caſt mine eyes below,
> What monſter meets mine eyes in humane ſhow?
> So [ſ]lender waiſt with ſuch an Abbots loyne,
> Did neuer ſober Nature ſure conioyne.
> Lik'ſt a ſtrawne ſcar-crow in the new-ſowne field,
> Reard on ſome ſticke the tender corne to ſhield.[3]

In the Prologue to this book, our author ſtrives to obviate the objections of certain critics who falſely and fooliſhly thought his ſatires too perſpicuous. Nothing could be more abſurd, than the notion, that becauſe Perſius is obſcure, therefore obſcurity muſt be neceſſarily one of the qualities of ſatire. If Perſius, under the ſeverities of a proſcriptive and ſanguinary government, was often obliged to conceal his meaning, this was not the caſe of Hall. But the darkneſs and difficulties of Perſius ariſe in great meaſure from his own affectation and falſe taſte. He would have been enigmatical under the mildeſt government. To be unintelligible can never naturally or properly belong to any ſpecies of writing. Hall of himſelf is certainly obſcure: yet he owes ſome of his obſcurity to an imitation of this ideal excellence of the Roman ſatiriſts.

The fourth book breathes a ſtronger ſpirit of indignation, and abounds with applications of Juvenal to modern manners, yet with the appearance of original and unborrowed ſatire.

The firſt [ſatire] is miſcellaneous and excurſive, but the ſubjects often lead to an unbecoming licentiouſneſs of language and images. In the following nervous lines, he has caught and finely heightened the force and manner of his maſter.

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rendezvous of lawyers and their clients, pickpockets, cheats, bucks, pimps, whores, poets, players, and many others who either for idleneſs or buſineſs found it convenient to frequent the moſt faſhionable crowd in London, a more particular deſcription may be ſeen in Dekker's *Dead Terme*, 1608, ſignat. D 3.

[2] Barnaby Rich, in his *Iriſh Hubbub*, 1617, thus deſcribes four gallants coming from an Ordinary: "The third was in a yellow-ſtarched band, that made him looke as if he had been troubled with the yellow iaundis.—They were all four in white bootes and gylt ſpurres," &c. p. 36.

[3] B. iii. 7, f. 62.

tice was then carried on with the moſt arbitrary ſpirit of oppreſſion and monopoly.

The third is on the pride of pedigree. The introduction is from Juvenal's eighth ſatire; and the ſubſtitution of the memorials of Engliſh anceſtry, ſuch as were then faſhionable, in the place of Juvenal's parade of family ſtatues without arms or ears, is remarkably happy. But the humour is half loſt, unleſs by recollecting the Roman original, the reader perceives the unexpected parallel:

Or call ſome old church-windowes to record
The age of thy fayre Armes ———
Or find ſome figures halfe obliterate,
In rain-beat Marble neare to the Church-gate,
Vpon a Croſſe-leg'd Toombe. What boots it thee,
To ſhew the ruſted Buckle that did tie
The Garter of thy greateſt Grand ſires knee?
What, to reſerue their reliques many yeares,
Their ſiluer ſpurs, or ſpils of b[r]ooken ſpeares?
Or cyte old Oclands verſe,[1] how they did wield
The wars in Turwin or in Turney field?

Afterwards, ſome adventurers for raiſing a fortune are introduced. One trades to Guiana for gold. This is a glance at Sir Walter Raleigh's expedition to that country. Another, with more ſucceſs, ſeeks it in the philoſopher's ſtone:

When halfe his lands are ſpent in golden ſmoke,
And now his ſecond hopefull glaſſe is broke.
But yet, if haply his third fornace hold,
Deuoteth all his pots and pans to gold.

Some well-known claſſical paſſages are thus happily mixed, moderniſed, and accommodated to his general purpoſe:

Was neuer Foxe but wilye Cubs begets;
The Beare his feirce-neſſe to his brood beſets:
Nor fearfull Hare fals out of Lyons ſeed,
Nor Eagle wont the tender Doue to breed.
Crete euer wont the Cypreſſe ſad to beare,
Acheron banks the paliſh Popelare:
The Palme doth rifely riſe in Iury field,[2]
And Alpheus waters nought but Oliues wild;
Aſopus breeds big Bul-ruſhes alone,
Meander heath; peaches by Nilus growne:
An Engliſh Wolfe, an Iriſh Toad to ſee,
Were as a chaſt man nurſd in Italy.[3]

In the fourth, theſe diverſions of a delicate youth of faſhion and refined manners are mentioned, as oppoſed to the rougher employments of a military life:

Gallio may pull me roſes ere they fall,
Or in his net entrap the Tennis-ball;

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"Pardon, ye glowing eares; Needs will it out,
Tho brazen wals compaſd my tongue about,
As thick as wealthy Scrobioes quicke-ſet rowes
In the wide Common that he did incloſe."

Great part of the third ſatire of the ſame book turns on this idea.

[1] See *ſuprr.* [2] In Judea. [3] B. iv. 3, f. 26.

Or tend his Spar-hauke mantling in her mew,
Or yelping Begles buſy heeles perſue:
Or watch a ſinking corke vpon the ſhore,[1]
Or halter Finches through a priuie doore;[2]
Or liſt he ſpend the time in ſportfull game, &c.

He adds:

Seeſt thou the Roſe-leaues fall vngathered?
Then hye thee, wanton Gallio, to wed.—
Hy thee, and giue the world yet one dwarfe more,
Svch as it got, when thou thy ſelfe waſt bore.

In the contraſt between the martial and effeminate life, which includes a general ridicule of the fooliſh paſſion which now prevailed, of making it a part of the education of our youth to bear arms in the wars of the Netherlands, are ſome of Hall's moſt ſpirited and nervous verſes:

If Martius in boyſtrous Buffes be dreſt,
Branded with Iron plates vpon the breſt,
And pointed on the ſhoulders for the nonce,[3]
As new-come from the Belgian-garriſons;
What ſhall thou need to enuie ought at that,
When as thou ſmelleſt like a Ciuet Cat?
When as thine oyled locks ſmooth platted fall,
Shining like varniſht pictures on a wall?
When a plum'd Fanne[4] may ſhade thy chalked[5] face,
And lawny ſtrips thy naked boſome grace?
If brabling Make-fray at ech Fayre and Size,[6]
Picks quarrels for to ſhow his valiantiſe,
Straight preſſed for an hungry Swizzers pay
To thruſt his fiſt to ech part of the fray;
And piping hote, puffes towards the pointed[7] plaine,
With a broad Scot,[8] or proking ſpit of Spayne:
Or hoyſeth ſayle vp to a forraine ſhore,
That he may liue a lawleſſe Conquerer.[9]
If ſome much deſperate Hakſter ſhall deuiſe
To rouze thine Hares-heart from her cowardiſe,
As[10] idle children, ſtriuing to excell
In blowing bubles from an emptie ſhell.
Oh Hercules, how like[11] to proue a man,
That all ſo rath[12] thy warlike life began!
Thy mother could for thee thy cradle ſet
Her huſbands rufty iron corſelet;
Whoſe iargling ſound might rocke her babe to reſt,
That neuer 'plain'd of his vneaſie neſt:
There did he dreame of drery wars at hand,
And woke, and fought, & won, ere he could ſtand.[13]
But who hath ſeene the Lambs of Tarentine,

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[1] Angle for fiſh. [2] A pit-fall. A trap-cage.
[3] With tags, or ſhoulder-knots.
[4] Fans of feathers were now common. See Harington's *Epigr.* i. 70. And Steevens's Shakeſpeare, i. p. 273.
[5] Painted. [6] Aſſiſe. [7] Full of pikes.
[8] A Scotch broad ſword. [9] Turn pirate.
[10] It will be like, &c. [11] Likely. [12] Early.
[13] "O Hercules, a boy ſo delicately reared muſt certainly prove a hero! You, Hercules, was nurſed in your father's ſhield for a cradle, &c. But the tender Gallio," &c.

May geſſe what Gallio his manners beene;
All ſoft as is the falling thiſtle-downe,
Soft as the fumie ball,[1] or Morrions crowne.[2]
Now Gallio gins thy youthful heat to raigne,
In euery vigorous limme and ſwelling vaine:
Time bids the raiſe thine hedſtrong thoughts on hy
To valour and aduenterous chivalry.
Pawne thou no gloue[3] for challenge of the deede, &c.[4]

The fifth, the moſt obſcure of any, exhibits the extremes of prodigality and avarice, and affords the firſt inſtance I remember to have ſeen of nominal initials with daſhes. Yet in his Poſtſcript, he profeſſes to have avoided all perſonal applications.[5]

In the ſixth, from Juvenal's poſition that every man is naturally diſcontented, and wiſhes to change his proper condition and character, he ingeniouſly takes occaſion to expoſe ſome of the new faſhions and affectations:

Out from the Gades vp to the Eaſterne morne,
Not one but holds his natiue ſtate forlorne.
When comely ſtriplings wiſh it were their chance,
For Cenis diſtaffe to exchange their Lance;
And weare curl'd Periwigs, and chalke their face,
And ſtill are poring on their pocket-glaſſe;
Tyr'd[6] with pinn'd Ruffes & Fans, and partlet ſtrips,
And Buſkes and Verdingales about their hips:
And tread on corked ſtilts a priſoners pace.

Beſides what is here ſaid, we have before ſeen, that perukes were now among the novelties in dreſs. From what follows it appears that coaches were now in common uſe:[7]

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[1] A ball of perfume. [2] Morrion is the fool in a play.

[3] He ſays with a ſneer, "Do not play with the character of a ſoldier. Be not contented only to ſhew your courage in tilting. But enter into real ſervice," &c.

[4] B. iv. 4. In a couplet of this ſatire, he alludes to the *Schola Salernitana*, an old metrical ſyſtem in rhyming verſe, which chiefly deſcribes the qualities of diet:

"Tho neuer haue I Salerne rimes profeſt,
To be ſome Ladies trencher-criticke gueſt."

There is much humour in *trencher-critick*. Collingborn, mentioned in the beginning of this ſatire, is the ſame whoſe Legend is in the *Mirror for Magiſtrates*, and who was hanged for a diſtich on Catesby, Ratcliff, Lord Lovel, and King Richard III., about the year 1484. See *Mirr. Mag.* p. 455, edit. 1610. Our author ſays:

"Or luckleſſe Collingbourne feeding of the crowes."

That is, he was food for the crows when on the gallows. At the end is the firſt uſe I have ſeen, of a witty apothegmatical compariſon, of a libidinous old man:

"The maidens mocke, and call him withered leeke,
That with a greene tayle has an hoary head."

[It is uſed by Boccaccio in his introduction to the ſecond part of the *Decamerone*, and moſt probably was current before his time.—*Price.*]

[5] B. iv. 6. Collybiſt, here uſed, means a rent or tax gatherer. Κολλύβιςης, nummularius.

[6] Attir'd, dreſſed, adorned.

[7] Of the rapid increaſe of the number of coaches, but more particularly of Hackney-coaches, we have a curious proof in *A pleaſant Diſpute betweene Coach and Sedan*, 1636. "The moſt eminent places for ſtoppage are Pauls-gate into Cheap-

Is't not a ſhame to ſee ech homely groome
Sit perched in an idle chariot-roome?

The ruſtic wiſhing to turn ſoldier, is pictured in theſe lively and poetical colours:

The ſturdie Plough-man doth the ſoldier ſee
All ſcarfed with pide colours to the knee,
Whom Indian pillage hath made fortunate;
And nowe he gins to loath his former ſtate

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ſide, Lud-gate and Lud-gate-hill, eſpecially when the play is done at the Friers: then Holborne-Cunduit, and Holborne-bridge, is villainouſly peſtered with them, Hoſier-lane, Smith-field, and Cow-lane, ſending all about their new or old mended *Coaches*. Then about the Stocks and Poultrie, Temple-barre, Fetter-lane, and Shooe-lane next to Fleetſtreete: but to ſee their multitude, either when there is a Maſque at White-hall, a lord Majors feaſt, a new play at ſome of the play-houſes, you would admire to ſee them how cloſe they ſtand together (like Mutton-pies in a Cookes oven"), &c. Signat. F. Marſton, in 1598, ſpeaks of the "joulting Coach" of a Meſſalina. *Sc. Villan.* B. i. 3. And in Marſton's Poſtſcript to *Pigmalion*, 1598, we are to underſtand a coach, where he ſays,

"Run as ſweet
As doth a tumbrell through the paved ſtreet."

[But Taylor the water-poet had already devoted a pamphlet to this ſubject—*The World runnes on Wheeles, or oddes betwixt Carts and Coaches*, 1623, 8vo. Perhaps, indeed, this "pleaſant dialogue," which is anonymous, was alſo from his pen.]

In *Cynthia's Revels*, 1601, a ſpendthrift is introduced, who among other polite extravagancies, is "able to maintaine a ladie in her two carroches a day." A. iv. ſ. ii. However, in *Ram-Alley*, or *Merry-tricks*, 1611, a coach and a caroche ſeem different vehicles, a. iv. ſ. ii.

"In horſlitters, [in] coaches or caroaches."

Unleſs the poet means a ſynonyme for coach.

In ſome old account I have ſeen of Queen Elizabeth's progreſs to Cambridge, in 1564, [ſee Collier, *Hiſt. Dram. Poetr.* 1831, i. 188-90,] it is ſaid, the Lord Leiceſter went in a coach, becauſe he had hurt his leg. In a comedy, ſo late as the reign of Charles I. among many ſtudied wonders of fictitious and hyperbolical luxury, a lover promiſes his lady that ſhe ſhall ride in a coach to the next door. Cartwright's [*Siedge* or] *Loves Convert*, a. ii. ſ. vi. *Works*, 1651, p. 125.

"Thou ſhalt
Take coach to the next door, and as it were
An Expedition not a Viſit, be
Bound for an houſe not ten ſtrides off, ſtill carry'd
Aloof in indignation of the earth."

Stow ſays, "In the yeere 1564, Guylliam Boonen, a dutchman, became the Queenes Coachmann, and was the firſt that brought the vſe of Coaches into England. And after a while, diuers great Ladies, with as great Iealouſie of the queens diſpleaſure, made them Coaches, and rid in them vp and downe the Countries to the great admiration of all the behoulders, but then by little and little they grew vſuall among the nobilitie, and others of ſort, & within twenty yeeres became a great trade of Coachmaking. And about that time began long wagons to come in vſe, ſuch as now come to London, from Caunterbury, Norwich, Ipſwich, Gloſter, &c. with Paſſengers and commodities. Laſtly, euen at this time, 1605, began the ordinary vſe of Caroaches." Edit. 1615, p. 867, col. 2. From a compariſon of the former and latter part of the context, it will perhaps appear that Coaches and Caroaches were the ſame. [See, for a Hiſtory of Coaches, the twenty-third volume of *Archæologia*.—*Rye*.]

Nowe doth he inly ſcorne his Kendall-greene,[1]
And his patch't Cockers now diſpiſed beene:
Nor lift he now go whiſtling to the Carre,
But ſels his Teeme, and ſetleth to the warre.
O warre to them that neuer tryde thee ſweete:
When his dead mate fals groueling at his feete:
And angry bullets whiſtlen at his eare,
And his dim eyes ſee nought but death and drere!

Another, fired with the flattering idea of ſeeing his name in print, abandons his occupation, and turns poet:

Some dronken Rimer thinks his time well ſpent,
If he can liue to ſee his name in print:
Who when he is once fleſhed to the Preſſe,
And ſees his handfell haue ſuch fayre ſucceſſe,
Sung to the wheele, and ſung vnto the payle,[2]
He ſends forth thraues[3] of Ballads to the ſale.[4]

Having traced various ſcenes of diſſatisfaction and the deſultory purſuits of the world, he comes home to himſelf, and concludes that real happineſs is only to be found in the academic life. This was a natural concluſion from one who had experienced no other ſituation:[5]

Mong'ſt all theſe ſturs of diſcontented ſtrife,
Oh let me lead an Academicke life!
To know much, and to thinke we nothing know,
Nothing to haue, yet thinke we haue enough:
In ſkill to want, and wanting ſeeke for more;
In weale nor want, nor wiſh for greater ſtore.[6]

The laſt [Satire][7] of this Book is a ſatire on the pageantries of the papal chair, and the ſuperſtitious practices of popery, with which it is eaſy to make ſport. But our author has done this by an uncommon quickneſs of alluſion, poignancy of ridicule, and fertility of burleſque invention. Were Juvenal to appear at Rome, he ſays,

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[1] This ſort of ſtuff is mentioned in a ſtatute of Richard II., an. 12, A.D. 1389.

[2] By the knife-grinder and the milk-maid.

[3] A thrave of ſtraw is a bundle of ſtraw of a certain quantity, in the midland counties.

[4] Theſe lines ſeem to be levelled at William Elderton, a celebrated drunken ballad-writer. Stow ſays, that he was an attorney of the Sheriff's court in the city of London about the year 1570, and quotes ſome verſes which he wrote about that time, on the erection of the new portico with images, at Guildhall. *Surv. Lond.* edit. 1599, p. 217. He has two epitaphs in Camden's *Remains*, 1674, p. 533, *ſeq.* Harvey in his *Four Letters*, 1592, mentions him with Greene. Naſh, in his *Apology of Piers Pennileſſe*, ſays that "Tarleton at the theater made jeſts of him [Harvey,] and W. Elderton conſumed his ale-crammed noſe to nothing, in bear-baiting him with whole bundles of ballads." Signat. E. And Harvey, *ubi ſupr.* p. 34.

[5] In this Satire, among the lying narratives of travellers, our author, with Mandeville and others, mentions the *Spaniſh Decads*. [The work intended is Eden's tranſlation from the Latin of Peter Martyr of The *Decades of the newe Worlde*, &c. 1555.] In the old anonymous play of *Lingua*, 1607, Mendacio ſays, "Sir John Mandeviles trauells, and great part of the *Decads*, were of my doing." A. ii. ſ. i.

[6] B. iv. 6.

[7] [This ſatire, ſays Mr. Singer (*Hall's Satires*, edit. 1824, 12mo. p. 119, *note*), was added in the ſecond edition. The copy of ed. 1599, however, now before me, is complete without it.]

How his enraged ghoſt would ſtamp and ſtare,
That Ceſars throne is turn'd to Peters chaire:
To ſee an old ſhorne lozel perched high,
Crouching beneath a golden canopie!—
And, for the lordly Faſces borne of old,
To ſee two quiet croſſed keyes of gold!—
But that he moſt would gaze, and wonder at,
Is, th' horned mitre, and the bloody hat;[1]
The crooked ſtaffe,[2] the coules ſtrange form and ſtore,[3]
Saue that he ſaw the ſame in hell before.

The following ludicrous ideas are annexed to the excluſive appropriation of the euchariſtic wine to the prieſt in the maſs:

The whiles the liquorous prieſt ſpits every trice,
With longing for his morning ſacrifice:
Which he reares vp quite perpendiculare,
That the mid church doth ſpight the chancels fare.[4]

But this ſort of ridicule is improper and dangerous. It has a tendency, even without an entire parity of circumſtances, to burleſque the celebration of this awful ſolemnity in the reformed church. In laughing at falſe religion, we may ſometimes hurt the true. Though the rites of the papiſtic euchariſt are erroneous and abſurd, yet great part of the ceremony, and above all the radical idea, belong alſo to the Proteſtant communion.

## SECTION LXIV.

THE argument of the firſt ſatire of the fifth Book is the oppreſſive exaction of landlords, the conſequence of the growing decreaſe of the value of money. One of theſe had perhaps a poor grandſire, who grew rich by availing himſelf of the general rapine at the diſſolution of the monaſteries. There is great pleaſantry in one of the lines, that he

Begd ſome caſt Abby in the Churches wayne.

In the mean time, the old patrimonial manſion is deſolated; and even the pariſh-church unroofed and dilapidated through the poverty of the inhabitants, and neglect or avarice of the patron.

Would it not vexe thee, where thy ſyres did keepe,[5]
To ſee the dunged-foldes of dag-tayl'd ſheepe?
And ruin'd houſe where holy things were ſaid,
Whoſe free-ſtone wals the thatched roofe vpbraid;
Whoſe ſhril Saints-bell hangs on his louerie,
While the reſt are damned to the Plumbery:[6]

[1] Cardinal's ſcarlet hat. [2] Biſhop's croſier. [3] And multitude of them.
[4] B. iv. 7. [5] Live, inhabit.
[6] The bells were all ſold, and melted down; except that for neceſſary uſe the ſaints-bell, or ſanctus-bell, was only ſuffered to remain within its lovery, that is louver, or turret, uſually placed between the chancel and body of the church. Marſton has "pitch-black loueries."—*Sc. Villan.* B. ii. 5.

Yet pure deuotion lets the ſteeple ſtand,
And ydle battlements on eyther hand, &c.[1]

By an enumeration of real circumſtances, he gives us the following lively draught of the miſerable tenement, yet ample ſervices, of a poor copyholder.

Of one bayes breadth, God wot, a ſilly cote,
Whoſe thatched ſpars are furr'd with ſluttiſh ſoote
A whole inch thick, ſhining like Black-moors brows,
Through ſmok that down the head-les barrel blows.
At his beds feete feeden his ſtalled teme,
His ſwine beneath, his pullen ore the beame.
A ſtarued tenement, ſuch as I geſſe
Stand ſtragling on the waſts of Holderneſſe:
Or ſuch as ſhiuer on a Peake hill ſide, &c.—
Yet muſt he haunt his greedy Land-lords hall
With often preſents at ech Feſtiuall:
With crammed Capons euery New-yeares morne,
Or with greene-cheeſes when his ſheep are ſhorne:
Or many Maunds-full[2] of his mellow fruite, &c.

The lord's acceptance of theſe preſents is touched with much humour.

The ſmiling Land-lord ſhowes a ſunſhine face,
Faining that he will grant him further grace;
And leers like Æſops Foxe vpon a Crane,
Whoſe necke he craues for his Chirurgian.[3]

In the ſecond,[4] he reprehends the incongruity of ſplendid edifices and worthleſs inhabitants.

Like the vaine bubble of Iberian pride,
That ouer-croweth all the world beſide;[5]
Which rear'd to raiſe the crazy Monarchs fame,
Striues for a Court and for a Colledge name:
Yet nought within but louzy couls doth hold,
Like a ſcab'd Cuckow in a cage of gold.—

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[1] Juſt to keep up the appearance of a church.

[2] Maund is baſket. Hence Maundy-Thurſday, the Thurſday in Paſſion-week, when the king with his own hands diſtributes a large portion of alms, &c. Maundy is Dies Sportulæ. Maund occurs again, B. iv. 2.

"With a maund charg'd with houſhold marchandize."

In the *Whippinge of the Satyre*, [by W. J., ſuppoſed to be John Weever,] 1601, Signat. C 4.

"Whole maunds and baſkets ful of fine ſweet praiſe."

[3] B. v. 1, f. 58.

[4] In this Satire there is an alluſion to an elegant fiction in Chaucer, v. 5, f. 61.

"Certes if Pity dyed at Chaucers date."

Chaucer places the ſepulchre of Pity in the *Court of Love*. See *Court of L.*, v. 700.

"A tender creature
Is ſhrined there, and Pite is her name:
She ſaw an eagle wreke him on a fly,
And pluck his wing, and eke him in his game,
And tender herte of that hath made her die."

[Bell's edit. iv. 156.] This thought is borrowed by Fenton in his *Mariamne*.

[5] The Eſcurial in Spain.

When[1] Mauios firſt page of his poſie
Nayl'd to a hundred poſtes for noueltie,
With his big title, an Italian mot,[2]
Layes ſiege vnto the backward buyers grote, &c.

He then beautifully draws, and with a ſelection of the moſt pictureſque natural circumſtances, the inhoſpitality or rather deſertion of an old magnificent rural manſion.

Beat the broad gates, a goodly hollow ſound
With doubled Echoes doth againe rebound;
But not a Dog doth bark to welcome thee,
Nor churliſh Porter canſt thou chafing ſee:
All dumbe and ſilent, like the dead of night,
Or dwelling of ſome ſleepy Sybarite!
The marble pavement, hid with deſart weed,
With houſe-leeke, thiſtle, docke, & hemlock-ſeed.—
Look to the towred chymneis, which ſhould bee
The wind-pipes of good hoſpitalitie:——
Lo, there th' vnthankfull ſwallow takes her reſt,
And fills the Tonnell with her circled neſt![3]

Afterwards, the figure of Famine is thus imagined:

Grim Famine ſits in their forepined face,
All full of angles of vnequall ſpace,
Like to the plaine of many-ſided ſquares
That wont be drawne out by Geometars![4]

In the third, a ſatire is compared to the porcupine.

The Satyre ſhould be like the Porcupine,
That ſhoots ſharpe quils out in each angry line.[5]

This ingenious thought, though founded on a vulgar error, has been copied, among other paſſages, by Oldham. Of a true writer of ſatire, he ſays:

He'd ſhoot his quills juſt like a porcupine,
At view, and make them ſtab in every line.[6]

In the fourth and laſt [Satire] of this Book, he [Hall] enumerates the extravagances of a married ſpendthrift, a farmer's heir, of twenty pounds a year. He rides with two liveries, and keeps a pack of hounds.

But whiles ten pound goes to his wiues new gown,
Nor little leſſe can ſerue to ſute his owne:
Whiles one peece payes her idle wayting-man,
Or buyes an hoode, or ſiluer-handled fanne:
Or hires a Friezeland Trotter, halfe yarde deepe,
To drag his Tumbrell through the ſtaring Cheape.[7]

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[1] As when.

[2] In this age, the three modern languages were ſtudied to affectation. In the *Return from Parnaſſus* [1606,] a faſhionable fop tells his page, "Sirrah, boy, remember me when I come in Pauls churchyard, to buy a *Ronzard* and *Dubartas* in French, an *Aretine* in Italian, and our hardeſt writers in Spaniſh," &c.—A. [iii.] ſc. iii.

[3] The motto on the front of the houſe ΟΥΔΕΙΣ ΕΙΣΙΤΩ, which he calls a fragment of Plato's poetry, is a humorous alteration of Plato's ΟΥΔΕΙΣ ΑΚΑΘΑΡΤΟΣ ΕΙΣΙΤΩ.

[4] B. v. 3. [5] B. v. 3.

[6] *Apology* for the foregoing Ode, &c.—*Works*, vol. i. p. 97, edit. 1722. 12mo.

[7] B. v. 4.

The laſt Book conſiſts, [in the firſt and ſecond editions,] of one long ſatire only [but was enlarged in the third to two, with a proſe poſtſcript and an epilogue; the firſt ſatire] contains a humorous ironical deſcription of the effect of his ſatires, and a recapitulatory view of many of the characters and foibles which he had before delineated. But the ſcribblers ſeem to have the chief ſhare. The character of Labeo, already repeatedly mentioned, who was ſome cotemporary poet, a conſtant cenſurer of our author, and who from paſtoral proceeded to heroic poetry, is here more diſtinctly repreſented. He was a writer who affected compound epithets, which Sir Philip Sydney had imported from France, and firſt uſed in his *Arcadia*.[1] The character in many reſpects ſuits Chapman, though I do not recollect that he wrote any paſtorals.[2]

Tho Labeo reaches right (who can deny?)
The true ſtraynes of Heroicke Poeſie;
For he can tell how fury reft his ſenſe,
And Phœbus fild him with intelligence:
He can implore the heathen deites
To guide his bold and buſie enterpriſe:
Or filch whole Pages at a clap for need
From honeſt Petrarch, clad in Engliſh weed;
While bigge *But ohs* ech ſtanza can begin,
Whoſe trunke and tayle ſluttiſh and hartleſſe bin:
He knows the grace of that new elegance,
Which ſweet Philiſides fetch't of late from France,
That well beſeem'd his high-ſtil'd *Arcady*,
Tho others marre it with much liberty,
In Epithets to ioyne two wordes in one,
Forſooth for Adiectiues cannot ſtand alone.

The arts of compoſition muſt have been much practiſed, and a knowledge of critical niceties widely diffuſed, when obſervations of this kind could be written. He proceeds to remark, it was now cuſtomary for every poet, before he attempted the dignity of heroic verſe, to try his ſtrength by writing paſtorals.[3]

But ere his Muſe her weapon learne to weild,
Or dance a ſober Pirrhicke[4] in the field;—
The ſheepe-cote firſt hath beene her nurſery,
Where ſhe hath worne her ydle infancy;
And in hy ſtartups walk't the paſtur'd plaines,
To tend her taſked herd that there remains;
And winded ſtill a pipe of Ote or Brere, &c.

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[1] We have our author's opinion of Skelton in theſe lines of this ſatire, f. 83.

"Well might theſe checks haue fitted former times,
And ſhouldred angry Skeltons breath-leſſe rimes."

[[2] It may be mentioned, as a circumſtance countenancing Warton's opinion, that Chapman publiſhed a volume in 1612 which, with other matter, contained a paraphraſe of *Petrarchs Seven Penitentiall Pſalms*. See *Handb. of E. E. Lit.* 1867, p. 82. But on the other hand, Chapman did not profeſs them to be original compoſitions.]

[3] Though theſe lines bear a general ſenſe, yet at the ſame time they ſeem to be connected with the character of Labeo, by which they are introduced. By the *Carmelite*, a paſtoral writer ranked with Theocritus and Virgil, he means Mantuan.

[4] The Pyrrhic dance, performed in armour.

Poems on petty ſubjects or occaſions, on the death of a favourite bird or dog, ſeem to have been as common in our author's age, as at preſent. He ſays,

> Should Bandells Throſtle die without a ſong,
> Or Adamantius my Dog be laid along
> Downe in ſome ditch, without his Exequies,[1]
> Or Epitaphs or mournfull Elegies?[2]

In the old comedy, the *Return from Parnaſſus*, we are told of a coxcomb who could bear no poetry "but fly-blown ſonnets of his miſtreſs, and her loving pretty creatures, her monkey and her puppet."[3]

The following exquiſite couplet exhibits our ſatiriſt in another and a more delicate ſpecies of poetry:

> Her lids like Cupids bow-caſe, where he hides
> The weapons which doth wound the wanton-eyde.[4]

One is ſurpriſed to recollect, that theſe ſatires are the production of a young man of twenty-three. They rather ſeem the work of an experienced maſter, of long obſervation, of ſtudy and practice in compoſition.

They are recited among the beſt performances of the kind, and with applauſe, by Francis Meres, a cotemporary critic, who wrote in 1598.[5] But whatever fame they had acquired, it ſoon received a

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[1] In purſuance of the argument, he adds,

> "Folly itſelfe and baldnes may be praiſed."

An alluſion to Eraſmus's *Moriæ Encomium*, and the *Encomium Calvitiei*, written at the reſtoration of learning. Cardan alſo wrote an encomium on Nero, the Gout, &c.

[2] In this Satire, Tarleton is praiſed as a poet, who is moſt commonly conſidered only as a comedian. Meres commends him for his facility in extemporaneous verſification. *Wits Tr.* f. 286.

See more of Tarleton in *Supplement to Shakeſpeare*, i. pp. 55, 58, 59. And *Old Plays*, edit. 1780. *Preface*, p. lxii. To what is there collected concerning Tarlton as a player it may be added, that his ghoſt is one of the ſpeakers, in that character, in Chettle's *Kind Harts Dreame*, printed about 1593. Without date, quarto. Signat. E 3. And that in the preface, he appears to have been alſo a muſician. "Tarlton with his Taber taking two or three leaden friſkes," &c. Moſt of our old comedians profeſſed every part of the hiſtrionic ſcience, and were occaſionally fiddlers, dancers, and geſticulators. Dekker ſays, Tarleton, Kempe, nor Singer, "euer plaid the Clowne more naturally." Dekker's *Guls Horne-book*, 1609, p. 3. One or two of Tarlton's Jeſts are mentioned in *The Diſcouerie of the Knights of the Poſte*, &c. By E. S., 1597. In Fitz-Geoffrey's *Cenotaphia*, annexed to his *Aſſaniæ*, 1601, there is a panegyric on Tarlton. Signat. N 2. Tarlton and Greene are often mentioned as aſſociates in Harvey's *Foure Letters*, 1592. [The fulleſt account of Tarlton's writings is in the *Handb. of E. E. Lit.* art. TARLTON, and *Additions* for the title of his *Tragicall Treatiſes*, 1578, 4to. For biographical notices of this great comedian, and for a text of his *Jeſts*, ſee *Old Engliſh Jeſt-Books*, 1864.]

[3] A. iii. ſc. iv.

[4] B. vi. Pontan here mentioned, I preſume, is Jovinianus Pontanus, an elegant Latin amatorial and paſtoral poet of Italy, at the revival of learning.

[5] *Wits Treas.* f. 282. It is extraordinary that they ſhould not have afforded any choice flowers to *Englands Parnaſſus*, printed in 1600.

check, which was never recovered. They were condemned to the flames, as licentious and immoral, by an order of Biſhop Bancroft in 1599. And this is obviouſly the chief reaſon why they are not named by our author in the *Specialities* of his life, written by himſelf after his preferment to a biſhopric.[1] They were, however, admired and imitated by Oldham; and Pope, who moderniſed Donne, is ſaid to have wiſhed he had ſeen Hall's ſatires ſooner. But had Pope undertaken to moderniſe Hall, he muſt have adopted, becauſe he could not have improved, many of his lines. Hall is too finiſhed and ſmooth for ſuch an operation. Donne, though he lived ſo many years later, was ſuſceptible of modern refinement, and his aſperities were ſuch as wanted, and would bear, the chiſel.

I was informed by the learned Biſhop of Glouceſter,[2] that, in a copy of Hall's Satires in Pope's library, the whole firſt ſatire of the ſixth book was corrected in the margin, or interlined, in Pope's own hand; and that Pope had written at the head of that ſatire, *optima ſatira.*

Milton, who had a controverſy with Hall, as I have obſerved, in a remonſtrance called an *Apology for Smectymnus*, publiſhed in 1641, rather unſuitably and diſingenuouſly goes out of his way to attack theſe ſatires, a juvenile effort of his dignified adverſary, and under every conſideration alien to the diſpute. Milton's ſtrictures are more ſarcaſtic than critical; yet they deſerve to be cited, more eſpecially as they preſent a ſtriking ſpecimen of thoſe awkward attempts at humour and raillery, which diſgrace his proſe-works.

"Lighting upon this title of *Toothleſs Satyrs*, I will not conceal ye what I thought, readers, that ſure this muſt be ſome ſucking ſatyr, who might have done better to have uſed his coral, and made an end of breeding ere he took upon him to wield a ſatyr's whip. But when I heard him talk of 'ſcouring the ſhields of elviſh knights,'[3] do not blame me if I changed my thought, and concluded him ſome

[1] *Shaking of the Olive Tree, or his Remaining Works*, 1660. Nor are they here inſerted.

[2] [Warburton.]

[3] A miſquoted line in the *Defiance to Envy*, prefixed to the Satires. I will give the whole paſſage, which is a compliment to Spenſer, and ſhows how happily Hall would have ſucceeded in the majeſtic march of the long ſtanza.

"Or ſcoure the ruſted ſwordes of Eluiſh knights,
Bathed in Pagan blood: or ſheath them new
In miſty morall Types: or tell their fights,
Who mightie Giants, or who Monſters ſlew:
And by ſome ſtrange inchanted ſpeare and ſhield,
Vanquiſht their foe, and wan the doubtfull field.
May be ſhe might in ſtately Stanzaes frame
Stories of Ladies and aduenturous knights:
To raiſe her ſilent and inglorious name
Vnto a reach-leſſe pitch of prayſes hight:
And ſomewhat ſay, as more vnworthie done,*
Worthie of Braſſe, and hoary Marble ſtone."

* That is, *have* done.

deſperate cutler. But why his 'ſcornful Muſe could never abide with tragick ſhoes her ancles for to hide,'[1] the pace of the verſe told me, that her mawkin knuckles were never ſhapen to that royal buſkin. And turning by chance to the ſixth [ſeventh] Satyr of his ſecond Book, I was confirmed: where having begun loftily in 'heaven's univerſal alphabet,' he falls down to that wretched poorneſs and frigidity as to talk of 'Bridge Street in heaven,' and the 'oſtler of heaven,'[2] And there wanting other matter to catch him a heat, (for certain he was on the frozen zone miſerably benummed), with thoughts lower than any beadle's, betakes him to whip the ſign-poſts of Cambridge alehouſes, the ordinary ſubject of freſhmens tales, and in a ſtrain as pitiful. Which, for him who would be counted the firſt Engliſh Satiriſt, to abaſe himſelfe to, who might have learned better among the Latin and Italian Satyriſts, and in our own tongue from the Viſion and Creede of Pierce Plowman, beſides others before him, manifeſted a preſumptuous undertaking with weak and unexamined ſhoulders. For a Satyr is as it were born out of a Tragedy, ſo ought to reſemble his parentage, to ſtrike high, and adventure dangerouſly at the moſt eminent vices among the greateſt perſons, and not to creep into every blind taphouſe that fears a conſtable more than a ſatyr. But that ſuch a poem ſhould be toothleſs, I ſtill affirm it to be a bull, taking away the eſſence of that which it calls itſelf. For if it bite neither the perſons nor the vices, how is it a ſatyr? And if it bite either, how is it toothleſs? So that toothleſs ſatyrs, are as much as if he had ſaid toothleſs teeth,"[3] &c.

With Hall's ſatires ſhould be ranked his *Mundus alter et idem*, an ingenious ſatirical fiction in proſe, where, under a pretended deſcription of the Terra Auſtralis, he forms a pleaſant invective againſt the characteriſtic vices of various nations, and is remarkably ſevere on the church of Rome. This piece was written about the year 1600, before he had quitted the claſſics for the fathers, and publiſhed ſome years afterwards [about 1606] againſt his conſent. [It was printed at Frankfort, and reprinted in 1607 at Hanover. An Engliſh tranſlation by John Healey appeared almoſt immediately at London.] Under the ſame claſs ſhould alſo be mentioned his [*Characters of Vertues and Vices*], a ſet of ſenſible and lively moral eſſays, which contain traces of the ſatires[4] [and which were firſt printed in 1608.

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[1] B. i. 1.

[2] Hall ſuppoſes, that the twelve ſigns of the zodiac are twelve inns, in the high-ſtreet of heaven,

"With twelue fayre ſignes
Euer well tended by our Star-diuines."

Of the aſtrologers, who give their attendance, ſome are oſtlers, others chamberlaines, &c. The zodiacal ſign Aquarius, he ſuppoſes to be in the Bridge-ſtreet of heaven. He alludes to Bridge-ſtreet at Cambridge, and the ſigns are of inns at Cambridge.

[3] *Apology for Smectymnus*, Milton's proſe-works, vol. i. p. 186, edit. 1698. See alſo p. 185, 187, 191.

[4] *Works, ut ſupr.* p. 171. Under the character of the Hypocrite, he ſays, "When a rimer reads his poeme to him, he begs a copie, and perſwades the preſſe," &c. p. 187. Of the *Vaine-glorious*. "He ſweares bigge at an Ordinary, and talkes

There were later editions, and in 1691 Nahum Tate turned them into verſe.

Hall produced one ſmall work in a department of literature and inquiry which might be ſuppoſed beyond his range, if anything can be ſo conſidered in the caſe of ſo verſatile a genius. We refer to his volume called *Quo Vadis? A Juſt Cenſure of Travell*, printed in 1617. A copy with MSS. notes, ſuppoſed to be in the author's own hand, is ſtill preſerved. The publication itſelf abounds, like nearly all Hall's pieces, with ſhrewd remarks, familiar illuſtrations, and nervous paſſages.] I take the opportunity of obſerving here, that among Hall's proſe-works are ſome metaphraſtic verſions in metre of a few of David's Pſalms,[1] and three anthems or hymns written for the uſe of his cathedral. Hall, in his Satires, had condemned this ſort of poetry. [Hall's ſpecimens of the Pſalms were originally appended to his *Holy Obſervations*, 1607; in the title-page they are mentioned as "ſome fewe of Davids Pſalms metaphraſ'd, for a taſte of the reſt." Biſhop Hall, previouſly to the publication of his Satires, contributed a poem to the *Collection of Elegies on the death of Dr. Whitaker*, edited by Charles Horne, 1596, 4to. In 1603, he preſented himſelf in a new light, as one of the writers of panegyrics on James I. at his entry into London. Hall's production purported to be an expreſſion of ſorrow for Elizabeth, and a tribute of exultation at the proſpect of James's reign. It was called, *The Kings Prophecie, or Weeping Joy. Expreſſed in a Poeme to the Honor of Englands two great Solemnities.* Whether the author was aſhamed, upon reflection, of what he had written, and ſuppreſſed it, or whatever may have been the reaſon, only an imperfect copy of the *Kings Prophecie* remains. In 1630, his ſon, Robert Hall, edited the Biſhop's *Occaſional Meditations*, a ſmall volume of very pleaſant remarks on familiar ſubjects. It ſeems difficult to reſiſt the temptation of tran-

of the Court with a ſharp voice. He calls for pheaſants at a common inne.—If he haue beſtowed but a little ſumme in the glazing, pauing, parieting, of gods houſe, you ſhall find it in the church window." [See *Sat.* B. iv. 3.] "His talke is, how many mourners he has furniſhed with gownes at his fathers funerals, what exploits he did at Cales and Newport," &c. p. 194, 195. Of the Buſie Bodie: "If he ſee but two men talke and reade a letter in the ſtreete, he runnes to them and aſkes if he may not be partner of that ſecret relation: and if they deny it, he offers to tell, ſince he cannot heare, wonders: and then falls vpon the report of the Scottiſh Mine, or of the great fiſh taken vp at Linne, or of the freezing of the Thames," &c. p. 188. Of the Superſtitious: "He never goes without an Erra Pater in his pocket.—Every lanterne is a ghoſt, and every noiſe is of chaines," &c. p. 189. Theſe pieces were written after the Gunpowder-plot, for it is mentioned, p. 196.

[1] *Works, ut ſupr.* p. 151. In the Dedication he ſays, "Indeed my Poetry was long ſithence out of date, and yelded her place to grauer ſtudies," &c. In his *Epiſtles* he ſpeaks of this unfiniſhed undertaking. "Many great wits haue vndertaken this taſk. Among the reſt, were thoſe two rare ſpirits of the Sidnyes; to whom poeſie was as natvrall as it is affected of others: and our worthy friend Mr. Sylveſter hath ſhewed me how happily he hath ſometimes turned from his Bartas to the ſweet finger of Iſrael. There is none of all my labours ſo open to all cenſures. Perhaps ſome think the verſe harſh, whoſe nice eare regardeth roundneſſe more than ſenſe. I embrace ſmoothneſſe, but affect it not." Dec. ii. Ep. v.

ſcribing a few of the heads of chapters or ſections, as of all the writer's works in proſe or verſe this is the one which brings him neareſt to us. Taking theſe headings at random, then, ſome of them are as follow: *Vpon occaſion of a Redbreſt comming into his Chamber: Vpon occaſion of a Spider in his Window: Vpon the length of the way: Vpon occaſion of the lights brought in: Vpon the blowing of the Fire: Vpon ſight of a Cocke-fight: Vpon the kindling of a Charcole fire: Vpon the ſight of a Crow pulling off wooll from the backe of a Sheepe:* and ſo forth. Powerful as the ſatires may be, and well-deſerved as the praiſe may be which has been conferred on them by Pope and others, this little volume is certainly an agreeable diverſion from them, and exhibits the author as he was in mellower years and in moments of relaxation from ſeverer thoughts and ſtudies.]

An able inquirer into the literature of this period has affirmed that Hall's Epiſtles, written before the year 16[08],[1] are the firſt example of epiſtolary compoſition which England had ſeen. "Biſhop Hall," he ſays, "was not only our firſt ſatiriſt, but was the firſt who brought epiſtolary writing to the view of the public: which was common in that age to other parts of Europe, but not practiſed in England till he publiſhed his own epiſtles;"[2] and Hall himſelf in the dedication of his Epiſtles to Prince Henry obſerves, "Your grace ſhall herein perceiue a new faſhion of diſcourſe by Epiſtles, new to our language, vſuall to others: and, as nouelty is neuer without plea of vſe, more free, more familiar."[3]

The firſt of our countrymen, however, who publiſhed a ſet of his own letters, though not in Engliſh, was Roger Aſcham, who flouriſhed about the time of the Reformation; and when that mode of writing had been cultivated by the beſt ſcholars in various parts of Europe, was celebrated for the terſeneſs of his epiſtolary ſtyle. I believe the ſecond publiſhed correſpondence of this kind, and in our own language, at leaſt of any importance after Hall, will be found to be *Epiſtolæ Hoelianæ*, or the letters of James Howell, a great traveller, an intimate friend of Jonſon, and the firſt who bore the office of the royal hiſtoriographer: which diſcover a variety of literature, and abound with much entertaining and uſeful information.[4]

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[1] See *Works, ut ſupr.* p. 275.

[2] See Whalley's *Inquiry into the Learning of Shakeſpeare* [1748], p. 41.

[3] *Works, ut ſupr.* p. 172. The reader of Hall's *Satires* is referred to *Dec.* vi. *Epiſt.* vi. p. 394.

[4] "*Epiſtolæ Hoelianæ*, Familiar Letters, Domeſtic and Foreign, divided into ſundry ſections partly hiſtorical, political, and philoſophical." Lond. 1645, 4to. They had five editions from 1645 to 1673, incluſive. A third and fourth volume was added to the laſt impreſſion. I muſt not diſmiſs our ſatiriſt without obſerving, that Fuller has preſerved a witty encomiaſtic Engliſh epigram by Hall, written at Cambridge, on Greenham's Book of the Sabbath, before the year 1592. *Church-Hiſtory*, B. ix. Cent. xvi. § vii p. 220, edit. 1655. I find it alſo prefixed to Greenham's *Works*, 1601.

## SECTION LXV.

IN the ſame year (1598), ſoon after the appearance of Hall's *Satires*, John Marſton, probably educated at Cambridge, a dramatic writer who roſe above mediocrity, and the friend and coadjutor of Jonſon, publiſhed *The Metamorphoſis of Pigmalions image. And Certaine Satyres. By John Marſton.* I have nothing to do with *Pigmalions Image*,[1] one of Ovid's transformations heightened with much paraphraſtic obſcenity. The Satires here ſpecified are only four in number. In Charles Fitzgeoffrey's *Affaniæ*, a ſet of Latin epigrams, printed in 1601, he is not inelegantly complimented as the ſecond Engliſh Satiriſt, or rather as dividing the palm of priority and excellence in Engliſh ſatire with Hall.[2]

In general it is not eaſy to give a ſpecimen of Marſton's ſatires, as his ſtrongeſt lines are either openly vitiated with groſs expreſſion, or pervaded with a hidden vein of impure ſentiment. The following humorous portrait of a ſick innamorato is in his beſt, at leaſt in his chaſteſt, manner of drawing a character:

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[1] He ſeems to have written it in ridicule of Shakeſpeare's *Venus and Adonis*. He offers this apology, B. i. 6. (*ut ſupr.*):

"Know I wrot
Thoſe idle rimes, to note the odious ſpot
And blemiſh that deformes the lineaments
Of moderne poeſies habiliments
Oh that the beauties of inuention
For want of iudgements diſpoſition,
Should all be ſpoil'd! O that ſuch treaſurie,
Such ſtraines of well-conceited poeſie,
Should moulded be in ſuch a ſhapeleſſe forme
That want of art ſhould make ſuch wit a ſcorne!"

The author of the Satires appears in ſtanzas x. xiv. xix. I have thought that this poem ſuggeſted to Shakeſpeare what Lucio ſays in *Meaſure for Meaſure*, act. iii. ſ. ii. [Dyce's edit. 1868, i. 484 *et ſeqq.*]

[2] [Satire iii. Marſton's *Works*, ed. 1856, iii. 224-5.]

"*Ad Johannem Marſtonium.*
Gloria Marſtoni ſatyrarum proxima primæ,
Primaque, fas primas ſi numerare duas:
Sin primam duplicare nefas, tu gloria ſaltem
Marſtoni primæ proxima ſemper eris.
Nec te pœniteat ſtationis, Jane: ſecundus,
Cum duo ſunt tantum, eſt neuter, et ambo pares."

Lib. ii. ſign. F 4. In Davies's *Scourge of Folly*, there is an Epigram to "The acute Mr. John Marſton," on his comedy of the *Malecontent*, p. 105.

[In a curious MS. deſcribed by Mr. Todd in his edition of Milton, the following couplet occurs, which may be ſurmiſed to glance at this comedy:

"John Marſtone bad his friends unto a play;
But being come, they bad themſelves away."—*Park.*]

For when my eares receau'd a fearefull ſound
That he was ſicke, I went, and there I found
Him layde of loue,[1] and newly brought to bed
Of monſtrous folly and a franticke head.
His chamber hang'd about with elegies,
With ſad complaints of his loues miſeries:
His windows ſtrow'd with ſonnets, and the glaſſe
Drawne full of loue-knotts. I approacht the aſſe,
And ſtraight he weepes, and ſighes ſome ſonnet out
To his faire loue! And then he goes about
For to perfvme her rare perfection
With ſome ſweet ſmelling pinck epitheton.
Then with a melting looke he writhes his head,
And ſtraight in paſſion riſeth in his bed;
And hauing kiſt his hand, ſtroke vp his haire,
Made a French congè, cryes, O cruell faire,
To the antique bed-poſt!

In theſe lines there is great elegance of alluſion and vigour of expreſſion. He addreſſes the objects of his ſatire, as the ſons of the giants:

Is Minos dead, is Radamanth a ſleepe,
That yee thus dare vnto Ioues pallace creepe?
What, hath Ramnuſia ſpent her knotted whip,
That yee dare ſtriue on Hebes cup to ſip?
Yet know Apolloes quiuer is not ſpent,
But can abate your daring hardiment.
Python is ſlaine, yet his accurſed race
Dare looke diuine Aſtrea in the face.[2]

In the ſame ſatire he calls himſelf

A beadle to the worlds impuritie!

Marſton ſeems to have been the poetic rival of Hall at Cambridge, whom he repeatedly cenſures or ridicules. In the fourth ſatire, he ſuppoſes Hall's criticiſms on *Du Bartas*, the verſions of David's *Pſalms* by Sternhold, [*St. Peter's Complaint and Mary Magdalen's Funeral Tears*,] the *Mirror for Magiſtrates*, and other pieces of equal reputation, to be the production of pedantry or malignity; and the remainder of this ſatire is no unpleaſant parody of Hall's prefatory ſtanzas againſt envy.[3]

[1] The midwife's phraſe.

[2] Sat. 5.

[3] It appears from the *Scourge of Villanie*, that Hall had cauſed a ſevere Epigram to be paſted on the laſt page of every copy of Marſton's *Pigmalions Image*, that was ſent from London to the bookſellers of Cambridge, B. iii. 10. The Epigram is there cited. This tenth ſatire of the third Book was added in the ſecond edition, in 1599. It is addreſſed "to his very friend maiſter E[dward] G[uilpin.]"

It appears from this Satire, that the devices on ſhields and banners, at tournaments, were now taken from the claſſics.

"He who upon his glorious ſcutchion,
Can quaintly ſhow wits newe inuention,
Advancing forth ſome thirſtie Tantalus,
Or els the vulture on Prometheus,
With ſome ſhort motto of a dozen lines," &c.

Peacham ſays, that of Emblems and Impreſſes, "the beſt I have ſeen have been the devices of tilting, whereof many were till of late reſerved in the private gal-

A Thraſonical captain, freſh from the ſiege of Cadiz, is delineated in this lively colouring:

> Great Tubrio's feather gallantly doth waue,
> Full twenty falls doth make him wondrous braue.
> Oh golden jerkin! royall arming coate!
> Like ſhip on ſea, he on the land doth flote.—
> What newes from Rodio?
> Hote ſeruice, by the lord, cries Tubrio.
> Why do'ſt thou halt? Why ſix times through each thigh
> Puſht with the pike of the hote enemie.
> Hote ſeruice, hote, the Spaniard is a man;—
> I ſay no more, and as a gentleman
> I ſerued in his face. Farwell. Adew.
> Welcome from Netherland, from ſteaming ſtew.[1]

Marſton's alluſions often want truth and accuracy. In deſcribing the ruff of a beau, he ſays,

> His ruffe did eate more time in neateſt ſetting,
> Than Woodſtock-worke in painfull perfecting.

The compariſon of the workmanſhip of a laced and plaited ruff to the laboured nicety of the ſteel-work of Woodſtock is juſt. He adds, with an appearance of wit,

> It hath more doubles farre than Ajax ſhield.

This was no exaggeration. The ſhield of Ajax was only ſevenfold. To ſay nothing of one of the leading ideas, the delicacy of contexture, which could not belong to ſuch a ſhield.

But Marſton is much better known as a ſatiriſt by a larger and a ſeparate collection, yet entirely in the ſtrain of the laſt, called the *Scourge of Villanie*, publiſhed the ſame year, [and, in 1599, reprinted twice with corrections, and the addition of the tenth ſatire.] He here aſſumes the appellation of Kinſayder, by which he is recogniſed among other cotemporary poets in the *Return from Parnaſſus.* In his metrical introduction, he wiſhes all readers of faſhion would paſs over his poetry, and rather examine the play-bills paſted on every poſt, or buy ſome ballad about the fairy king, and king Cophetua and the female beggar. Inſtead of a Muſe, he invocates Reproof, in this elegant and animated addreſs:

> I inuocate no Delian deitie,
> No ſacred offſpring of Mnemoſyne:
> I pray in aid of no Caſtalian muſe,
> No nymph, no femal angell, to infuſe
> A ſprightly wit to raiſe my flagging wings,
> And teach me tune theſe harſh diſcordant ſtrings.
> I craue no ſyrens of our halcion times,
> To grace the accents of my rough-hew'd rimes:
> But grim Reproofe, ſtearne hate of villany,
> Inſpire and guide a Satyres poeſie.

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lery at White-Hall, of Sir Philip Sydney, the Earl of Cumberland, Sir Henry Leigh, the Earl of Eſſex, with many others; moſt of which I once collected with intent to publiſh them, but the charge diſſuaded me."—*Compl. Gent.* Ch. xviii. p. 277, edit. 1661.

[1] Sat. i. [*Works*, ut ſupr. p. 216.]

Faire Deteſtation of foule odious ſinne,
In which our ſwiniſh times lye wallowing,
Be thou my conduct and my genius,
My wits inciting ſweet-breath'd Zephirus.
O that a Satyres hand had force to pluck
Some ſludgate vp, to purge the world from muck!
Would God I could turne Alpheus riuer in,
To purge this Augean oxſtall from foule ſinne!
Well, I will try: awake, Impuritie,
And view the vaile drawne from thy villany.[1]

The paſſage reminds us of a witty line in Young's *Univerſal Paſſion*, I know not if borrowed from hence:

And cleanſe the Augean ſtable with thy quill.[2]

Part of the following nervous paragraph has been copied either by Dryden or Oldham:

Who would not ſhake a Satyres knotty rod,
When to defile the ſacred ſeate of God,
Is but accounted gentlemens diſport?
To ſnort in filth, each hower to reſort
To brothell pits: alas, a veniall crime,
Nay royall, to be laſt in thirtith ſlime?[3]

In an invocation to Rime, while he is not inelegantly illuſtrating the pleaſingneſs of an eaſy aſſociation of conſonant ſyllables, he artfully intermixes the ſeverities of ſatire:

Come prettie pleaſing ſymphonie of words,
Ye well-matcht twins (whoſe like-tun'd tongs affords
Such muſicall delight) come willingly,
And daunce levoltos[4] in my poeſie.
Come all as eaſie as ſpruce Curio will,
In ſome court-hall to ſhew his capring ſkill:—
As willingly as wenches trip a round,
About a may-pole after bagpipes ſound.—
Let not my ruder hand
Seeme once to force you in my lines to ſtand:
Be not ſo fearefull (prettie ſoules) to meete
As Flaccus is the ſergeants face to greete:
Be not ſo backward loth to grace my ſenſe,
As Druſus is to haue intelligence
His dad's aliue: but come into my head,
As iocundly as (when his wife was dead)
Young Lelius to his home. Come, like-fac't rime,
In tunefull numbers keeping muſicks time!
But if you hang an arſe, like Tubered,
When Chremes dragd him from his brothell bed,
Then hence, baſe ballad ſtuffe, My poetry
Diſclaimes you quite. For know my libertie

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[1] B. iii. *Proem.* [*Works*, ut ſupr. iii. 285.]

[2] There is a thought like this in Dekker's *Guls Horne-book*, 1609, p. 4: "To pvrge [the world] will be a ſorer labour, than the cleanſing of Augeas' ſtable, or the ſcouring of Mooreditch."

[3] B. i. 2 [*ut ſupr.* p. 252.]

[4] [A kind of dance for two perſons, conſiſting a good deal in high and active bounds. By its name it ſhould be of Italian origin; but Florio, in *Volta*, calls it a French dance, and ſo Shakeſpeare ſeems to make it.—*Nares*. See further, *Gloſs.* edit. 1859, v. *Lavolta*.]

Scornes riming lawes. Alas, poore idle ſound!
Since I firſt Phœbus knew, I neuer found
Thy intereſt in ſacred poeſie:
Thou to inuention addſt but ſurquedry,[1]
A gaudie ornature, but haſt no part
In that ſoule-pleaſing high infuſed art.[2]

He thus wages war with his brother-bards, eſpecially the dreamers in fairy land:

Heres one muſt inuocate ſome loſe-leg'd dame,
Some brothel drab, to helpe him ſtanzaes frame.
Another yet dares tremblingly come out,
But firſt he muſt inuoke good Colin Clout.[3]
Yon's one hath yean'd a fearful prodigy,
Some monſtrous miſhapen Balladry.[4]—
Another walkes, is lazie, lies him downe,
Thinkes, reades: at length ſome wonted ſlepe doth crowne
His new-falne lides, dreames: ſtraight, ten pound to one,
Out ſteps ſome fayery with quick motion,
And tells him wonders of ſome flowry vale;
Awakes, ſtraight rubs his eyes, and prints his tale.[5]

The following line is a ridicule on the poetical language of his time, which ſeems rather intended for certain ſtrains of modern poetry:

Thou nurſing *mother of faire Wiſdomes lore*,
Ingenuous Melancholy![6]

He ſuppoſes himſelf talking with Eſop, and alludes to the ſtory of his coming into the ſtreets of Athens to look for a man.[7] This idea introduces ſeveral ridiculous characters. Among the reſt a fine lady:

Peace, Cynick ſee: what yonder doth approach,
A cart? a tumbrell? No, a badged coach,[8]
What's in't? Some man. No, nor yet woman kinde,
But a celeſtiall angel, faire, refinde.
The diuell as ſoone. Her maſke ſo hinders me,
I cannot ſee her beauties deitie.
Now that is off, ſhe is ſo vizarded,
So ſteept in lemon-iuyce, ſo ſurphuled,[9]

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[1] Pride, falſe pomp. [2] B. ii. *Ad rithmum* [ut ſupr. p. 269-70.]

[3] Spenſer as a paſtoral writer.

[4] An alluſion to ſome late ballad with a print of a monſter or incredible event. A ballad-monger is a character in [Braithwaite's] *Whimzies*, 1631, p. 9, where ſays the writer, "For want of truer relations, for a neede, he can finde you out a Suſſex-dragon, ſome ſea or inland monſter," &c. For this Suſſex dragon ſee the Harleian miſcellany.

[5] B. ii. 6 [*ut ſupr.* p. 275]. [6] *Proem.* B. i. [*ut ſupr.* p. 247.]

[7] The introductory line, ſuppoſed to be ſpoken by Eſop, is no unhappy parody on a well-known line in Shakeſpeare's *Richard III.*, then newly publiſhed:

"A Man, a Man, my kingdom for a man."

[8] A coach painted with a coat of arms. [See above.]

[9] The word is often uſed by Hall and Marſton. Our author ſuppoſes that the practice came, with other corruptions, from Venice.—*Cert. Sat.* 2:

"Didſt thou to Venis goe ought els to haue
But buy a lute, and vſe a curtezan?—
And nowe from thence what hether do'ſt thou bring,

I cannot ſee her face. *Under one hood*
*Two faces:* but I neuer vnderſtood,
Or ſawe one face under two hoods till nowe.
Away, away, hence, coach-man, goe inſhrine
Thy newe-glas'd puppet in port Eſqueline.[1]

He thus nervouſly deſcribes the ſtrength of cuſtom:

For ingrain'd habits, died with often dips,
Are not ſo ſoon diſcoloured. Young ſlips
New ſet are eaſily mou'd, and pluck't away;
But elder rootes clip faſter in the clay.[2]

Of the influence of the drama, which now began to be the moſt polite and popular diverſion, on converſation, we have the following inſtance:

Luſcus, what's plaid to day? Faith, now I know,
I ſet thy lips abroach, from whence doth flowe
Nought but pure Juliet and Romeo.
Say who acts beſt? Druſus or Roſcio?
Nowe I have him, that nere of aught did ſpeake
But when of playes or players he did treate:
Hath made a common-place booke out of playes,
And ſpeakes in print: at leaſt what ere he ſayes,
Is warranted by curtaine plaudities.
If ere you heard him courting Leſbias eyes,
Say (curteous ſir) ſpeakes he not movingly
From out ſome new pathetique tragedy?[3]

He appears to have been a violent enemy of the puritans.

But thou, rank Puritan,
I'le make an ape as good a Chriſtian:
I'le force him chatter, turning vp his eye,
Looke ſad, go graue. Demure civilitie
Shall ſeeme to ſay, good brother, ſifter deere!
As for the reſt, to ſnort in belly cheere,
To bite, to gnaw, and boldly intermell
With ſacred things, in which thou doſt excell,
Vnforc't he'le doe. O take compaſſion
Euen on your ſoules. Make not Religion
A bawde to lewdneſſe. Civill Socrates,
Clyp not the youth of Alcibiades
With vnchaſt armes. Diſguiſed Meſſaline,
I'le teare thy maſke, and bare thee to the eyne, &c.[4]

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But ſurphulings, new paints and poyſoning,
Aretine's pictures," &c.

[*Ut ſupr.* p. 222. But the text of 1856, I regret to ſay, is not very truſtworthy.] I find the word uſed for a meretricious ſtyptic lotion. "This mother baud hauing at home, a well paynted manerly harlot, as good a maid as Fletcher's mare, that bare three great ſoles, went in the morning to the apothecaries for halfe a pint of ſwete water, that commonly is called Surfulyng water, or Clynckerdeuice," &c.—*Detection of the moſt vyle and deteſtable vſe of dice play*, &c. [1552.] "Apothecaries would have Surphaling water, and potatoe rootes, lie dead on their hands.—The ſuburbes ſhould have a great miſſe of vs, and Shoreditch would complaine to dame Anne a Clear," &c.—[Greene's] *Theeves falling out, True men come by their goods*, 1615, Signat. C 3. See Steevens's *Shakeſp.* ix. 168.

[1] B. ii. 7. The claſſical reader recollects the meaning of this alluſion to the Porta Eſquilina at Rome.

[2] B. i. 4. [3] B. iii. 11. [4] B. iii. 9.

In paſſing, I will illuſtrate a few paſſages in Marſton's ſatires; he ſays:[1]

Praiſe but Orcheſtra and the ſkipping art.

This is an alluſion to Sir John Davies's *Orcheſtra*, a poetical dialogue between Penelope and one of her wooers, on the antiquity and excellency of dancing [1596]. This piece occaſioned a humorous epigram from Harington:[2]

A few lines afterwards Marſton ſays:

Roome for the ſpheres, the orbs celeſtiall
Will daunce Kemps jigge.

Of Kemp, the original performer of Dogberry, I have ſpoken before. In Kemp's *Nine Daies Wonder*, 1600, is the character of an innkeeper at Rockland, which could not be written by Kemp, and was moſt probably a contribution from his friend and fellow-player, Shakeſpeare. He may vie with our hoſt of the Tabard.[3]

He was a man not ouer ſpare,
In his eyebals dwelt no care:
*Anon, Anon*, and *Welcome friend*,
Were the moſt words he vſde to ſpend:
Saue ſometime he would ſit and tell
What wonders once in Bullayne fell;
Cloſing each period of his tale
With a full cup of Nut-browne Ale.
Turwin and Turneys fiedge were hot,
Yet all my Hoaſt remembers not:
Kets field, and Muſelborough fray,
Were battles fought but yeſterday.
O, twas a goodly matter then,
To ſee your ſword and buckler men!
They would lye heere, and here and there,
But I would meet them euery where—
By this ſome gueſt cryes *Ho, the houſe!*
A freſh friend hath a freſh carouſe:
Still he will drinke, and ſtill be dry,
And quaffe with euery company.
Saint Martin ſend him merry mates
To enter at his hoſtree gates!
For a blither lad than he
Cannot an Inkeeper be.

In the ſame ſtrain, is a deſcription of a plump country laſs, who officiates to Kemp in his morris-dance, as his Maid Marian.[4] Jonſon alludes to Kemp's performance of this morris-dance from London to Norwich in nine days:[5]

or which
Did dance the famous morriſſe vnto Norwich.[6]

But to return to Marſton:

He'le cleanſe himſelf to Shoreditch puritie.

I have before obſerved that Shoreditch was famous for brothels. He juſt before ſpeaks of a "White friers queane. We have a

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[1] Sat. xi. lib. 3. [2] Epigr. B. ii. 67. [3] [Edit. 1840, p. 13.] [4] Signat. B 3.
[5] Epigr. cxxxiv. [6] [Jonſon's *Works*, ed. 1816, viii. 242.]

Shoreditch baulke."[1] In his *Certain Satyres* (Sat. ii.) he mentions the gallants trooping to "Brownes common." In Goddard's *Maſtif Whelp*, [*circa* 1615,] Sat. 27:

Or is he one that lets a Shoreditch wench
The golden entrailes of his purſe to drench.

In Dekker's *Ieſts to make you merie*, 1607, Jeſt 59: "Sixpenny ſignets that lay in the Spittle in Shoreditch." In Middleton's *Inner Temple Maſque*, 1619:

Tis in your charge to pull down bawdy houſes.
—— cauſe ſpoile in Shoreditch, deface Turnbull.[2]

And in the Preface to *The Letting of Humours blood in the head vaine*, 1600, [by S. Rowlands,] ſignat. A 2:

Some coward Gull
That is but Champion to a Shoreditch Drabbe.

I know not whether it will illuſtrate the antiquity of the Ballad of George Barnwell to obſerve, that the houſe of the Harlot, the heroine of the ſtory, is in Shore-ditch. The Curtain, one of our old theatres, was in Shoreditch.[3]

With trickſey tales of ſpeaking Corniſh dawes.

*Trickſey*, I think, is an epithet of Ariel in the *Tempeſt*.[4] A *trickſie* ſtrain occurs.[5]

What though ſome John-a-ſtile will baſely toyle.

This is the firſt uſe I remember of John a Stiles. But we have below, B. ii. 7:

Looke, yon comes John a noke and John a ſtile.

He means two lawyers.

Of a gallant,
Note his French herring-bones.[6]

His band-ſtrings. Wood ſays, that Dr. Owen, dean of Chriſt Church, and Cromwell's vice-chancellor at Oxford, in 1652, uſed to go, in contempt of form, "like a young ſcholar, with powdred hair, *ſnakebone* bandſtrings, or bandſtrings with very large taſſells, lawn band, a large ſet of ribbands, pointed, at his knees, and Spaniſh-leather boots with large lawn tops, and his hat moſtly cocked."[7]

He is ſpeaking of a judge, in his furred "damaſke-coate."

He's nought but budge.[8]

That is, fur. So Milton in *Comus*, v. 707:

Thoſe budge doctors of the ſtoick fur.

He alludes to the furred gown of a graduate.[9]

He ſpeaks of a critic abuſing Mortimer's numbers. I believe he means Drayton's epiſtle of *Mortimer to Queen Iſabel.* Drayton's *Epiſtles* appeared in 1597. Or perhaps Drayton's *Mortimeriados*, 1596.

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[1] B. iii. 11. [2] *Works*, edit. 1840, v. 147.] [3] B. ii. *Proem.* ſt. 3.
[4] [Act v. ſc. i. edit. Dyce, 1868, i. 233.]
[5] B. iii. 9. [6] B. ii. 7. [7] *Athen. Oxon.* ii. 738. Num. 572. [8] B. ii. 7.
[9] See *Life of Sir T. Pope*, p. 285, edit. 2.

Lothſome brothell rime,
That ſtinks like Aiax froth, or muck-pit ſlime.[1]

He means Sir John Harington's *Ajax*, which gave great offence to Queen Elizabeth. [Jonſon ſays:

And I could wiſh for their eternized ſakes,
My Muſe had plough'd with his that ſang *A-jax*.][2]

He now is forc't his paunch and guts to pack
In a faire tumbrell.[3]

That is, To ride in a Coach.

Her ſeate of ſenſe is her rebato ſet.[4]

The ſet of her rebato is the ſtiffneſs of her ruff newly plaited, ſtarched, and poked. To ſet a hat, is to cock a hat, in provincial language. The ruff was adjuſted or trimmed by what they called a poking-ſtick, made of iron, which was gently heated. A pamphlet is entered to W. Wright, Jul. 4, 1590, called, "Blue ſtarch and poking-ſtickes."[5] Jonſon ſays of a ſmoking coxcomb: "The other opened his noſtrils with a poaking-ſticke, to giue the ſmoake more free deliuerie."[6]

In Goddard's [*Maſtif Whelp*, (*circa* 1615),] Satire 29, a lady ſays, whoſe ruff was diſcompoſed:

Lord! my ruffe! ſet it with thy finger, Iohn!

And our author, *Sc. Vill.* i. 2.

Lucia, new ſet thy ruffe.

In the *Guls Horne-book*, p. 7. "Your ſtiff-necked rebatoes, that have more arches for pride to rowe vnder, than can ſtand vnder fiue London bridges, durſt not then ſet themſelves out in print." And hence we muſt explain a line in Hall:[7]

His linnen collar Labrinthian ſet.
A Crabs bakt guts, a lobſters butterd thigh, &c.[8]

So in Marſton's *Malcontent*, 1604.[9] "Crabs guts baked, diſtilled ox-pith, the pulverized hairs of a lions upper lip," &c.

I ſaw him court his miſtreſſe looking-glaſſe,
Worſhip a buſk-point.[10]

A buſke was a flexile pin or ſtick for keeping a woman's ſtays tight before. Marſton's context too clearly explains the meaning of the word. So in *Pigmalions Image*, ſt. xix.:

Loue is a child contented with a toy,
A buſk-point or ſome favour ſtills the boy.

But ſee [Dodſley's] *Old Plays* [edit. 1780] v. 251.

Ye Granta's white nymphs, come![11]

White was anciently uſed as a term of fondling or endearment. In the *Return from Parnaſſus*, 1606, Amoretto's Page ſays, "When he returns, I'll tell twenty admirable lies of his hawk: and then I ſhall be

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[1] B. iii. 11.
[2] See Harington's *Epigrams*, B. i. 51. And Jonſon, Epigr. cxxxiv. [*Works*, edit. 1816, viii. 248.]
[3] B. ii. 7. [4] *Ibid.* [5] *Regiſtr. Station.* B. f. 260, a.
[6] *Every Man out of his Humor*, Act iii. ſc. iii. [7] B. iii. 7. [8] B. i. 3.
[9] A. ii. ſc. ii. [10] *Sat.* iii. 8. [11] *Satyres*, Sat. iv.

his little rogue, his white villain, for a whole week after."[1] Doctor Buſby uſed to call his favourite ſcholars, his *white boys*. I could add a variety of other combinations. [All the preceding extracts have been collated.]

It is not that I am afraid of being tedious, that I find myſelf obliged to refrain from producing any more citations. There are however a few more paſſages which may ſafely be quoted, but which I chooſe to reſerve for future illuſtration.

There is a careleſſneſs and laxity in Marſton's verſification, but there is a freedom and facility, which Hall has too frequently miſſed by labouring to confine the ſenſe to the couplet. Hall's meaſures are more muſical, not becauſe the muſic of verſe conſiſts in uniformity of pauſe, and regularity of cadence. Hall had a correcter ear; and his lines have a tuneful ſtrength, in proportion as his language is more poliſhed, his phraſeology more ſelect, and his ſtructure more ſtudied. Hall's meaning, among other reaſons, is not always ſo ſoon apprehended, on account of his compreſſion both in ſentiment and diction. Marſton is more perſpicuous, as he thinks leſs and writes haſtily. Hall is ſuperior in penetration, accurate conception of character, acuteneſs of reflection, and the accumulation of thoughts and images. Hall has more humour, Marſton more acrimony. Hall often draws his materials from books and the diligent peruſal of other ſatiriſts, Marſton from real life. Yet Hall has a larger variety of characters. He poſſeſſed the talent of borrowing with addreſs, and of giving originality to his copies. On the whole, Hall is more elegant, exact, and elaborate.

It is Marſton's misfortune, that he can never keep clear of the impurities of the brothel. His ſtream of poetry, if ſometimes bright and unpolluted, almoſt always betrays a muddy bottom. The ſatiriſt who too freely indulges himſelf in the diſplay of that licentiouſneſs which he means to proſcribe, abſolutely defeats his own deſign. He inflames thoſe paſſions which he profeſſes to ſuppreſs, gratifies the depravations of a prurient curioſity, and ſeduces innocent minds to an acquaintance with ideas which they might never have known.

The ſatires of Hall and Marſton were condemned to the ſame flame and by the ſame authority. But Hall certainly deſerved a milder ſentence.[2] Hall expoſes vice, not in the wantonneſs of deſcription, but with the reſerve of a cautious yet lively moraliſt. Perhaps every cenſurer of obſcenity does ſome harm, by turning the attention to an immodeſt object. But this effect is to be counteracted by the force and propriety of his reproof, by ſhewing the pernicious conſequences of voluptuous exceſſes, by ſuggeſting motives to an oppoſite conduct, and by making the picture diſguſtful by daſhes of deformity. When Vice is led forth to be ſacrificed at the ſhrine of Virtue, the victim ſhould not be too richly dreſſed.

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[1] A. ii. ſc. ii.

[2] [And obtained it, as it has been ſhown: for his book was allowed to circulate.]

## SECTION LXVI.

JOHN CHAMBERLAIN, in a letter to his correſpondent Dudley Carleton, dated Dec. 8, 1598, obſerves: "I ſend you likewiſe ſuch pedlarie pamflets, and three-halfpenny ware as we are ſerved with; make the beſt uſe you can of them and uſe your own cenſure, but if I be not deceved, ſome of the ſatires are paſſable."] The popularity of Hall's and Marſton's Satires, notwithſtanding their proſcription or rather extermination by ſpiritual authority, produced an innumerable crop of ſatiriſts, and of a ſet of writers—differing but little more than in name, and now properly belonging to the ſame ſpecies—Epigrammatiſts.

In 1598 appeared [Edward Guilpin's] *Skialetheia, or a ſhadowe of Truth in certaine Epigrams and Satyres.*[1] This form was an imitation of the *Semaines* of Du Bartas, juſt tranſlated into Engliſh by Deliſle [and Sylveſter. About the ſame time was publiſhed Marlowe's verſion of ſome of Ovid's Elegies, in a volume with Sir John Davies's[2] Epigrams.][3] In 1598 alſo was publiſhed *Tyros Roring*

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[1] [Guilpin's volume has been reprinted twice, at the Beldornie Preſs, 1843, and by Mr. Collier, 1868.]

[2] [The author in *Skialetheia* is ſtyled our Engliſh Martial, and at that period the appellation ſeems not to have been miſapplied.—*Price.*]

[3] [*Epigrammes and Elegies. By I. D. and C. M.* At Middleborugh [London] 8vo, 26 leaves. On E occurs a new title: *Certaine of Ovids Elegies. By C. Marlow.* At Middleborugh. There were ſeveral later impreſſions.]

Davies's Epigrams are commended in Jonſon's Epigrams, xviii. And in Fitzgeoffry's *Affaniæ*, lib. ii. ſignat. E 4.

"Daviſios lædat mihi, Jonſonioſque laceſſat."

[The following ſpecimen [of Davies's Epigrams] becomes intereſting from its alluſions to remarkable perſons and events:

"Geron his mouldy memory corrects
Old Holinſhed, our famous chronicler,
With morall rules and policy collects
Out of all actions done theſe foureſcore yeare:
Accounts the time of every old event,
Not from Chriſts birth, nor from the princes raigne,
But from ſome other famous accident,
Which in mens generall notice doth remaine:
The ſiege of Bulloigne and the plaguy ſweat,
The going to ſaint Quintins and Newhaven,
The riſing in the North, the froſt ſo great,
That cart wheele prints on Thamis face were ſeene;
The fall of money and burning of Pauls ſteeple,
The blazing ſtarre, and Spaniards overthrow:
By theſe events, notorious to the people,
He meaſures times, and things forepaſt doth ſhow.

*Megge. Planted againſt the Walles of Melancholy. One book cut into two Decads.*] The author appears to have been of Cambridge. Tyro is [almoſt certainly a mere *nom de plume.*][1] The dedication is to Maſter John Lucas.

In the year 1598 was alſo publiſhed, under the general title of *Chreſtoleros*, ſeven Books of Epigrams by Thomas Baſtard.[2] Baſtard, a native of Blandford, in Dorſetſhire, was removed from a fellowſhip of New-College, Oxford, in 1591, being, as Wood ſays, "much guilty of the vices belonging to the poets," and "given to libelling."[3] Harington, the tranſlator of *Arioſto*, has an Epigram addreſſed to "Maſter Baſtard, a miniſter, that made a pleaſant Booke of Engliſh Epigrams."[4] Wood, in his manuſcript Collection of Oxford libels and lampoons, which perhaps he took as much pleaſure in collecting as the authors in writing, now remaining in the [Bodleian Library,] and compoſed by various ſtudents of Oxford in the reign of Queen Elizabeth, has preſerved two of Baſtard's ſatyrical pieces.[5] By the patronage or favour of Lord-treaſurer Suffolk, he was made vicar of Bere-regis, and rector of Hamer, in Dorſetſhire; and from writing ſmart epigrams in his youth, [he] became in his graver years a quaint preacher.[6] He died a priſoner for debt in Dorcheſter gaol, April 19, 1618. He was an elegant claſſic ſcholar, and appears to have been better qualified for that ſpecies of the occaſional pointed Latin epigram eſtabliſhed by his fellow-collegian John Owen, than for any ſort of Engliſh verſification.

In 1599, appeared *Microcynicon*, Sixe Snarling Satyres, [moſt probably by Thomas Moffat or Muffet, but ſometimes (very queſtionably) aſcribed to Thomas Middleton.[7] A few years later, William

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But moſt of all he chiefly reckons by
A private chance—the death of his curſt wife!
This is to him the deareſt memory
And th' happieſt accident of all his life."

*Epigrammes by J. D. No.* 20.—*Park.* Dyce's *Marlowe*, 1850, iii. 237-8.]

[1] [At the end, and forming part of the ſame volume, is a ſecond portion with a freſh title: Tyronis *Epiſtolæ*, &c. See *Handb. of E. E. Lit.* 1867, in v.] Compare Wood, *Ath. Oxon.* F. i. 219.

[2] Entered to Joane Brome, Apr. 3, 1598. *Ibid.* f. 38, b.

[3] *Ath. Oxon.* i. 431.

[4] Harington's *Epigrams*, B. ii. 64. See alſo B. ii. 84. They are alſo mentioned with applauſe in Goddard's *Maſtif*, Sat. 81. And in Parrot's *Springes for Woodcockes.* Lib. i. Epigr. 118.

[5] One of them is entitled, *An Admonition to the City of Oxford, or Mareplates Baſtardine.* In this piece, ſays Wood, he "reflects upon all perſons of note in Oxford, who were guilty of amorous exploits, or that mixed themſelves with other men's wives, or with wanton houſwives in Oxon." The other is a diſavowal of this lampoon, written after his expulſion, and beginning *Jenkin, why, man*, &c. See Meres, *Wits Tr.* f. 284.

[6] There are two ſets of his ſermons, [printed in] 1615. The three firſt of theſe are called the *Marigold of the Sun.*

[7] [And republiſhed in Middleton's *Works*, 1840, vol. v. The initials "T. M., Gent." are at the end of *The Defiance to Envy* (a manifeſt imitation of Hall).

["On account of the concluding couplet of the *Defiance to Envy*:

Goddard, who ſeems to have ſettled in the Low Countries, or at leaſt to have been taken there by his profeſſional purſuits, publiſhed three works, all of a ſatirical complexion.[1] One of theſe, probably printed at Dort about 1615, is entitled:] *A Maſtif Whelp, with other ruff-i-land-like Currs fetcht from amongſt the Antipedes, which bite and barke at the fantaſticall humouriſts and abuſers of the time. Imprinted amongſt the Antipedes, and are to bee* [*ſould*] *where they are to be* [*bought*]. It contains eighty-five ſatires. To theſe is added, *Dogges from the Antipedes*, containing forty-one.[2]

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"I, but the author's mouth, bid thee avaunt!
He more defies thy hate, thy hunt, thy haunt;"

and becauſe that Defiance is followed by what bears expreſſly the title of 'The Author's Prologue,' Mr. J. P. Collier ſuſpects that T. M. was only the author's friend. . . . That T. M. and the author of *Micro-cynicon* were the ſame perſon, I have very little doubt; but that he was Thomas Middleton, I feel by no means confident."—*Dyce.*]

[1] [*Handb. of E. L. Lit.* 1867, art. GODDARD.]

[2] The name of the author, who appears to have been a ſoldier, is added in the Dedication, to ſome of his flatt-cappe friends at the Temple. The ſatires were written after Baſtard's *Epigrams*, which are [thus] commended, ſat. 81:

["Talke you with Poet Aſſe, ſitting in's ſeate,
You'le heare him ex'lent Epigrames repeate;
Demaund him whoſe they bee, they runn ſoe fine?
He anſwers ſtraight—Fruits of this brayne of myne;
Yet let a well-read Poet heare the vaine,
Hee'lle finde they came out of a Baſtardes braine."

Thomas Baſtard has a copy of Latin verſes, "In laudem Annæ Comitiſſæ Oxonienſis Carmen." *Lanſd. MSS.* 104.—*Park.*] I will give a ſpecimen from the ſecond part, ſat. 5:

"To ſee Morilla in her coach to ride,
With her long locke of haire vpon one ſide;
With hatt and feather worn in ſwaggring gviſe,
With buttned boddice, ſkirted dubblett-wiſe,
Vnmaſkt, and ſit i' th' booth without a fanne:
Speake, could you iudge her leſſe than be ſome manne," &c.

Here is the dreſs of a modern amazon, in what is called a riding-habit. The ſide-lock of hair, which was common both to men and women, was called the French lock. So Freeman of a beau, in *Rub and a Great Caſt*, 1614, Epigr. 32:

"Beſide a long French locke."——

And Hall, Sat. iii. 7.

"His haire French-like ſtares on his frighted head,
One locke, amazon-like, diſheveled."

Hence may be illuſtrated a paſſage in a *Letting of Humours blood*, &c. 1600. Epigr. 27.

"Aſke Humors why a feather he doth weare,—
Or what he doth with ſuch a horſe-tail locke."

See alſo Parrot's *Springes for Woodcockes*, 1613, lib. i. Epigr. i. Of a beau:

"And on his ſhoulder weares a dangling locke."

In B. Rich's *Opinion deified*, 1613, &c., "Some by wearing a long locke that hangs dangling by his eare, do think by that louzie commoditie to be eſteemed by the opinion of foolery." Ch. xxix. p. 53. Again, in the *Return from Parnaſſus*, 1606, A. iii. ſc. ii.

"Muſt take tobacco, and muſt weare a lock."

Compare Warburton's note on *Much ado about Nothing*, a. v. ſc. i. "He wears a key in his ear, and a long lock hanging by it," &c. I add but one more inſtance,

A ſatirical piece in ſtanzas, which has conſiderable merit, called *Paſquills Mad-Cappe and his Meſſage*, was [twice] printed in 1600. [The author was Nicholas Breton, one of the moſt prolific penmen of his time. He began to write in 1575, and continued buſy with his pen till far into the ſeventeenth century. He was probably a native of London, but the dates of his birth and death are alike unknown. Beſides *Paſquils Madcappe*, he publiſhed *The ſecond Part of Paſquills Mad Cap, intituled the Fooles Cap. With Paſquils Paſſion. Begun by himſelf, and finiſhed by his friend Marphorius*, 1600, and *Paſquils Miſtreſſe, or the Worthy and Unworthy Woman*, alſo printed in 1600.[1] The dedication to the ſecond part of the *Mad-Cap* is ſigned N. B.

In 1601, appeared the firſt volume of what ſeems to have been a literary controverſy between Weever, Marſton, and Breton. In that year one W. I., ſuſpected to be John Weever[2] the epigrammatiſt with his initials reverſed, printed *The Whipping of the Satyre*, an attack on Jonſon, Marſton, and Breton. To this a ſecond writer, ſuppoſed from internal evidence to be Marſton, launched a coarſe and violent rejoinder, which he called *The Whipper of the Satyre, his penaunce in a white ſheete*; or, *The Beadles Confutation*. Then, if not by Breton, very much in his manner, followed *No Whippinge nor trippinge, but a kinde friendly Snippinge*. All theſe temporary productions came from the preſs within the year. They are in the ſame ſmall octavo ſize.]

About the ſame time, as I conjecture, were publiſhed [*Humors Antique Faces, drawne in proportion to his ſeverall antique Jeſtures*, 1605, and *Epigrames ſerved out in 52. ſeverall Diſhes, for every man to taſt without ſurfeting*. By I. C. gent. In 1608, [April 11, was licenſed to John, or Joſeph, Buſby and W. Holme,] *Epigrams, or Humours Lottery*. The ſame year [was publiſhed] *A Century of*

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from the character of a ruffian, or bully. "When without money, his gingling ſpurre hath loſt his voyce, his head his locke," &c. [Brathwaite's] *Whimzies*, 1631, p. 136.

[1] He ſays, p. 36,

"And tell proſe writers, Stories are ſo ſtale,
That penie ballads make a better ſale."

He mentions country-players, p. 31. *Paſquills Mad-cap* is applauded in *The Whippinge of the Satyre*, 1601, ſignat. F 3,

"That *Mad-cap* yet ſuperiour praiſe doth win," &c.

In Decker's *Gul's Horne-book*, 1609, we have, "I am the *Paſquills Mad-cappe* that will doot."—p. 8. *Paſquills Ieſts, with the merriments of mother Bunch*, were publiſhed [in 1604, and are reprinted in *Old Engliſh Jeſt Books*, 1864.]

[2] The writer's initials are I. W. I believe this piece to be a reply to Rowlands. But in one place he ſeems to attack Marſton, ſignat. D 3,

"But harke, I heare the Cynicke Satyre crie,
A man, a man, a kingdom for a man!"

He mentions the fatneſs of Falſtaff, ſignat. D 3,

"That ſir John Falſtaffe was not any way
More groſſe in body, than you are in brayne."

*Epigrams*, by R. W[eſt],[1] Bachelor of Arts, Oxon, and [*Epigrams and Satyres made by Richard Middleton, of Yorke, Gentleman.*] In 1619, *Newe Epigrams, having in their Companie a mad ſatyre*, by Joſeph Martin, [were licenſed to George Eld, but no edition earlier than that of 1621 is known at preſent,] and this bears a ſomewhat different title. In 1613, were publiſhed two books of epigrams, written by Henry Parrot, entitled, *Laquei ridiculoſi, or Springes for Woodcockes. Caveat emptor.*[2] Many of them are worthy to be revived in modern collections. I am tempted to tranſcribe a ſpecimen:

A Welſhman and an Engliſhman diſputed,
Which of their Lands[3] maintain'd the greateſt ſtate:
The Engliſhman the Welſhman quite confuted;
Yet would the Welſhman nought his brags abate;
"Ten cookes in Wales (quoth he) one wedding ſees;"
"True (quoth the other)—Each man toaſts his cheeſe."[4]

[In 1617, one W. B. produced the earlieſt attempt at an Engliſh Juvenal in a paraphraſe of the tenth Book, under the fantaſtic title of *That which ſeems beſt is worſt. Expreſt in a Paraphraſtical tranſcript of Juvenals Tenth Satyre.*

It might have been ſtated before that] John Weaver, the antiquary who wrote *Antient Funeral Monuments*, publiſhed a book of epigrams in 1599.[5] [Some ſpecimens of this rare volume are annexed from a copy which at one time belonged to Mr. Combe, of Henley.]

In Authorem.

I wiſh my rough hewne lines might gratifie
The firſt born of thy pleaſing poeſie;
Theſe be but bloſſomes, what will be the fruite
When time and age hath made thee more acute?
Meanwhile, however Momus bite the lippe,
Each man will praiſe the Weevers workmanſhip,
When witte [wittie] verſe is worthily regarded,
Then ſhall thy verſe be thankfully rewarded.

The following ſonnet, a tribute to our great dramatic poet, was unexplored by his [earlier] commentators.

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[1] I find *Merry Jeſts, concerning popes, monks, and fryers*, from the French, by R. W. Bachelor of Arts, of H. H. [*Hart-Hall*] Oxon, aſſigned to John Barnes. *Regiſtr. Station.* D. f. 11, a. [They were publiſhed in 1617, 8vo, and among Mr. Pigott's books there ſeems to have been a 4to ed. without date. The *News from Bartholomew fayre*, I believe to have been by the R. Weſt, who wrote *The Court of Conſcience*, 1607.]

[2] In the Latin dedication, it appears they were written in 1611. [Parrot wrote ſeveral other volumes of the ſame deſcription, one or two of which will be noticed hereafter.] *Shakeſp.* vol. viii. 409.

[3] Countries.

[4] Lib. i. Epigr. 9. Taylor, the water poet, has mentioned Parrot's Epigrams, in *Epigrams*, p. 263, fol. edit., Epigr. vii.

"My muſe hath vow'd reuenge ſhall haue her ſwinge,
To catch a Parrot in the woodcockes ſpringe."

See alſo p. 265, Epigr. xxxi.

[5] They are cited in *Englands Parnaſſus*, 1600.

Tenth Week. Epig. 22.
AD GULIELMUM SHAKESPEARE.

Honie-tong'd Shakeſpeare, when I ſaw thine iſſue,
I ſwore Apollo got them, and none other,
Their roſie-tainted features clothed in tiſſue,
Some heaven-born goddeſſe ſaid to be their mother.
Roſe-cheeckt *Adonis*, with his amber treſſes,
Faire fire-hot Venus charming him to love her:
Chaſte *Lucretia*, virgine-like her dreſſes,
Proud luſt-ſtung Tarquin ſeeking ſtill to prove her.
*Romeo*, *Richard*, more whoſe names I know not,
Their ſugred tongues and power attractive beauty,
Say they are ſaints, although that ſaints they ſhew not,
For thouſand vowes to them ſubjective dutie,
They burn in love, thy children: Shakeſpeare! let them,
Go, wo thy Muſe, more nymphiſh brood beget them.[1]

Weever's *Epigrams* are ranked among the beſt by Jonſon.[2] Thomas Freeman, a ſtudent in Magdalen College, Oxford, about the year 1607, who appears to have enjoyed the friendſhip and encouragement of Owen, Shakeſpeare, Daniel, Donne, Chapman, and Heywood the dramatiſt, printed *Rub and a great Caſt: Epigrams*, 1614. [On F 2 occurs: *Explicit Rub and a Great Caſt. Sequitur Run and a great Caſt*; and on the *recto* of the following leaf there is a half-title:] *Rub and a great Caſt. The ſecond Bowl.* Both ſets are dedicated to Thomas Lord Windſor.

I am tempted to give the following ſpecimen of our author's humour, more eſpecially as it diſplays the growing extent of London, in the year 1614. Sign. B 3, Epigr. 13.

LONDONS PROGRESSE.
*Quo ruis, ah demens?*

Why how nowe, Babell, whither wilt thou build?
I ſee old Holborne, Charing-croſſe, the Strand,
Are going to Saint Giles's in the field.
Saint Katerne ſhe takes Wapping by the hand,
And Hogſdon will to Hygate, ere't be long.
London is got a great way from the ſtreame,
I thinke ſhe meanes to go to Iſlington,
To eate a diſhe of ſtrawberries and creame.
The City's ſure in progreſſe I ſurmiſe,
Or going to revell it in ſome diſorder,
Without the walls, without the Liberties,
Where ſhe neede feare nor Mayor nor Recorder.
Well, ſay ſhe do, 'twere pretty, yet tis pitty,
A Middleſex Bailiff ſhould arreſt the Citty."

This poetical rant has been verified far beyond the writer's imagination.

[For this odd title, which would ſeem to have travelled from the bowling-green, the author aſſigns a fanciful reaſon in the following lines:

Sphæra mihi calamus; mundi ſunt crimina nodi,
Ipſe ſed eſt mundus ſphæromachia mihi:
Sive manere jubes, lector, ſeu currere ſphæram,
Luſori pariter, curre maneque placent.

[1] [Mr. Park's addition.]
[2] Epigr. xviii. [*Works*, edit. 1816, viii. 161.]

Thomas Freeman was a Glouceſterſhireman, and born near Tewkſbury about 1590. At the age of ſixteen, he became a ſtudent at Magdalen College, Oxford, where he took the degree of B.A. Retiring from thence to London, he ſet up for a poet, ſays Wood,[1] and was ſhortly after held in eſteem by Daniel,[2] Donne, Shakeſpeare, Chapman, and others. To the poets here named, and alſo to Spenſer's *Fairy Queen*, and Naſh, he appears to have addreſſed epigrams; but it is not hence to be affirmed that he was perſonally acquainted with all of them. The ſpecimen here given of our author's humour acquaints us that, even in his time, "London itſelf ſeemed going out of Town."]

Thomas Wroth, of Gloceſter Hall, Oxford, about 1603 [annexed to his tranſlation of a portion of Virgil, 1620, ſome epigrams, which he called:] *An Abortive of an idle Hour, or a century of Epigrams.*[3]

To [the year 1615 belongs Henry Parrot's[4] other volume in this claſs of literature:] *The Maſtive or young Whelpe of the old dogge. Epigrams and Satyres.* The advertiſement to the reader is ſubſcribed H. P. We are ſure that they were at leaſt written after Churchyard's death [in 1604]; for in the third Epigram the writer ſays, that Heywood was held for Epigrams the beſt, when Churchyard wrote.

Some of the critics of the author's days are thus deſcribed:

> The mending poet takes it next in hand;
> Who hauing oft the verſes ouerſcan'd,
> "O filching!" ſtraight doth to the ſtat'ner ſay,
> "Here's foure lines ſtolen from my laſt newe play."—
> Then comes my Innes of court-man in his gowne,
> Cryes, *Mew!* What hackney brought this wit to towne?
> But ſoone again my gallant youth is gon,
> Minding the kitchen[5] more than Littleton.
> *Tut* what cares he for law, ſhall haue inough
> When's father dyes, that canker'd miſer-chuffe.
> Next after him the countrey farmer[6] views it,
> "It may be good, ſaith he, for thoſe that vſe it:
> "Shewe me king Arthur, Beuis, or Sir Guy," &c.[7]

In theſe days the young ſtudents of the Inns of Court ſeem to have been the moſt formidable of the critics.[8]

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[1] *Athen. Oxon.* i. 398.

[2] [Mr. Park's addition. "In the laſt edition (1811) of Mr. Ellis's ſpecimens, a more favourable inſtance has been ſhown of Freeman's poetical talent."—*Park.*]

[3] They are mentioned with applauſe in Stradling's *Epigrammata*, 1607. [See *Handb. of E. E. Lit.* 1867, art. VIRGIL.]

[4] [Parrot alſo wrote the *Mous-Trap*, 1606, 4to; *Epigrams, by H. P.* 1608; and *VIII. Cures for the Itch. Characters, Epigrams, Epitaphs.* By H. P. 1626. A ballad-maker is one of the characters.]

[5] They were famous for their entertainments at the inns of court.

[6] Country gentleman, yeoman. [7] Old romances. *Sat.* ii. Signat. H 3.

[8] Hence, among a variety of inſtances, ſays Marſton in the ſecond preface to his *Scourge of Villany*:

> "Some pedant ſpruce, or ſome ſpan-new-come fry,
> Of Inns a-court, ſtriuing to vilefie
> My darke reproofes," &c.

The figure and ſtratagems of the hungry captain, freſh from abroad, are thus expoſed:

> Marke, and you love me. Who's yond' marching hither?
> Some braue Low-Countrey Captain with his feather
> And high-crown'd hat. See, into Paules[1] he goes,
> To ſhowe his doublet and Italian hoſe.
> The whiles his Corporal walkes the other ile,
> To ſee what ſimple gulls he can beguile.[2]

The wars in Spain and the Low Countries filled the metropolis with a ſet of needy military adventurers, returning from thoſe expeditions, who were a mixture of ſwaggering and ſubmiſſion, of flattery and ferocity, of cowardice and courage; who aſſumed a ſort of profeſſional magnanimity, yet ſtooped to the moſt ignominious inſults; who endeavoured to attract the attention of the public by the ſplendour of martial habiliments, were ready for any adventures of riot and debauchery, and inſinuated themſelves into favour by hyperbolical narrations of their hazardous achievements. Jonſon's Bobadil was of this race of heroic rakes. We have ſeen one of them admirably deſcribed by Marſton.[3]

In 1600[4] appeared a mixture of Satires and Epigrams, *The Letting of humours blood in the Head-Vaine. With a new Moriſco daunced by Seauen Satyres, upon the bottome of Diogines Tubbe*, written by Samuel Rowlands, [a prolific and very able writer of fugitive pieces during the reign of James I. He commenced authorſhip, however, as it here appears, while Elizabeth was ſtill on the throne; and in

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[1] The aiſles of Saint Paul's church were the faſhionable walk.

[2] Sat. iii. ſignat. I 2.

[3] And in another place, B. ii. 7:

> "What, meanſt thou him, that in his ſwaggering ſlops
> Wallowes vnbraced all along the ſtreete?
> He that ſalutes each gallant he doth meete,
> With *farewell capitaine, kind heart*, adew!
> He that the laſt night, tumbling thou didſt view,
> From out the great man's head,* and thinking ſtill,
> He had been ſentinell of warlike Brill," &c.

The *great man's head*, if the true reading, muſt be a cant word for the ſign of ſome tavern. Harington has an Epigram of one getting drunk at the *Sarazens head*. B. i. 52. Fennor mentions the Saracen's head, without Newgate, and another without Biſhopſgate, both famous for ferocity of feature.—*The Compters Commonwealth*, &c., 1617, p. 3. Brill, which we now call The Brill, is a town in the Netherlands. See alſo Hall, *Sat.* iv. 4:

> "And pointed on the ſhoulders for the nonce,
> As new come from the Belgian garriſons."

[4] [This was iſſued in 1600 under that title, and was reprinted twice without date, but perhaps in 1601, under the title of *Humors Ordinarie, &c.*, once in 8vo. and once in 4to. Reprinted by Sir Walter Scott in 1814. See the full particulars, and a copious liſt of the author's other works, in *Handb. of E. E. Lit.* art. ROWLANDS.] He praiſes Tarleton, the comedian, for his part of the Clowne and his Clowniſhe *ſloppe*, Epigr. 30. And Pope for his part of the Clowne, Sat. iv. Singer the player is alſo mentioned, *ibid.*

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* A ſign.

1598 his maiden effort, a volume of ſacred poems, entitled *The Betraying of Chriſt*, &c., paſſed through two impreſſions.]

In a panegyric on Charnico, a potation mentioned by Shakeſpeare, he alludes to the unfortunate death of three cotemporary poets, two of whom are perhaps Greene and Marlowe, or perhaps George Peele :[1]

> And for nine Worthies on his Hoſtis wall,[2]
> He knowes three worthy drunkards paſſe thē alle :
> The firſt of them, in many a Tauerne tride,
> At laſt, ſubdued by *Aquavitæ*, dide.
> His ſecond Worthies date was brought to fine,
> Feaſting with Oyſters and braue Reniſh wine.
> The third, whom diuers Dutchmen held full deare,
> Was ſtabb'd by pickeld Herrings & ſtrong beere.
> Well, happie is the man doth rightly know,
> The vertue of three cuppes of *Charnico !*[3]

The rotation of faſhionable pleaſures, and the mode of paſſing a day of polite diſſipation in the metropolis, are thus repreſented. The ſpeaker is Sir Revell, who is elegantly dreſſed in a diſh-crowned hat and ſquare-toed ſhoes :

> Speake, Gent[l]emen, What ſhall we doe to day ?
> Drinke ſome braue health vpon the Dutch carouſe,[4]
> Or ſhall we to the *Globe*, and ſee a Play ?
> Or viſit *Shorditch* for a Baudie houſe ?[5]
> Let's call for Cardes, or Dice, and haue a Game :
> To ſit thus idle, &c.[6]

In another we have the accompliſhed faſhion-monger :[7]

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[1] It is called a *ſparkling* liquor, in Goddard's *Maſtif-Whelp*, Sat. 63. [See Notes to *Sec. P. Henr. VI.* act. iii. ſ. 3 :]

> " I will ſteepe
> Thy muddy braines in ſparkling CHARNICO."

See Reed's *Old Plays*, iii. 457.

[2] Pictures on the walls of the tavern.

[3] Sat. vi. Again, Epigr. 22. Marlow's end has been before related. Robert Green was killed by a ſurfeit of pickled herrings and Rheniſh wine. This was in 1592. At which fatal banquet Thomas Naſh was preſent. Meres ſays, that Peele died of the venereal diſeaſe.—*Wits Tr.* f. 285, p. 2. He muſt have been dead before, or in, 1598.

[4] Marſton aſks, what a traveller brings from Holland, *Cert. Sat.* ii. :

> " From Belgia what, but their deep bezeling,
> Their boote-carouſe, and their beere-buttering."

Again, *Sc. Villan.* B. i. 3 :

> " In Cyprian dalliance, and in Belgick cheere."

[5] See George Wither's *Abuſes ſtript and whipt*, 1615; *The Scourge*, p. 277 :

> " But here approaches
> A troop, with torches hurried in their coaches,
> Stay, and behold, what are they ? I can tell,
> Some bound for Shoreditch, or for Clarkenwell.
> O, theſe are they which thinke that fornication," &c.

See above.

[6] Epigr. 7.

[7] I will ſubjoin the ſame character from Marſton's *Scourge of Villanie*, which is more witty, but leſs diſtinct and circumſtantial. B. iii. 11 :

Behold a moſt accompliſhed Caualeere,
That the worlds Ape of faſhions doth appeare!
Walking the ſtreetes his humors to diſcloſe,
In the French Doublet and the German Hoſe:
The muffes, Cloake, Spaniſh Hat, Tolledo blade,
Italian Ruffe, a Shoe right Flemiſh made:
Like Lord of miſrule, where he comes he'le reuel, &c.[1]

In another, of a beau ſtill more affected, he ſays:

How rare his Spurs doth ring the Morris-dance![2]

One of the ſwaggerers of the times who, in his rambles about the town, viſits the Royal Exchange as a mercantile traveller, is not unluckily delineated:

Sometimes into the *Reall Exchange* hee'le drop,
Clad in the ruines of a Brokers ſhop:
And there his tongue runs by as on affaires,
No talke but of commodities and Wares.
If Newes be harken'd for, then he preuailes,
Setting his Mint a worke to coyne falſe tales.[3]
Heele tell you of a Tree that he doth know,
Vpon the which Rapiers and Daggers grow,
As good as Fleetſtreet hath in any ſhop,
Which being ripe, downe into Scabbards drop.
His wondrous trauels challenge ſuch renowne,
That ſir *Iohn Mandiuel* is quite put downe.[4]

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"This faſhion-mounger, each morne, fore he riſe,
Contemplates ſute ſhapes, and once from out of bed,
He hath them ſtraight full lively portrayed:
And then he chukes, and is as proude of this,
As Taphus when he got his neighbours bliſſe.
All faſhions, ſince the firſt yeare of this queene,
May in his ſtudy fairely drawne be ſeene;—
The long fooles coat, the huge ſlop, the lugd boote,
From mimick Pyſo all doe claime their roote.
O, that the boundleſſe power of the ſoule
Should be coup't vp in faſhioning ſome roule!"

See above, a fantaſtic beau by Hall.

[1] Epigr. 26.

[2] Epigr. 33. Boots were a mark of dignity or elegance, *ibid.* Epigr. 8:

"He ſcornes to walke in *Paules* without his Bootes."

[3] Hall has a character partly reſembling this, Sat. vi. 1:

"Tattelius, the new-come traueller,
With his diſguiſed coate, and ringed ear,
Trampling the bourſes marble twice a day,
Tells nothing but ſtarke truths, I dare well ſay," &c.

The *bourſes marble* is the pavement of the Royal Exchange, now newly erected by Sir Thomas Greſham. The Royal Exchange ſeems to have been frequented by hungry walkers as well as Saint Paul's from Hayman's *Quodlibets*, &c., 1628. Epigr. 35, p. 6.

To Sir Pearce Pennilesse.

"Though little coyne thy purſeleſſe pockets lyne,
Yet with great company thou'rt taken vp;
For often with duke Humfray thou doſt dyne,
And often with Sir Thomas Greſham ſup."

[4] Hall alludes to Sir John Mandevill's *Travells*, a book not yet out of vogue. Sat. B. iv. 6:

Men without heads, & *Pigmires* hand-breadth hie,
Thoſe with one legge, that on their backes do lie;
And[1] do the weathers iniurie diſdaine,
Makeing their legges a penthouſe for the raine.[2]

There is alſo a collection of ſatirical poems [by Rowlands] publiſhed originally in a kind of ſeries before or in 1600, but not at preſent known except in comparatively late reprints. Theſe publications were conſidered by the authorities to be objectionable, and were proſcribed. They were entitled: *The Knave of Clubbs. The Knave of Harts, More Knaves yet? The Knaues of Spades and Diamonds. A Payre of Spy-knaves.* Of the three former, *The Knave of Clubbs* and the *More Knaves Yet?* bear his initials;[3] ſo does *A Payre of Spy-Knaves*, of which no perfect copy appears to have been preſerved.

[The[4] firſt of them [the Knaves] conſiſts of ſatirical characters. The ſecond is undeſignated, and compriſes Knaves of all kinds, with ſeveral ſarcaſtic appendages. The third has an introductory epiſtle, and chiefly is compoſed of epigrams on proverbs, but not at all on the plan of ancient Heywood. The following ſpecimen, though very hyperbolical, will exhibit the prevalence of certain faſhions in the age of our firſt James:

[To *Madame* MASKE or *Francis* FAN.]

When men amazed at their buſines ſtood,
A ſpeech was uſed, Faith, I am in a wood.
To make an end of that ſame wooden phraſe,
There's order taken for it now a daies,
To cut downe wood with all the ſpeed they can,
Transforming trees to maintaine Maſke and Fan:
So that the former ſpeech being errour tryed,
A new way turn'd it muſt be verified.
My ladies worſhip even from head to foot
Is in a wood (nay, ſcarſe two woods will doo't),
To ſuch a height Lucifer's ſinne is growne,
The Devill, pride, and Maddam are all one.
Rents raiſd, woods ſold, houſe-keeping laid aſide,
In all things ſparing, for to ſpend on pride.
The poore complaining country thus doth ſay:
Our fathers lopt the boughs of trees away:

---

"Or whetſtone leeſings of old Mandeuille."

And in the *Iriſh Banquet, or the Mayors feaſt of Youghall* (*Certain pieces of this age parabolized*, in Scot's *Philomythie*, 1616, ſignat. M 2 :)

"Of Ladies loues, of Turnaies, and ſuch ſights
As Mandeville nere ſaw."

I have *The Spaniſh Mandevile of Miracles*, tranſlated from the Spaniſh, Lond. 1618. The Dedication to Lord Buckhurſt is dated 1600, [and the book was firſt publiſhed in the ſame year.]

[1] [And] thoſe, who having legs, and lying on their backs, &c.

[2] Sat. i. In theſe Satires, Monſieur Domingo a drunkard is mentioned, Epigr. i. See Shakeſp. *Sec. P. H. IV.* act v. ſ. 3.

[3] [The *Four Knaves* were republiſhed for the *Percy Society*, 1843. His *Greenes Ghoſt Haunting Cony-catchers* was reprinted in 1860 by Mr. Halliwell, and his *Humors Looking Glaſs*, 1608, has been quite lately reproduced by Mr. Collier.]

[4] [This paragraph was added by Mr. Park.]

We, that more ſkill of greedy gaine have found,
Cut downe the bodies levill with the ground:
The age that after our date ſhall ſucceede,
Will dig up rootes and all to ſerve their neede." Sig. F 1.

The Knave of Harts is made to ſay, that "the idle-headed French devis'd cards firſt."]

Gabriel Harvey, in his [*Foure Letters and certaine Sonnets*, &c.], 1592, quotes ſome Engliſh hexameters, from "thoſe unſatyrical ſatyres, which M. Spencer long ſince embraced in an overlooving ſonnet."[1] This paſſage ſeems to indicate a ſet of ſatires, now unknown, to which Spenſer had prefixed the undeſerved honour of a recommendatory ſonnet, now equally forgotten.

Meres, who wrote in 1598, obſerves, "As *Horace*, *Lucilius*, *Iuuenall*, *Perſius*, & *Lucullus*, are the beſt for Satyre among the Latines: ſo with vs in the ſame faculty theſe are chiefe: *Piers Plowman*, *Lodge*, *Hall* of Imanuel Colledge in Cambridge; the Author of *Pigmalions Image and Certaine Satyrs*,[2] the Author of *Skialetheia*."[3] And in another place, having cited ſome of Marſton's ſatires, he adds Rankins as a ſatiriſt.

[The laſt-mentioned, who had publiſhed his *Mirror of Monſters* in 1587, and his *Engliſh Ape* in 1588, publiſhed, in 1598, *Seaven Satyres applyed to the weeke, including the worlds ridiculous follyes. True Foelicity deſcribed in the Phoenix.* Maulgre. *Whereunto is annexed the wandring Satyre.* Rankins eventually followed the profeſſion of a dramatiſt which, in his *Mirror*, 1587, he had vehemently decried. Goſſon and Lodge, after writing for the ſtage, abandoned the occupation, and the former turned round, and vituperated the art and its followers.]

Wood alſo, a great dealer in the works of our old minor poets, yet at the ſame time a frequent tranſcriber from Meres, ſays, that [Thomas] Lodge, after he left Trinity College at Oxford, about the year 1576, and "had ſpent ſome time in exerciſing his fancy among the poets in the great city, was eſteemed, not Joſeph Hall of Emanuel college excepted, the beſt for ſatyr among Engliſh men."[4] [Wood is referring to Lodge's well-known volume of Eclogues and Satires, *A Fig for Momus*, 1595.] Lodge was fitted for a different mode of compoſition. He was chiefly noted for paſtorals, madrigals, and ſonnets; and for his *Euphues golden Legacy* [1590], which furniſhed the plot of the *As you like it* of Shakeſpeare. In an extended acceptation, many of the proſe-pamphlets written about this period by Greene and Decker, which paint or expoſe popular foibles and faſhions, particularly Decker's *Guls Horne-book*, a manual or directory for initiating an unexperienced ſpendthrift into the gaieties of the metropolis, might claim the appellation of ſatires. That the rage of writing ſatires and ſatirical epigrams continued

[1] Let. iii. p. 44.
[2] Marſton's *Scourge of Villanie* had not yet appeared.
[3] Fol. 282, 2.
[4] *Ath. Oxon.* i. 498.

long, will appear from [Abraham Holland's] *Inquiſition againſt Paper-perſecutors* [printed in 1624].

Harington in his Epigrams mentions the ſatires of a poet whom he often attacks under the name of Lynus:[1]

> His Diſtickes, Satyres, Sonnets and Hexameters,
> His Epigrams, his Lyricks, and Pentameters.

And again he has an Epigram "Againſt a fooliſh Satyriſt, called Lynus."[2]

[Abraham Holland, in the work above cited, ſays:]

> And ſhall it ſtill be ſo? Nor is't more hard
> To repaire Pauls, than to mend Pauls Churchyard?
> Shall ſtill the Youths that walke the Middle Ile,
> To whet their ſtomacks before meales, compile
> Their ſudden volumes, and be neuer barr'd
> From ſcattering their Baſtards through the Yard?
> It is no wonder,
> That Pauls ſo often hath beene ſtrucke with Thunder;
> Twas aimed at theſe Shops, in which there lie
> Such a confuſed World of Trumpery,
> Whoſe Titles each Terme on the Poſts are rear'd,
> In ſuch abundance, it is to be fear'd
> That they in time, if thus they goe on, will
> Not only Little but Great Britaine fill
> With their infectious Swarmes, whoſe guilty ſheetes
> I haue obſerued walking in the ſtreets;
> Still lurking neare ſome Church, as if hereby
> They had retired to a Sanctuarie,
> For murdring Paper ſo.
> Each driueling Lozel nowe,
> That hath but ſeene a Colledge, and knows how, &c.

After having cenſured thoſe who verſified the Bible, and made it all Apocryphal, but with a compliment to the tranſlators of Du Bartas, he adds:

> Others that nere ſearch'd newe borne Vice at all,
> But the Seuen deadly Sinnes in generall,
> Drawne from the Tractate of ſome cloyſter'd Frier,
> Will needs write Satyrs, and in raging fire
> Exaſperate their ſharpe Poeticke ſtraine;
> And thinke they haue toucht it, if they raile at Spaine,
> The Pope and Deuill.

The reader will recollect, that Saint Paul's Church-Yard and its environs, in which was Little Britain, abounded with ſhops and ſtalls of bookſellers: that its ſteeple was thrown down by lightning in 1561; and that a general reparation of the church was now become a great object of the nation.

[One of the foregoing extracts contains a ſly thruſt at Thomas Baſtard, author of *Chreſtoleros*, 1598. It is ſingular enough that when Baſtard publiſhed his volume, he thought that at all events the novelty of the ſubject would prove attractive, for in his dedication to Lord Mountjoy, he has this paſſage: "My Lorde, Epigrames

[1] B. i. 67. [2] B. i. 14. See alſo B. i. 41.

are a ſcarſe worke, they haue euer had but fewe writers, and yet too many. If my booke pleaſe not, yet this, I ſhalbe ſure of rare diſcommendations, the greateſt aduenture that I knowe: is to write," &c.] Randolph, in his *Strange Shew* (as he calls it) of "The Pedler," annexed to his *Ariſtippus*, 1630, ridicules the epigrammania ſtill raging, where he ſpeaks of a courtier buying of the pedlar:

A dainty Epigram on his Spaniels tail.

[Tofte's tranſlation of *Arioſto's Satyres* appeared in 1608, as has been ſtated; it is poſſible that they may have given riſe to Anton's *Philoſopher's Satyrs*, 1616. Anton was of Magdalen College, Cambridge, and is a writer of ſome merit. His ſatires were re-iſſued in 1617 under an altered title.]

For the ſake of juxtapoſition, I will here anticipate in throwing together the titles of ſome others of the moſt remarkable collections of ſatires and ſatirical epigrams, publiſhed between 1600 and 1620, meaning to conſider hereafter thoſe that beſt deſerve, more critically and diſtinctly. *The Court of Conſcience, or Dick Whippers Seſſions* [by Richard Weſt] appeared in 1607. *More fooles yet*, a collection of Epigrams, by [Roger Sharpe], in 1610. *The moſt elegant and wittie Epigrams* of Sir [John] Harington, the tranſlator of Arioſto [imperfectly], in 1615. Many of Harington's Epigrams were certainly written before. In Fitzgeoffrey's *Affaniæ*, 1601, there is an epigram to Harington with theſe lines, preferring him to Heywood or Davies, as an Engliſh epigrammatiſt:[1]

Sive arguta vago flectas epigrammata torno,
Sive Britanna magis ſive Latina velis.
At tu Biblidicis malis comes ire Camenis,
Illis Haywoodos Daviſioſque præis.

And in Sir John Stradling's Epigrams, 1607, there is one to Harington with this title,[2] "Ad D. I. Harrington, Equitem doctiſſimum, de quibuſdam epigrammatis Stradlingo, equiti, dono miſſis, 1590;" and in Stradling's Epigrams we have two of Harington's tranſlated into Latin.

[A MS. copy of Harington's *Epigrams*, in the Public Library, Cambridge, contains nine or ten epigrams which had not appeared in print till they were inſerted by Mr. Reed in the *European Magazine* for Jan. 1789. The above MS. copy bears date 1600. Some of Harington's *Epigrams* were printed with *Alcilia*, *Philoparthens Loving Folly*, &c., 1613 and 1628. The edition of them, publiſhed ſeparately in 1615, is very imperfect. The collection was printed more completely in 1618.]

Jonſon's *Epigrams* appeared [with his *Works*] in 1616.[3] Henry Fitz-

[1] Sig. B 3, edit. 1618.

[2] Lib. i. p. 32.

[3] Jonſon's epigrams, as we have ſeen, are mentioned with Davies's, by Fitzgeoffrey, 1601. *Affan.* Lib. ii. ſignat. E 4.

"Daviſios lædis mihi, Jonſonioſque laceſſis."

Of Davies, Harington ſays, "This Haywood [the epigrammatiſt] for his

geoffrey's *Satires* in 1617.[1] *Philomythie or Philomythologie, wherein outlandiſh birds, beaſts, and fiſhes, are taught to ſpeake true Engliſh plainely, by T. Scot, gentleman, including ſatires in long Engliſh verſe, in* 1610. The ſecond part of *Philomythie*, [and two editions, much enlarged, of the firſt], by the ſame, 1616. *Certaine pieces of this age parabolized*, by the ſame, in 1616. George Wither, of [Bentworth, near Alton], in Hampſhire, educated at Magdalen College in Oxford, and at Lincoln's Inn, afterwards an officer in Cromwell's army, and popular even among the puritans as a poet, publiſhed *Abuſes ſtript and whipt*, or *Satyricall Eſſayes. Divided into two Bookes*, in 1613. For this publication [of which there were at leaſt eight ſeparate impreſſions, and] which was too licentious in attacking eſtabliſhments, and has a vein of ſeverity unſeaſoned by wit, he ſuffered an impriſonment for many months in the Marſhalſea [yet the volume itſelf was ſo popular, that it went through at leaſt five editions in the ſame year]. Not being debarred the uſe of paper, pens and ink,[2] he wrote during his confinement an apology to James I. under the title of *A Satyre*, for his cenſures of the government in his firſt book. [This was publiſhed in 1615, and frequently afterwards: it procured his releaſe.] But, like Prynne in the pillory railing at the biſhops, inſtead of the lenient language of recantation and conceſſion, in this piece he ſtill perſeveres in his invectives againſt the court. Being taken priſoner in the rebellion by the royaliſts, he was ſentenced to be hanged; but Sir John Denham the poet prevailed with the king to ſpare his life, by telling his majeſty, "So long as Wither lives, I ſhall not be the worſt poet in England." The revenge of our ſatiriſt was held ſo cheap, that he was lampooned by Taylor the water poet.[3] Richard Brathwaite, a

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prouerbs and epigrams is not yet put down by any of our country though one [Davies *in the margin*] doth indeede come neare him, that graces him the more in ſaying he put him downe," &c.—*Metamorphoſis of Ajax*, &c. 1596. Signat. D 2. Again, "But as my good friend M. Dauies ſaide of his Epigrams, that they were made like doublets in Birchen-lane, for euery one whom they will ſerue," &c. *Ibid.* ſignat. I.

[1] In Hayman's *Quodlibets*, 1628, there is one, "To the reverend, learned, and acute, Maſter Charles Fitz-Geoffrey, bachelor in diuinity, my eſpeciall kind friend, and moſt excellent poet." He compares him to Homer, being blind of one eye. B. i. 111, p. 18. This was Charles the author of the Latin Epigrams, above mentioned.

[2] [Such was the unſubdued addiction of Wither to poetical compoſition, that when he was debarred the uſe of paper, pens, and ink, during a ſubſequent confinement in the Tower, he continued to write verſes with ochre on three trenchers, which he afterwards printed in a tract entitled *A Proclamation*, &c. See the *Brit. Bibliogr.* p. 434.—*Price.*]

[3] The titles of Wither's numerous pieces may be ſeen in Wood, *Ath. Oxon.* i. 392, *ſeq.* He was born in 1588, and died in 1667. He has left ſome anecdotes of the early part of his life, in the firſt book of his *Abuſes*. *The Occaſion*, p. 1. *ſeq.* In Hayman's *Epigrams*, 1628, there is one, "To the accute Satyriſt, Maſter George Wither," Epigr. 20. And 21, p. 61.

Here might be mentioned "*Eſſayes and Characters, ironicall and inſtructive*, &c. By John Stephens the younger, of Lincolnes inne, Gent." 1615. Mine is a ſecond impreſſion. Many of the Eſſayes are Satires in verſe. [Of Stephens

native of [Weſtmoreland], admitted at Oriel College, Oxford, in 1604, and afterwards a ſtudent at Cambridge, chiefly remembered, if remembered at all, as one of the minor paſtoral poets of the reign of James I. publiſhed in 16[21], *Natvres embaſſie, or the Wildemans Meaſvres, Danced naked, by twelve Satyres, with ſundry others,*[1] &c.

[John Davies of Hereford, the author of a large variety of dull, but once popular, effuſions in verſe, thus ridicules the minute commemorations of unhiſtorical occurrences in the Chronicles of Holinſhed and Stow:

> Some Chroniclers that write of Kingdomes States,
> Doe ſo abſurdly ſableize my White
> With Maſkes, and Enterludes, by day and night,
> Balld Maygames, Beare-baytings, and poore Orations,
> Made to ſome Prince by ſome poore Corporations.
> And if a Bricke-bat from a Chimney falls,
> When puffing Boreas nere ſo little bralls . . . .
> Or wanton Rig, or letcher diſſolute,
> Doe ſtand at Paules-Croſſe in a Sheeten Sute:
> All theſe, and thouſand ſuch like toyes as theſe,
> They clap in Chronicles like Butterflees . . . .
> And ſo confound graue Matters of Eſtate
> With plaies of Poppets, and I wot not what.
> Ah good Sir Thomas Moore (fame be with thee,)
> Thy Hand did bleſſe the Engliſh Hiſtorie!
> * * * * *
> As alſo when the Weather-cock of Poules
> Amended was, this Chronicler enroles, &c.[2]

Owen's idea of an epigram points out the notion which now prevailed of this kind of compoſition, and ſhows the propriety of blending the epigrams and ſatires of theſe times, under one claſs. A ſatire, he ſays, is an epigram on a larger ſcale. Epigrams are only ſatires in miniature. An epigram muſt be ſatirical, and a ſatire epigrammatical;[3] and Jonſon, in the Dedication of his Epigrams to Lord Pembroke, who was ſo far from viewing this ſpecies of verſe in its original plan, as the moſt harmleſs and inoffenſive ſpecies of verſe, that he ſuppoſes it to be converſant above the "likeneſſe of vice and facts," and is conſcious that epigrams "carry danger in the ſound." Yet in one of his epigrams, addreſſed *To my meere Engliſh*

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*Characters* there were two editions in 1615, greatly differing, and a third in 1631.]

[Warton here enumerates ſome of Rowlands's tracts (*The Four Knaves*), which are much more copiouſly deſcribed in the *H. of E. Lit.* in voce, and *ſupr.*]

[1] In his ſatire on *Adulterie*, are theſe lines, p. 30:

> And when you haue no favours to beſtow,
> Lookes are the lures which drawe Affection's bow.

To theſe pieces is annexed *The Second Section of Divine and Morall Satyres*, &c. This is dedicated to S. W. C. by R. B. See alſo Brathwaite's *Strappado for the Devil*, 1615.

[2] [*Scovrge for Paper-Perſecutors*, 1624, ſign. B 4.]

[3] Hayman above quoted thus recommends his own epigrams. *Quodlibets*, B. iv. 19, p. 61.

> "Epigrams are like Satyrs, rough without,
> Like cheſnuts ſweet; take thou the kernell out."

*Cenſurer*, he profeſſes not exactly to follow the track of the late and moſt celebrated epigrammatiſts:

> To thee my way in Epigrammes ſeemes newe,
> When both it is the old way and the true.
> Thou ſaiſt that cannot be: for thou haſt ſeene
> Davis, and Weever, and the beſt have beene,
> And mine come nothing like, &c.

This, however, diſcovers the opinion of the general reader.[1]

Freeman alſo celebrates Davies:

> Haywood wrote Epigrams, and ſo did Davis,
> Reader, thou doubteſt *utrum horum mavis*.[2]

[The following celebration of the ſame epigrammatiſts occurs in Sloane MS. 1889:

> Haiwood and Davis, I avouch your writt
> Famous for art, invention, and witt.
> In you itt ſeem'd, by each your learned ſcrowle,
> Succeſſively deſcended Martiall's ſoule.
> Compard to you, wee ſluttiſh are and fowle,
> Fearing the light, like the deformed owle:
> Our baſtard eglets dare not ſee the ſun
> So boldly as your true-borne babes have donne.
> Yet bee it knowne, wee dare look tow'rds the light,
> Though not like you, nor in ſo great a height.]

In Dunbar's Latin Epigrams, 1616, there is a compliment to Davies of Hereford, author of the *Scourge of Folly*, as a Satyriſt or Epigrammatiſt.[3]

[Heath, in his *Claraſtella*, 1650, has the following odd tribute addreſſed "To one that aſked me why I would write an Engliſh epigram after Ben Jonſon:"

> How! doſt thou aſk me why my ventrous pen
> Durſt write an Engliſh epigram after Ben?
> Oh! *after* him is manners!—though it would
> *'Fore* him have writ, if how it could have told.—*Park.*]

Of the popularity of the epigram about the year 1600, if no ſpecimens had remained, a proof may be drawn, together with evidences of the nature of the compoſition, from Marſton's humorous character of *Tuſcus*, a retailer of wit:

> But roome for Tuſcus, that ieſt-mounging youth,
> Who nere did ope his apiſh gerning mouth,
> But to retaile and broke anothers wit.
> Diſcourſe of what you will, he ſtraight can fit
> Your preſent talke, with, *Sir, I'll tell a ieſt,*—
> Of ſome ſweet ladie, or graund lord at leaſt.
> Then on he goes, and nere his tongue ſhall lie,
> Till his ingroſſed ieſts are all drawne dry:
> But then as dumbe as Maurus, when at play
> Hath loſt his crownes, and paun'd his triim array.

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[1] Epigr. xviii. [*Works*, edit. 1816, viii. 161.]
[2] [*Run and a Great Caſt*, 1614, Epigr. 100.]
[3] [*Epigramm.* p. 66.]

He doth nought but retaile iefts: breake but one,
Out flies his table-booke: let him alone,
He'le haue it i' faith. Lad, haſt an epigram,
Wil't haue it put into the chaps of fame?
Giue Tuſcus copies; ſooth, as his owne wit,
(His proper iſſue) he will father it, &c.[1]

And the ſame author ſays, in his poſtſcript to *Pigmalion:*

Now by the whyps of *Epigramatiſts,*
Ile not be laſht.

One of Harington's epigrams is a compariſon of the Sonnet and the Epigram:

Once by miſhap two poets fell a ſquaring,
The Sonnet and our Epigram comparing.
And Fauſtus hauing long demur'd vpon it
Yet at the laſt gaue ſentence for the Sonnet,
Now, for ſuch cenſvre, this his chiefe defence is,
Their ſugred taſt beſt likes his likrous ſenſes.
Well, though I grant ſugar may pleaſe the taſt,
Yet let my verſe haue ſalt to make it laſt.[2]

In the *Return from Parnaſſus* [printed in 1606, acted] ſome time before, Sir Roderick ſays, "I hope at length England will be wiſe enough: I hope ſo i' faith; then an old knight may haue his wench in a corner, without any *Satires* or *Epigrams.*"[3] In Decker's [*Poetaſter*, 1602,] Horace, that is Jonſon, exclaims in a paſſion, "Sirrah! I'll compoſe an Epigram vpon him ſhall go thus—."[4]

[The reign of Elizabeth, which abounded in maritime enterpriſes and triumphs, added to our poetical annals, as a natural conſequence, a larger number of ephemeral productions in the ſhape of welcomes, congratulations, and valedictions by writers, whoſe very names were, in ſome caſes, unknown to our earlier writers. The omiſſion of theſe obſcure ſpecimens of verſification might be of no conſequence at all, if it did not happen occaſionally that they threw light on the biography of a diſtinguiſhed man.

It appears from Kempe's *Nine Daies Wonder*, 1600,[5] that Anthony Munday was famous for writing ballads. In *The requeſt to the impudent generation of Ballad-makers*, Kempe calls him, "one whoſe imployment for the Pageant was vtterly ſpent, he being knowne to be Eldertons immediate heyre." He ſeems to have been much employed by the bookſellers as a compiler both in verſe and proſe,[6]

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[1] *Sc. Villan.* B. iii. 11.
[2] *Epigr.* B. i. 37.
[3] A. ii. ſc. 2.
[4] Edit. 1602. Sign. C 2. Again, *ibid.* "Heere be *Epigrams* upon Tucca." E 3. "They are bitter Epigrams compoſed on you by Horace." F 3. "A gentleman, or honeſt citizen, ſhall not ſit in your pennie-bench theaters with his ſquirrell by his ſide cracking nuttes, but he ſhall be ſatyred and epigrammed upon," &c. H 3. "It ſhall not be the whippinge o' th' ſatyre nor the whipping of the blind beare," &c. L 3. "He ſays here, you diuulged my epigrams." H. "And that ſame Paſquills-madcap nibble," &c. A.
[5] [Edit. 1840, p. 21. The matter here lifted up into the text formed, in all the former editions, a hopeleſſly confuſed maſs of blundering notes, thruſt into a wholly inappropriate place.]
[6] [See *Handb. of E. E. Lit.* 1867, art. MUNDAY, where as complete a liſt of his

and he contrived ſeveral of the city-pageants between 1605 and 1616. It is probable that Meres, when he called him the beſt plotter, had an eye, however, to his more ſtrictly dramatic performances, of which ſeveral are extant, while others ſeem to be loſt. Webbe, in his *Diſcourſe of Engliſh Poetrie*, 1586, may refer to Munday's unrecovered work licenſed in 1583, under the title of *The Sweete Sobbes and amorous Complaints of Sheppardes and Nymphs, in a fancye*,[1] where he ſpeaks of him as "an earneſt traueller in this art," by whom he has ſeen "very excellent works, eſpecially upon nymphs and ſhepherds, well worthy to be viewed, and to be eſteemed as rare poetry." In Jonſon's play entitled *The Caſe is altered*, 1609,[2] written many years before, Munday is ridiculed under the name of *Antonio Balladino*, and probably in alluſion to what Meres had ſaid in 1598, it is added: "You (meaning *Balladino*) are in print already for the beſt plotter." With his city-pageants, I ſuppoſe he was dumb-ſhow maker to the ſtage. One of the *Addreſſes* prefixed to Chettle's *Kind Harts Dreame* (1593), is an ironical Admonition to the Ballad-ſingers of London, from Antonie Now Now, or Anthony Munday. From this it ſeems that the ancient and reſpectable profeſſion of ballad-making as well as ballad-ſinging was in high repute about the metropolis, and in the country fairs.[3] "When I was liked," ſays Antonie, "there was no thought of that idle vpſtart generation of ballad-ſingers, neither was there a printer ſo lewd that would ſet his finger to a laſciuious line. But now," he adds, "ballads are abuſively chanted in every ſtreet; and from London this evil has overſpread Eſſex and the adjoining counties. There is many a tradeſman of a worſhipful trade, yet no ſtationer who, after a little bringing vppe apprentices to ſinging brokerie, takes into his ſhoppe ſome freſh men, and truſtes his olde ſervauntes of a two months ſtanding with a doſſen groates worth of ballads. In which if they prove thriftie, he makes them prety chapmen, able to ſpred more pamphlets by the ſtate forbidden, than all the bookſellers in London." The names of many ballads are here alſo recorded, *Watkins Ale*,[4] the *Carmans Whiſtle*, *Chopping Knives*, and *Frier Fox-Taile*. Out-roaring Dick and Wat Wimbers, two celebrated trebles, are ſaid to have got twenty ſhillings a day by ſinging at Braintree Fair in Eſſex.

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writings as could be made will be found. His two dramatic compoſitions on the ſubject of Robin Hood are reprinted in Mr. Collier's *Suppl. to Dodſley*, 1833; and ſpecimens of his *Fidele and Fortunio* are given in Mr. Halliwell's "Literature of the 16th and 17th centuries illuſtrated," 1851. The Shakeſpeare Society printed his *John A Kent and John A Cumber* from the Moſtyn MS. in 1851, and ſome of his miſcellaneous tracts are reprinted *ibidem*. The editor of that volume has prefixed a memoir of Munday's, with a catalogue of his works, which latter is neither accurate nor complete. Gifford, in his edit. of Jonſon's *Works*, 1816, vi. 325, has a notice of Munday. Warton's bibliography is of courſe very imperfect.]

[1] [*Handb. of E. E. Lit.* 1867, v. *Munday*.]

[2] [*Works*, edit. 1816, vi. 325.]

[3] Signat. C.

[4] [Mr. Huth's *Ancient Ballads and Broadſides*, 1867, p. 370, where this ballad is reprinted.]

Munday was bred at Rome, in the Engliſh College, and was thence called the Pope's ſcholar. The information which he collected during his ſojourn there he utilized in his tract entitled *The Engliſh-Romayne Life*, of which there were two editions, one in 1582, the other in 1590.

Munday's *Diſcoverie of Edmund Campion and his Confederates*, printed in 1582, gave great offence to the Catholics, and produced two replies, one by George Ellyot,[1] the other by an anonymous Popiſh prieſt.[2] At the end of the latter is a *Caveat* containing ſome curious anecdotes of Munday:—"Munday was firſt a ſtage player; after an aprentiſe, which time he well ſerued by with deceeuing of his maſter. Then wandring towards Italy, by his owne reporte, became a coſener in his journey. Coming to Rome, in his ſhorte abode there, was charitably relieued, but neuer admitted in the Seminary, as he pleſeth to lye in the title of his boke; and being wery of well doing, returned home to his firſt vomite, and was hiſt from his ſtage for folly. Being thereby diſcouraged, he ſet forth a balet againſt playes,—tho he afterwards began again to ruffle upon the ſtage. I omit among other places his behaviour in Barbican with his good miſtres and mother. Two thinges however muſt not be paſſed over of this boyes infelicitie two ſeuerall wayes, of late notorious. Firſt, he writing upon the death of Everard Haunſe was immediately controled and diſproued by one of his owne hatche. And ſhortly after ſetting forth the Aprehenſion of Mr. Campion—"

In 1618 Munday re-edited Stow's[3] *Survey of London*, with additions which he alleges that he received from the author's own hands. He prepared a ſtill more complete impreſſion, but did not live to ſee it through the preſs, dying on the 10th Auguſt, 1633.[4] He was a member of the Drapers' Company, and lies buried in Coleman Street churchyard. His collections of Middleſex Arms, formerly in Sir Simeon Stuart's poſſeſſion, are now in the Britiſh Muſeum.

Beſides his original productions, Munday was an induſtrious tranſlator from the French of many works of a romantic and popular character.[5]]

I do not recollect to have ſeen any of [Henry] Chettle's comedies, [of which, however, he wrote ſeveral, chiefly in conjunction with other dramatiſts.] He produced a little romance with ſome verſes

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[1] [*Handb. of E. E. Lit.* 1867, v. ELLYOT.]

[2] [*Ibid.* v. CAMPION.]

[3] [See Shakeſpeare Society's edition of *John-a-Kent and John-a-Cumber*, 1851, lxix-lxxii.]

[4] [It was publiſhed in the ſame year in folio, with the names of Munday and H[umphrey] D[yſon], on the title-page as the editors, Dyſon having taken up the work where his colleague was obliged to relinquiſh it.]

[5] [See *Handb. of E. E. Lit.* 1867, arts. BORDELOIS. It appears from a paſſage in Chettle's *Kind Harts Dreame* (1593), that the epiſtle prefixed to the Second Part of *Gerileon of England* was wrongly given at the time to T. Naſh.]

intermixed, entitled: *Piers Plainnes ſeauen yeres Prentiſhip*, 1595; alſo, another pamphlet containing anecdotes of the petty literary ſquabbles, in which he was concerned with Greene, Naſh, Tarlton, and the Players, under the title of *Kind-Harts Dreame* (1593). In the Epiſtle prefixed to the Gentlemen Readers, and ſigned by him, he ſays: "About three moneths ſince [in September, 1592,] died M. Robert Greene, leauing many papers in ſundry Booke-ſellers handes, among others his *Groats Worth of Wit*, in which a letter written to diuers Play-makers is offenſiuely by one or two of them taken." The work conſiſts of four or five Addreſſes, of which the firſt has juſt been cited. Another is from Robert Greene to Pierce Pennileſs; a third from Tarlton to all maligners of honeſt mirth. "Is it not lamentable," ſays he, "that a man ſhould ſpende his two pence on plays in an afternoone!—If players were ſuppreſſed, it would be to the no ſmal profite of the Bowlinge Alleys in Bedlam and other places that were wont in the afternoones to be left empty by the recourſe of good fellowes vnto that vnprofitable recreation of ſtage-playing. And it were not much amiſſe would they ioine with the Dicing-houſes to make ſute againe for their longer reſtrainte, though the Sickneſſe ceaſe—While Playes are vſde, halfe the day is by moſt youthes that haue libertie ſpent vppon them, or at leaſt the greateſt company drawne to the places where they frequent." This is all in pure irony. The laſt *Addreſs* is from William Cuckoo, a famous maſter of legerdemain, on the tricks of jugglers.]

In *Englands Helicon*, [1600,] are [four] pieces, ſigned *H. C.* [that is,] Henry Conſtable,[1] a noted ſonnet-writer of theſe times. I have *Diana, or the excellent conceitfull Sonnets of H. C. Augmented with diuers quatorzains of honourable and learned perſonages.* Diuided into viij. Decads. *Vincitur a facibus qui jacit ipſe faces.* [1594-] 16mo.[2] [Theſe are by Henry Conſtable. The laſt ſonnet is *A calculation upon the birth of an honourable ladies daughter, borne in the yeere* 1588, *and on a Friday:*

Fayre by inheritance, whom born we ſee
  Both in the wondrous yeere and on the day
  Wherein the faireſt planet beareth ſway:
The heavens to thee this fortune doe decree:
Thou of a world of hearts in time ſhalt be
  A monarch great, and with one beauties ray
  So many hoſts of hearts thy face ſhall ſlay,
As all the reſt for love ſhall yeeld to thee.
But even as Alexander when he knewe
  His fathers conqueſts, wept, leaſt he ſhould leave
No kingdome unto him for to ſubdue:
  So ſhall thy mother thee of praiſe bereave:

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[1] Conſtable's genuine works were collected by the preſent writer in 1859, 8vo They were firſt partially publiſhed in 1592, 4to. A ſecond edition appeared in 1594, with ſeveral pieces from other pens. An edition of 1597 has been mentioned, but never ſeen. One of 1604, alſo inſerted in catalogues, is certainly ſuppoſititious.]

[2] The copy is now in the Bodleian Library, having been given to Malone by Joſeph Warton. See Prior's *Life of Malone*, 1860, pp. 177-8.]

So many hearts already ſhee hath ſlaine,
As few behind to conquer do remaine.[1]

It would not at all be difficult to ſelect ſome very favourable and pleaſing ſpecimens of Conſtable's ſkill in verſification. If he had not in any high degree the true genius of poetry, at leaſt he may be ſaid to have poſſeſſed a large ſhare of poetical taſte and enthuſiaſm, and while he ſteered clear of two cardinal vices of the age, coarſeneſs and inſipidity, to have produced a conſiderable number of ſonnets of uncommon elegance and even beauty. The following may be offered in juſtification of this criticiſm.[2] The firſt is headed *To his Miſtriſſe, upon occaſion of a Petrarch he gave her, ſhewing her the reaſon why the Italian commenters diſſent ſo much in the expoſition thereof:*

Miracle of the world! I never will denye
That former poets prayſe the beautie of theyre dayes;
But all thoſe beauties were but figures of thy prayſe,
And all thoſe poets did of thee but prophecye.
Thy coming to the world hath taught us to deſcrie
What Petrarch's Laura meant—for truth the lips bewrayes—
Loe! why th' Italians, yet which never ſaw thy rayes,
To find oute Petrarch's ſence ſuch forged gloſſes trye.
The beauties which he in a vayle enclos'd beheld,
But revelations were within his ſureſt heart
By which in parables thy coming he foretold;
His ſonges were hymnes of thee, which only now before
Thy image ſhould be ſunge; for thou that goddeſſe art
Which onlye we withoute idolatry adore.

The next ſpecimen, with which we muſt conclude our ſketch, is headed, *To the King of Scots, whome as yet he had not ſeene:*

Bloome of the roſe! I hope thoſe hands to kiſſe
Which yonge, a ſcepter, which olde, wiſdome bore;
And offer up joy-ſacrifice before
Thy altar-throne for that receaved bliſſe.
Yet, prince of hope! ſuppoſe not for all this
That I thy place and not thy guifts adore:
Thy ſcepter, no thy pen, I honoure more;
More deare to me then crowne thy garland is:
That laurell garland which, if hope ſay true,
To thee for deeds of proweſſe ſhall belong,
And now allreadie unto thee is due,
As to a David for a kinglie throne.
The pen wherewith thou doſt ſo heavenly ſinge[3]
Made of a quill pluck't from an angells winge.

It is an opinion generally received among poetical antiquaries, that Conſtable belonged to an ancient Roman Catholic family of that name in Yorkſhire.[4] The place and date of his birth are alike uncertain; but we ſhall not perhaps be far from the truth in aſſigning the latter to the year 1555 or 1556. Conſtable finiſhed his educa-

[1] [Edit. 1859, p. 18. There is a copy in MS. Aſhmole 38.]
[2] [Edit. *ut ſupra*, p. 27.] [3] [*Ibid.* p. 33.]
[4] [To the notice of Conſtable here introduced may be added a capital memoir of the poet in the firſt number of the *Regiſter*, from the pen of Mr. Thompſon Cooper.]

tion at St. John's College, Cambridge; and in 1579, according to Mr. Malone, he was admitted to the degree of B.A. During the greater part of Elizabeth's reign, the poet appears to have paſſed his time between England and Scotland; but it is probable that he chiefly reſided at his mother univerſity. The talents of Conſtable, aided by the reſpectability of his connections, gradually introduced him to the acquaintance of ſeveral diſtinguiſhed perſons both at Cambridge and about the Court; among others, the Earl of Eſſex, the Earl and Counteſs of Shrewſbury, and Mr. Anthony Bacon: and his intercourſe with them, in many caſes, ripened into intimacy. His religious opinions, however, which were, of courſe, oppoſed to the Eſtabliſhed Church, eventually involved him in ſerious trouble. He was ſuſpected of being a party to certain diſloyal proceedings againſt the government of the Queen by opening a treaſonable correſpondence with France:[1] and he was obliged to avoid the conſequences of ulterior proceedings againſt him by leaving the country.[2] He ſought refuge in France, where he appears to have had friends; this happened in 1595. On the 6th of October of that year, we find him writing from Paris to Anthony Bacon. On the 7th of December following, he addreſſed a communication to Lord Eſſex from the ſame place, in which he writes: "I beſeech your Lordſhip to let me know by ſome means, which in your wiſdom you may think good, how I ſtand in your gracious opinion, and what I may do (my duty to God and my religion reſerved) to wiſh or encreaſe it." Soon afterwards the exile removed to Rouen, where he certainly remained till October, 1596.

The mind of Conſtable, though agreeably diſtracted by a tour round the continent, in the courſe of which he informs us that he viſited Poland, Italy, and the Low Countries, was by no means eaſy in his baniſhment; and he was unceaſing in his endeavours to procure leave to return home. For this purpoſe he addreſſed ſeveral letters to Lord and Lady Shrewſbury, praying them to exert their influence in his favour. But, all his applications having proved unſucceſsful, he adopted, about 1601 or 1602, the deſperate reſolution of coming in a clandeſtine manner to England. The reſult was, that he was ſoon diſcovered, and committed to the Tower, from which, after repeated petitions to the Privy Council, he obtained his releaſe only toward the cloſe of 1604. Mr. Park appears to have thought, that he was liberated in the preceding year; but that ſuch was not the caſe a letter, addreſſed to Lord Shrewſbury, on the 1ſt of May, 1604, from the Tower, furniſhes concluſive evidence.

Subſequently to 1604, no information of a tangible kind can be diſcovered reſpecting the ſubject of the preſent notice. In 1606,

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[1] He complains that his letters were intercepted and opened.

[2] There is ſome reaſon to conclude that Conſtable ſpent no inconſiderable portion of his time in Scotland during his earlier life, and it is ſurmiſed that he obtained ſome employment about the perſon of the Queen; after whoſe death he continued to enjoy the eſteem of her ſon, to whom ſome of his ſonnets are addreſſed.

however, the author of the *Returne from Pernaſſus; or the Scourge of Simony*, a play, ſpeaks of him as follows:

> Sweet Conſtable doth take the wond'ring ear,
> And lays it up in willing priſonment.

And ten years later, Edmund Bolton obſerves, in his *Hypercritica:* "Noble Henry Conſtable was a great maſter of the Engliſh tongue: nor had any gentleman of our time, a more pure, quick, or higher delivery of conceit." With leſs felicity, he continues: "Witneſs, among all other, that Sonnet of his before His Majeſty's *Lepanto.*"

Conſtable has experienced a fate not uncommon to authors, whoſe writings are very little known. By ſome he has been unduly extolled as "the firſt Sonneteer" of his time, and ſo forth, while from others he has received a degree of cenſure, which is more than equally unwarrantable. Webbe and Meres make not the leaſt mention of him: Winſtanley treats him with almoſt equal brevity; and by Edward Phillips, in his *Theatrum Poetarum*, he is diſmiſſed as a writer "who has been thought by ſome not unworthy to be remembered and quoted." On the other hand, Bolton, in the work already cited, is diſpoſed to commend him as "a rare gentleman," and "a great maſter of the Engliſh tongue;" but the latter, with ſtrange want of taſte, ſelected, as a ſample of the reſt, the Poet's commendatory Sonnet prefixed to the *Poetical Exerciſes of James I.*, which is aſſuredly not one of his moſt meritorious effuſions. Perhaps he, in this caſe, too blindly followed Sir John Harington who, many years before, had printed the ſame piece in the notes to his *Orlando Furioſo*, 1591, taking that occaſion to ſpeak of its author as "his very good friend." Again, Ben Jonſon, in his *Underwoods*, pays the following compliment to the author of *Diana:*

> Hath our great Sydney Stella ſet,
> Where never ſtar ſhone brighter yet?
> Or Conſtable's ambroſiac muſe
> Made Diana not his notes refuſe?

Another graceful tribute to the muſe of Conſtable was offered to the poet by one of his contemporaries in two ſonnets which will be found printed elſewhere.[1]

In his tranſlation of Varchi's *Blazon of Jealouſie*, 1615, 4to, the celebrated Robert Tofte has made ſome extracts from the writings of Conſtable, whom he commemorates as his "old acquaintance." Conſtable's ſixty-three Sonnets occur among Francis Daviſon's memoranda of "MSS. to get;" this number nearly correſponds with that of his pieces in a MS. which once belonged to Todd, the editor of Spenſer.

Drayton alſo, in an edition of his poems publiſhed in 1603, curſorily alludes to our poet in illuſtrating the variety of taſte, which prevailed in reſpect to poetical literature at the time of his writing. The paſſage is ſhort, and may be here fitly quoted:

[1 *Poems*, edit. 1859, p. xvii.]

critic ſomewhat inconſiderately and raſhly demanded for him on the unſeconded ſtrength of the *Ecatompathia*. The *Tears of Fancie* appeared in 1593, and is ſuppoſed to have been a poſthumous publication. Where the great merit and literary value of the contents of this work are inſiſted on, it is ſcarcely neceſſary perhaps to mention that even here there is no approach to the ſuperlative excellence of Shakeſpeare; but at the ſame time, in endeavouring to fix his place among his contemporaries, it might be a difficult taſk to ſelect from the writings of Barnfield, Conſtable, Griffin, or any other author in the ſame group or ſeries, ſpecimens which ſhould ſurpaſs ſonnets taken at random from the *Tears of Fancie*, not to ſay many ſelected from the earlier and inferior volume. A new labourer in the field of early Engliſh literature has recently made all Watſon's principal works acceſſible,[1] ſo that a ſingle ſpecimen from the *Tears of Fancie*, 1593, may perhaps be ſufficient to illuſtrate the preceding remarks, and to make the reader wiſh for more. But it cannot be denied that it would be impoſſible to chooſe any ſonnet which ſhould be abſolutely free from falſe ſentiment, phraſeology, or imagery. Even Shakeſpeare could not completely throw off the ſhackles of that ſchool of conceit which had ſet in before his time, and outlived him. The following is the introductory ſonnet, or *Envoy*:

Goe, idle lines, vnpoliſht, rude, and baſe:
Vnworthy words to blaſon beauties glory:
(Beauty that hath my reſtles hart in chaſe,
Beauty the ſubiect of my ruefull ſtory)
I warne thee ſhunne the bower of her abiding,
Be not bold ne hardy as to view her:
Leaſt ſhee inraged with thee fall a chiding,
And ſo her anger proue thy woes renewer.
Yet if ſhee daigne to rew thy dreadfull ſmart,
And reading laugh, and laughing ſo miſlike thee:
Bid her deſiſt, and looke within my hart,
Where ſhee may ſee how ruthles ſhee did ſtrike mee.
If ſhee be pleaſde, though ſhee reward thee not,
What others ſay of me, regard it not.

When the foregoing ſonnet had been almoſt tranſcribed, it was diſcovered that it had been ſelected elſewhere[2] as a favourable ſpecimen of the book, and of Watſon's poetical powers.

Some mention has already occurred incidentally of Richard Barnfield, a graduate of Oxford, and one of the moſt prominent of the minor literary luminaries of the age of Elizabeth. But as Barnfield's writings have more than an ordinary ſhare of merit, and as his name has been aſſociated, in a manner which could not be but flattering to his memory, with that of Shakeſpeare, it ſeemed to be deſirable to introduce in the preſent pages a ſomewhat more copious account of this author and his works. Such a tribute to the memory of Barnfield ſeemed to be due to one who, of all the minor poets of

[1] [Watſon's *Poems*, edit. Arber *ut ſupr.* 1870. A copy of the *Amyntas*, 1585, is in the Britiſh Muſeum].

[2] [Collier's *Bibl. Cat.* 1865, ii. 491.]

Elizabeth's reign, may perhaps be fairly regarded as occupying the firſt place. The moſt remarkable feature about Barnfield is, that an author of ſuch undoubted genius ſhould have ſo little courted publicity. In his earlieſt production, the *Affectionate Shepheard*, 1594, his name nowhere appears; and all his works were uſhered unoſtentatiouſly into the world without encomiaſtic verſes by acquaintances or admirers, and with dedications prompted, ſo far as one can judge, by friendſhip or affection, rather than by the ſenſe of intereſt or the deſire to flatter.

Barnfield was a native of Staffordſhire,[1] and was born in 1574. When he was fifteen years of age he entered at Braſenoſe College, Oxford, where he became B.A. February 5, 1591-2; but although he performed the exerciſe for the M.A. degree, it does not appear that he proceeded to it. Hardly anything more is known of his life, nor has the period of his death been aſcertained. Meres, abſurdly enough, claſſes him with Abraham Fraunce.[2] That Meres and Barnfield were acquainted ſeems to be ſhown by the quotation by the former of a diſtich "by my friend Maſter Richard Barnefielde" —two of the worſt lines probably which that friend ever committed to writing. Meres, however, admits that Barnfield was one of the beſt for *Paſtoral*. That the men with whom he aſſociates him, Sir Thomas Chaloner, Stephen Goſſon, and Fraunce, do not at preſent rank high in that claſs of compoſition, we might aſcribe to the fact that the paſtorals, on which Meres founded his judgment, have not come down to our time; but ſurely Goſſon and Fraunce were incapable of producing poetry in any way comparable with that which we poſſeſs from Barnfield's pen? Meres was, doubtleſs, a very indifferent critic, but that he ſhould not have known that the "Authour of *Amyntæ Gaudia* and *Walſingham's Melibœus*" was his own countryman, and the writer of Engliſh poems of great power and beauty, is barely credible. Nor does Meres include in his liſt of Engliſh Bucolics the charming lyrics of Breton and Lodge, or Conſtable's *Song of Venus and Adonis*. That Barnfield was living in 1605, may be ſurmiſed, perhaps, from the circumſtance that in that year a new edition of his miſcellaneous poems, with what bear the aſpect of an author's rather than a bookſeller's changes, came from the preſs. In 1598, two poems by Shakeſpeare had been improperly given to Barnfield; in the following year they were aſſigned to their true author in the *Paſſionate Pilgrim*, and when the productions of the leſs famous poet re-appeared in 1605, the pieces inſerted by miſtake were left out.

The following ode, which was originally publiſhed in Barnfield's *Cynthia*, 1595, was transferred to the well-known poetical miſcellany, *Englands Helicon*, in 1600. It would be vain to ſearch in the extant writings of Conſtable and Watſon for a piece ſo full of equal

[1] [For a fuller account than ſeemed to be neceſſary or deſirable here, ſee Wood's *Athenæ*, by Bliſs, vol. i. pp. 683-4.]

[2] [*Ancient Critical Eſſays*, ii. 155.]

beauty and power, unleſs we may except Conſtable's *Sheepheards Song of Venus and Adonis:*

Nights were ſhort, and dayes were long,
Bloſſomes on the Hawthorne hong,
Philomell (Night-Muſiques King)
Told the comming of the Spring:
Whoſe ſweete-ſiluer-ſounding-voyce,
Made the little birds reioyce,
Skipping light from ſpray to ſpray,
Till Aurora ſhew'd the day.
Scarſe might one ſee, when I might ſee
(For ſuch chaunces ſudden be)
By a Well of Marble-ſtone,
A Sheepheard lying all a-lone.
Weepe he did, and his weeping
Made the fading flowers ſpring.
Daphnis was his name I weene,
Youngeſt Swaine of Sommers Queene.
When Aurora ſaw t'was he
Weepe ſhe did for companie:
Weepe ſhe did for her ſweet Sonne
That (when antique Troy was wonne)
Suffer'd death by luckleſſe Fate,
Whom ſhe now laments too late:
And each morning (by Cocks crewe)
Showers downe her ſiluer dewe,
Whoſe teares falling from their ſpring,
Giue moiſture to each liuing thing
That on earth encreaſe and grow,
Through power of their friendly foe.
Whoſe effect when Flora felt,
Teares, that did her boſome melt,
(For who can reſiſt teares often,
But ſhe whom no teares can ſoften?)
Peering ſtraite aboue the banks,
Shew'd her ſelfe to giue her thanks.
Wondring thus at Natures worke
(Wherein many meruailes lurke)
Me thought I heard a dolefull noyſe,
Conſorted with a mournfull voyce,
Drawing neere, to heare more plaine,
Heare I did, vnto my paine,
(For who is not pain'd to heare
Him in griefe whom hart holds deere?)
Silly Swaine with griefe ore-gone
Thus to make his pitteous mone.
Loue I did, alas the while,
Loue I did but did beguile
My deere Loue with louing ſo,
Whom as then I did not know.
Loue I did the faireſt boy
That theſe fields did ere enioy.
Loue I did faire Ganimede,
Venus darling, beauties bed:
Him I thought the faireſt creature,
Him the quinteſſence of Nature.
But yet (alas) I was deceau'd,
Loue of reaſon is bereau'd)
For ſince then I ſaw a Laſſe,

Laſſe that did in beauty paſſe,
Paſſe faire Ganimede as farre
As Phœbus dooth the ſmalleſt ſtarre.
Loue commaunded me to loue,
Fancie bade me not remoue
My affection from the Swaine
Whom I neuer could obtaine:
(For who can obtaine that fauour
Which he cannot graunt the crauer?)
Loue at laſt (though loth) preuail'd,
Loue that ſo my hart aſſail'd,
Wounding me with her faire eyes
Ah how Loue can ſubtillize?
And deuiſe a thouſand ſhifts
How to worke men to his drifts.
Her it is, for whom I mourne,
Her, for whom my life I ſcorne.
Her, for whom I weepe all day,
Her, for whom I ſigh, and ſay
Eyther ſhe or elſe no creature
Shall enioy my loue: whoſe feature
Though I neuer can obtaine,
Yet ſhall my true loue remaine:
Till (my body turn'd to clay)
My poore ſoule muſt paſſe away,
To the heauens; where I hope
It ſhall finde a reſting ſcope.
Then ſince I loued thee alone,
Remember me when I am gone.
Scarſe had he theſe laſt words ſpoken,
But me thought his hart was broken,
With great greefe that did abound,
(Cares and greefe the hart confound.)
In whoſe hart thus riu'd in three,
*Eliza* written I might ſee
In Caracters of crimſon blood,
Whoſe meaning well I vnderſtood.
Which, for my hart might not behold:
I hied me home my Sheepe to fold.

Of the *Encomion of Lady Pecunia* and the other poems which were publiſhed with it in a volume in 1598 and 1605, ſome account has been furniſhed elſewhere.[1] A recent writer has alſo dwelt at ſome length on the merits of the *Affectionate Shepheard* and *Cynthia*.[2] Yet a collected edition of Barnfield's ſurviving works is a want in Engliſh literature, and would only form an appropriate and deſerved tribute to the genius of ſo graceful and ſo neglected a poet. Barnfield is apparently a Dutch or Flemiſh name; ſo little is known of our author's perſonal hiſtory, that it may be worth while to preſerve even ſlight circumſtances of identification. A perſon of his name, in the reign of Elizabeth, married into a Suſſex family, as appears from one of the Harleian MSS. The initials of his name occur at the end of ſome encomiaſtic verſes prefixed to Verſtegan's *Reſtitution of De-*

[1] [Collier's *Bibl. Cat.* 1865, vol. i. pp. 47-50. See alſo the preſent work, p. 290, *ſupra*.]
[2] [Corſer's *Collectanea*, i. 184-6.]

*cayed Intelligence*, 1605.[1] Verſtegan himſelf came from Flanders; poſſibly the two were brought into acquaintance in that way. But in Barnfield's caſe, the change of reſidence muſt have been leſs immediate, for ſurely no author, whom we could name, has fairer pretenſions to be regarded as a writer of genuine, untainted vernacular Engliſh.

The ſubject and groundwork of the *Affectionate Shepheard*, rather than the treatment of that remarkable poem, are open to exception. Still it is a ſomewhat delicate taſk to ſelect a ſpecimen, which will afford a fair idea of Barnfield's ſtyle and abilities, without introducing alluſions of an equivocal tendency. The following ſtanzas have, after ſome conſideration, been tranſcribed:

> Wilt thou ſet ſpringes in a froſtie night
> To catch the long-bill'd woodcocke and the ſnype,
> By the bright glimmering of the ſtarrie light
> The partridge, phæſant, or the greedie grype;
> I'le lend thee lyme-twigs and fine ſparrow-calls
> Wherewith the fowler filly birds inthralls.
>
> Or in a myſtie morning if thou wilt
> Make pitfalls for the larke and pheldifare,
> Thy prop and ſweake ſhall be both overguilt,
> With Cypariſſus ſelfe thou ſhalt compare
> For gins and wyles, the oozels to beguile,
> Whilſt thou under a buſh ſhalt ſit and ſmile.[2]

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[1] [*Handb. of E. E. Lit.* 1867, p. 29. There it is pointed out that the copy in MS. of Barnfield's *Lady Pecunia*, preſerved in the Aſhmole MS. has the title in cipher.]

[2] [*Affect. Sheph.* edit. Dyce, 1845, p. 17.]

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